

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

PURCHASED WITH THE INCOME OF THE FUND

GIVEN BY

**FREDERICK MADGE**

1820-1908

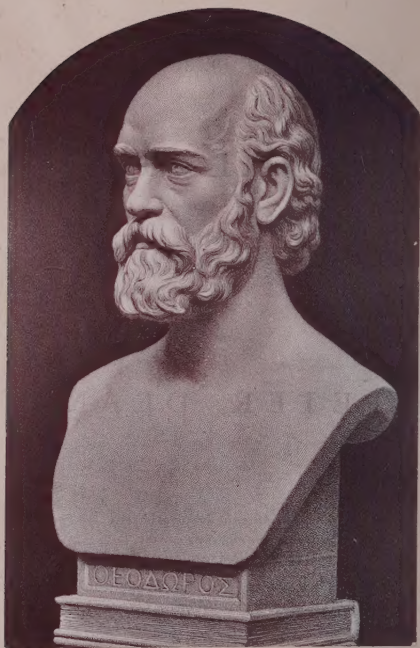
SON OF THE REV. THOS. MADGE, 1786-1870, OF  
ESSEX STREET CHAPEL, LONDON, 1825-1859











THEODORE PARKER.

*Copy of W. W. Story's Bust, carved at Rome, 1860.*

THE  
LIFE AND TEACHINGS

OF  
THEODORE PARKER

BY  
PETER DEAN.

Απάλαιστος ἐν λόγῳ ἔλκειν,  
μαλακὰ μὲν φρονέων ἑσλοῖς,  
τραχὺς δὲ παλιγκότοις ἔφεδρος.

“Resistless in the War of Eloquence, Gentle in Thought to Men of Worth, but to the  
Obstinate a Rugged Foe.”—PINDAR, *Fourth Nemean Ode*.

Second Edition.

Property of

CBSK

Please return to

WILLIAMS AND NORRIS

14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON;

AND 20, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET, EDINBURGH.

Graduate Theological  
Union Library

1877.

BX  
9869  
P3  
D42  
1877

"I am heartily glad you are undertaking the good work of making Parker better known as a living man as well as a writer. As the years pass on, and we travel with them into other regions of thought than those we once crossed with him, my sense of the loss we have sustained by his early death grows greater rather than less. I never fight a battle for what I deem to be truth or right but I think how his voice would have rung out to cheer and guide us, and his sympathy have followed every fortune of the war."—FRANCES POWER COBBE, *to the Author*.



E986  
P228D

TO

FRANCES POWER COBBE,

MARY SOMERVILLE'S

"BEST AND CLEVEREST WOMAN I EVER MET,"

*THE FRIEND OF THEODORE PARKER,*

AND THE EDITRESS OF THE ENGLISH EDITION OF HIS WORKS,  
WHOSE FRIENDSHIP HAS BEEN ONE OF THE HONOURS OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,  
AS HER WRITINGS HAVE BEEN ONE OF ITS INSPIRATIONS,

*This Memoir*

OF HIM WHOM SHE HAS FITLY TERMED

"THE PROPHET OF THE ABSOLUTE GOODNESS OF GOD,"

IS RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED.

3371



## PREFACE.

---

THIS book is the offspring of gratitude and duty. Personally I have received greater spiritual good from acquaintance with the life and doctrines of its subject than from those of any other teacher or exemplar. Indeed, that I have been enabled for years past to have the highest of all blessings—religious faith and life, I owe, under God, to Theodore Parker.

Naturally I am unwilling to receive and enjoy such blessings and not be anxious to disseminate them. I believe the probability is that there are thousands in the wilderness of religious doubt and despair in which first acquaintance with the religious ideas of the grand American found me, and I see no reason why, if his life and teachings are allowed the opportunity, he may not enable them—as he has me—“to lie down in green pastures,” and to dwell “beside the still waters.” Be this, however, as it may, my own load of indebtedness and consequent responsibility calls upon me to do all I can to offer opportunities for bringing about what to me is “a consummation devoutly to be wished.” It is simply mine to sow the seed which has been handed to me, and this no matter what may be the result—its lodgment either “by the way-side,” “upon stony places,” “among thorns,” or “into good ground” to bring forth fruit manifold, must be left to Providence and the working of human hearts. So, following the promptings of this conviction, I send forth this book.

It appears to me that when a great man “rests from his labours,” those who enter into the blessings of the “works which follow him,” have it largely in their power to either check or spread the influence of his life and doctrines, no matter how intrinsically grand. That “Truth is great and will prevail” is only true when there is added, “Yes, *if given a chance, or made to prevail.*” Verity, when kept hidden from men’s minds, is just as powerless to “prevail” as is fallacy. In like manner the influence and blessing which follow the career of a great and good man must be what those who feel his greatness and goodness make it. Theodore Parker is, undoubtedly, a great

influence in the world now, and that he has not become a greater is simply owing to the remissness of those who readily acknowledge the grandeur of the man and his teachings. And as of the past sixteen years, so of the future: whether his influence shall wax or wane must altogether depend upon the faithfulness of those who are brought under personal obligation to his doctrines and example. But in this life faithfulness—as does the soul itself—needs material working tools. The accomplishment of ends involves the use of means. And it is with a fervent hope that this book may afford another working means given into the hands of those who, like myself, are anxious to make Parker and his ideas known to mankind at large, that it has been prepared.

In connection with its projection and preparation, my acknowledgments of obligations are due: first of all, to Messrs. Ogden & Co.—for the generous manner in which they have undertaken to issue this book; next to W. P. Greenway, Esq., jun., of Dudley—a subsidy from whom first emboldened me to enter on its preparation; then to Mr. John Weiss—for the service his *Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker* has been to me, and to the Rev. O. B. Frothingham—for the still larger use I have made of his *Theodore Parker: A Biography*—a work which well deserves to be called an American classic; and to Dr. Martineau, Mr. W. A. Abram, the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, M.A., and others—for kindly literary helps and contributions. Before long I hope to have to feel under similar obligations to many other admirers of Theodore Parker, for help rendered me in the dissemination of the book amongst the reading public.

WALSALL, April, 1877.



# CONTENTS.



CHAP.	PAGE
I. ANCESTRY, BIRTHPLACE, AND PARENTAGE . . . . .	1
II. BIRTH AND BOYHOOD . . . . .	4
III. THE SCHOOLMASTER AND STUDENT . . . . .	16
IV. THE COLLEGIAN . . . . .	23
V. THE CANDIDATE . . . . .	35
VI. THE LOVER AND THE HUSBAND . . . . .	40
VII. THE FIRST PASTORATE—WEST ROXBURY . . . . .	47
VIII. THE CONTROVERSY WITH THE AMERICAN UNITARIANS . . . . .	61
IX.     DITTO         DITTO <i>(Continued)</i> . . . . .	73
X. TWELVE MONTHS IN EUROPE . . . . .	91
XI. THE UNITARIAN CONTROVERSY RENEWED . . . . .	106
XII. THE SECOND PASTORATE—BOSTON. . . . .	109
XIII. THE PREACHER . . . . .	135
XIV. THE PREACHER AND THEOLOGIAN. . . . .	149
XV. THE LECTURER . . . . .	163
XVI. THE LITTERATEUR . . . . .	170
XVII. THE CHAMPION OF CONSCIENCE AND LIBERTY. . . . .	177
XVIII.     DITTO         DITTO <i>(Continued)</i> . . . . .	193
XIX. THE REFORMER . . . . .	205
XX. THE SAINT . . . . .	219
XXI. THE SELF-IMMOLATOR. . . . .	229
XXII. "THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW". . . . .	243
APPENDIX.—TRIBUTES TO PARKER'S WORK AND WORTH . . . . .	260
NOTE ON THE ENGLISH GENEALOGY OF PARKER, BY W. A. ABRAM, F.R.H.S. . . . .	284

*Already Published.*

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 1s. 6d.; or fine toned paper, bevelled boards, with Photo of Parker's Bust, price 2s. 6d. post free.

A DISCOURSE OF MATTERS  
PERTAINING TO RELIGION.

By THEODORE PARKER.

---

May be had of J. OGDEN & Co., 172, St. John Street, London, E.C.





THE HOMESTEAD: PARKER'S BIRTHPLACE.



# LIFE OF THEODORE PARKER.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### ANCESTRY, BIRTHPLACE, AND PARENTAGE.

"Long galleries of ancestors, and all  
The follies which ill grace a country-hall,  
Challenge no wonder or esteem from me,—  
Virtue alone is true nobility.  
Convince the world that you're devout and true ;  
Be just in all you say, and all you do ;  
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be  
A peer of the first magnitude to me."—STEPNEY.

THE English ancestry of Theodore Parker "came in with the Conquest." He traced his descent to Johannes Le Parkerre, a Norman who followed William, and who was made keeper of the royal parks. The fortunes of the family are traceable in English history. Evidently a house of independent spirit, its members were often in antagonism with the powers Ecclesiastical, and they were much scattered at the Reformation. Subsequently, some became martyrs under the bloody intolerance of Queen Mary, and others Puritans serving the Lord Protector. Others of them remained Royalists ; and, in consequence, lost their lands during the Commonwealth, but regained them at the Restoration. At the commencement of the seventeenth century the remnants of the family were still more widely divided. The Nonconformist blood, Puritan and Quaker, found its way to America ; the "blue blood"—the Churchmen and Tories generally of the stock—remained on the ancestral possessions in Lancashire and Yorkshire. These are in the district in which the writer of this sketch happened to be born

and reared, and some of his earliest recollections are of electioneering and other public proceedings on the part of a present-day English descendant of "John, the Parker."

The member of the family who transplanted an offshoot thereof to America was named Thomas. He went to the New World in 1635 in a vessel fitted out by Sir Richard Saltonstall, with whose family he was connected by marriage. He settled at Reading, U. S. About 1710, his grandson, and Theodore Parker's grandfather's grandfather, John Parker, with a family of grown up children, came from Reading to Cambridge Farms, since called Lexington. He had bought a considerable quantity of land, and the next year he built himself thereon a large and commodious house, which he furnished with the usual outbuildings necessary for a farmer's business. It was in this homestead, after it had stood for a hundred years, that Theodore Parker first saw the light, and lived and studied during the first twenty years of his life. The old house, like Parker, has since passed away.

The Massachusetts village of Lexington is situated ten miles north-west of Boston. It has another celebrity besides that of being the birthplace of Theodore Parker. It was here, on April 18, 1775, that the first conflict between the American Colonists and the British troops in the War of Independence took place. Both events may well be remembered by descendants of the Parker family with justifiable pride. It was Theodore's grandfather, Captain John Parker, who had the distinguished honour of firing the first shot at the Battle of Lexington, the first conflict in the war which resulted in American Independence. Previously he had been a sergeant in the French and Indian War, and had been present at the capture of Quebec. At Lexington, on the occasion above referred to, he commanded a troop of 70 men, bade every man to load his piece with powder and ball, ordered them not to fire unless fired upon, but added, "If they mean to have a war, let it begin here." Some of his soldiers, when they saw the flash of British guns, turned to run, whereupon he drew his sword and said, "I will order the first man shot that offers to run." Nobody did run until he himself subsequently ordered a retreat. The gun from which he fired the first shot upon the British troops was afterwards one of the most cherished ornaments of his grandson's study while the latter lived, and, by his will, now hangs in the Massachusetts Senate Chamber. Captain Parker died five months after the Battle of Lexington, and subsequently his relict, through an indiscreet second marriage, wasted the respectable property he left, saving only "the widow's thirds." In consequence, Parker's father, who acted as her farm bailiff, had to struggle with straitened circumstances, and was never able to do as much for either the farm or his family as more fortunate circumstances would have allowed.

John Parker, Theodore's father,

was a good specimen of the New England yeoman. Says one of his grandsons: "He was a quiet, thoughtful, silent, reading man, of strong sense, of great moral worth, reliable, honourable; worked every day and all day; kept good discipline in his family, governed easily; taught his children to speak the truth; always had a book in his hand in the evening." Theodore himself has recorded of him that he was a stout, able-bodied man, plain and solid, of great powers of physical endurance, and one of the most skilful farmers and mechanics in the district. The work of the small farm he left mostly to his boys, while he pursued his own occupation of millwright and pump-maker in the shop. Intellectually he appears to have been a long way superior to the ordinary men of his class. Not only had he strong natural faculties, but, for a man who had to depend chiefly upon self-education, he had given them considerable cultivation. He had much mind, but little sentiment. He was rationalistic and independent in his thinking, and though averse to controversy, and naturally silent, could talk well, and argue well, on occasion. His diligent study of the Bible, and of metaphysical authors like Edwards and Paley (upon all of whom he exercised independent thinking), made him formidable in theological debate. He was a religious man, of the grave, earnest sort, without much emotion. He went to church, but listened to the preacher and read the Bible with his understanding. He was an avowed Unitarian before Unitarianism was preached as a system in New England, and a Federalist when there were but four besides himself in the whole town. That he bore a high character among his neighbours was evidenced by the fact that they were in the habit of saying of him: "John Parker has all the manners of the neighbourhood;" for everyone who has had much to

do with the labouring classes knows what a comprehensive virtue the term "manners" describes with them. He never sullied his lips with profanity. He was peaceable, of agreeable manners, and companionable; and though loving fun, he never permitted its indulgence to pass beyond the bounds of propriety. He was just, humane, fearless, often called upon to arbitrate in disputes, administer estates, and assume guardianship of orphans. In a word, he was an upright man, and in him we may undoubtedly trace the roots of much of that thoughtfulness, practicality, intense application, endurance, will, helpfulness, integrity, and justice which bore fruit to such perfection in his gifted son. A grand effect must somewhere have an adequate cause: in germs must be contained all subsequent potentialities. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

But if, like the ancients, we honour the father who has given us a great man, still more in modern times has experience taught us to look for the source of his highest qualities in a good mother. As Parker himself said of that of Daniel Webster, "When virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother, who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair, sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets." So it may be said of his own. She was the spring of many of his highest qualities. It is to her that we chiefly trace his intense piety, sentimentalism, almost mysticism. He got from his father the manliness of the man, from his mother the womanliness of the woman, and this explains, perhaps, how it is that one-sided natures, whether all intellect or all feeling, cannot permanently find satisfaction in his teachings. It is the most complete men who can most do so. Of the several pictures of Parker's mother

which have been given us, Mr. Frothingham's is the most finely appreciative and the most beautifully written. She was, says he, "the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, and as remarkable in her way as the father was in his. Her maiden name was Hannah Stearns. Her son describes her as a handsome woman, of slight form, flaxen hair, blue eyes, and a singularly fresh and delicate complexion; more nervous than muscular. She had a family tendency to consumption, which increased the mildness and amiability of her disposition. Her education was inferior to her husband's; her mind less positive and independent. She lived more in her feeling and imagination, which kept their freshness amid the homely routine of domestic life, and through the cares belonging to a large family. Her temperament was poetical, though rather fanciful than imaginative. Her favourite reading was the Bible and Hymn Book; but ballad poetry gave her great delight, and her mind was stored with passages of beauty from English literature. She was fond of romantic stories of adventures among the Indians, some of which were printed in books, while many others floated about in the form of legend. A fine memory enabled her to repeat these wild tales, and to carry about with her such literary stores as she had. The duties of a large and exacting household—many children and no servants—afforded little leisure for mental cultivation, but what she had was improved. Her husband's habit of reading aloud in the evening kept her supplied with food for thought. She was of a loving disposition towards those about her, tenderly watchful of her children, thoughtful of the aged, kind, and, as far as her means allowed, generous to the poor. Her rigid economy helped her in this. She was religious with the natural religion of a good heart. Her beliefs came to her through feeling rather than through

reflection; they were not so much opinions as sentiments. She was no theologian; the doctrines of the Calvinistic creed, which her strong-minded husband rejected as irrational, she rejected as monstrous, having no reasons to give for her aversion that were so cogent as the aversion itself. The heart was its own witness; conscience was the oracle of God in the breast; gratitude and trust were interpreters to her of the ways of Providence. With the simple feelings of a gentle spirit that comprehends more than it apprehends, and clings where definition is impossible, she knew the Deity as an Omnipresent Father, the joyous and loving soul of all things, animating nature and enlightening mind, filling the world with tides of energy that were as vast as the ocean and bright as the rivulets. She, too, appears to have been silent; a woman of few words either of conversation or devotion: her prayers were secret. In the moral culture of her children she took great interest, which she expressed not in doctrinal teaching or incessant precept, but in wise counsel and sympathy, as occasion came up." In short, Parker's mother realises for one the true saint, as contradistinguished from the abnormal ones which the Roman Church delights to honour. After having had such a mother, one can well understand Parker seeing in the Deity a Divine *Mother* as well as

Father. If he were to speak of the Soul of the Universe by the highest and dearest name he knew, how could he pray else than to "Our Father, yea, our *Mother* not the less?"

"Religion," said he, in the sermon preached by him on leaving West Roxbury, "was the inheritance my mother gave—gave me in my birth—gave me in her teachings. Many sons have been better born than I; few have had so good a mother. My head is not more natural to my body, has not more grown with it, than my religion out of my soul and with it. With me religion was not carpentry, something built up of dry wood from without; but it was growth—growth of a germ in my soul."

One thinks in this connection of the great modern Englishman who wrote an *Autobiography* in which he never once mentions that he had a mother, and declares that he never knew what it was to have a religion. How different it would have been with him had he had such a mother, and such a mother's influence, as Parker had! Be this, however, as it may, it is clear that he was above measure blessed in his "environment." Through his birth and parental training, God indeed conveyed to him "large powers"—to quote his own term used on his death-bed. And it will be the work of this little history as it proceeds to record how faithfully and nobly he himself used them.

## CHAPTER II.

### BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

"The material and human circumstances about a man in his early life have a strong and abiding influence upon all, especially on those of a sensitive disposition, who are both easily affected by such externals, and rather obstinate in retaining the impression made on them."—THEODORE PARKER.

"I WAS born," says Parker, in his *Sermon of Old Age*, "into the arms of a father then one-and-fifty years old, who lived to add another quarter of a century thereunto, and

my cradle was rocked by a grandmother [the relict of Captain Parker] who had more than four score years at my birth, and nearly a hundred when she ceased to be mortal." He



was born on the 24th of August, 1810. Previously his mother had borne ten children, all of whom had lived, except one who died in infancy. Of those then remaining, three were boys and seven girls. Theodore—as he himself puts it—“came into the world lagging a little more than five years after his youngest, and afterwards favourite, sister.” So little expected was he that one of his sisters had some time before made a sampler of the family tree, finishing with the tenth child. But a place was soon found for the new-comer both in the needle-work and in the hearts of the household. Naturally some of the brothers and sisters were much older than him; and, before his birth, had already gone to seek their fortunes in the various trades and callings of the time. There was, however, still a houseful left at home. All of them but three had a decided fondness for literature; they read all the good books they could lay their hands on, and copied the better parts. At school they were always among the best scholars. But, though all Theodore’s brothers and sisters lived to be useful and honourable men and women, none of them attained to more than ordinary distinction. Being the youngest, Theodore was treated with uncommon indulgence, and had more than his share of affection. He remembered often to have heard the neighbours say, “Why, Mrs. Parker, you’re sp’ilin’ your boy! He never can take care of himself when he grows up.” To which the fond mother replied, “I hope not,” and kissed her boy’s flaxen curls anew.

Among the earliest things he remembered was the longing he used to feel to have the winter gone, and to see the high snow-banks about the house melt away. The little child’s dislike of the snow, however, did not prevent him from enjoying a run in it barefoot, and with only his night-shirt on, for a few minutes at a time. After

the snow, the peculiar smell of the ground seemed to him delicious. The first warm days of spring, which brought the blue-birds to their northern home, and tempted the bees to try short flights, in which they presently dropped on the straw his providential father had strewn for them about their hives, filled him with the deepest delight. In the winter he was limited to the kitchen, where he amused himself, child-like, with building cob-houses, or forming little bits of wood into fantastic shapes. Sometimes his father or one of his brothers would take him to the millwright’s shop, and there allow him to play and wonder; or to the barn, where the horse, the oxen, and the cows were a perpetual pleasure. But when the snow was gone and the ground dry he had free range. He used to sit or lie on the ground in a dry and sheltered spot, and watch the great yellow clouds of April that rolled their huge shapes far above his head, filling his eyes with their strange, fantastic, beautiful, and ever-changing forms, and his mind with wonder at what they were and how they came there. But the winter itself was not without its pleasures for the little fellow in brown homespun petticoats. There were the great events, to a child, of the visits of uncles and aunts, with the presents of sweetmeats and halfpence for “Mrs. Parker’s baby”—as the boy was called long after he had ceased to literally merit the name; and the fire in “the other room,” as the humble parlour was modestly named. Sometimes the father and mother would return these visits, and frequently on such occasions the “baby” accompanied them, and was not the least delighted of the party.

The beauty which his mother appears to have seen in him at this time was rather in her own eye than in the object it transfigured. Those who remember him as a child describe him

as rather under the usual size, clumsily made, ungainly, and inactive, but arch and roguish in disposition. As Lowell's poetry of him in the *Fable for Critics* indicates, the ungainliness of movement remained with him always. But, if "handsome is that handsome does"—if grace of soul is more than grace of body—he was both as boy and man one of the most handsome and graceful beings the world has seen.

The child showed himself wonderfully precocious in intellect, but still earlier he manifested a surprising moral consciousness. What he himself terms "the earliest fact of consciousness I ever felt pained at," occurred to him in his fourth year. It was thus induced. His father had a neighbour, Deacon Stearns, come to kill a calf; for he would not do it himself, as other farmers did. Theodore was not allowed to see the butchery, but after it was all over, the deacon, who had lost all his children, asked him who he loved best. "Papa," replied Theodore. "What! better than yourself?" "Yes, sir," said the child. "But," here interposed his father, "if one of us must take a whipping, which would you rather should have the blows?" To this searching query Theodore replied nothing, but wondered and wondered why he should prefer that his father should have the blows, and not him. The fact was plain, and plainly selfish, and, it seemed to him, wicked. Yet he could not help the feeling, and it tormented his little head for weeks.

This early moral consciousness is still more strikingly shown in that anecdote so frequently quoted for its effective illustration and beauty, and which he himself relates at the end of the scrap of autobiography. "When a little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, one fine day in spring my father led me by the hand to a distant part of the farm, but soon

sent me home alone. On the way I had to pass a little pond-hole then spreading its waters wide. A rhodora in full bloom—a rare plant in my neighbourhood, and which grew only in that locality—attracted my attention and drew me to the spot. I saw a little spotted tortoise sunning himself in the shallow water at the root of the flaming shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile; for though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys out of sport destroy birds, squirrels, and the like; and I felt a disposition to follow their wicked example. But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said clear and loud, 'It is wrong.' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion—the consciousness of an involuntary but inward check upon my actions—till the tortoise and the rhodora both vanished from my sight. I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye with her apron, and, taking me in her arms, said, 'Some men call it conscience; but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear, or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends on your heeding this little voice.' She went her way, careful and troubled about many things, but doubtless pondered them in her motherly heart; while I went off to wonder and to think it over in my poor childish way. But I am sure no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me."

This beautiful anecdote shows that which Parker quoted it to illustrate, namely, the nice and delicate care his mother took of his moral culture,

and also two other things. It proves—what Parker ever contended for—the inherent trustworthiness, certainty for the individual, of conscience; and shows how deep was Parker's moral sensibility even in his fourth year. But, as Mr. Frothingham remarks, that the feeling (which no doubt comes to most children) should have become reflection, and deepened into character, as it did in Parker, is the really remarkable thing.

The promise of high-toned morality thus given by the child was continued in the boy. He has recorded how his parents taught him to speak the truth without evasion or concealment, to love justice and conform to it, to reverence merit in all men, and that without regard to their rank or reputation. The testimonies to his moral character during his boyhood are all favourable. "He was modest, pure, single-minded, frank, and true. If Theodore Parker said a thing, it was believed by young and by old. A quick, eager temper would have led him astray into acts of violence, if he did not have it under habitual control: but it could not have betrayed him into vicious indulgence; for there was no taint of sensuality in him. His thoughts were busy with literature; his appetite was for knowledge; his warmth of feeling came to re-enforce the steadfastness of his conscience, not to weaken it. He was open and unselfish. The bent of his nature was towards nobleness." [*Vide Frothingham's Biography.*]

We have already seen how Parker felt that "religion was the inheritance which his mother gave him in his birth and in her teachings." This sentiment germinated in him as early as the moral, and the reader will readily perceive that it had the most favourable conditions. His father, in addition to living religion before his children, also taught them the Ten Commandments, encouraged their

learning hymns, and would have them say their prayers when they went to bed. From the sweet, fresh, instinctive devoutness of the mother the children received religious development of a still higher kind. "Above all things," writes Theodore of himself, "I was taught to love and trust the dear God. He was not presented to me as a great King, with force for his chief quality, but rather as a Father eminent for perfect justice and complete and perfect love, alike the parent of Jew and Gentile, Christian and non-Christian, dealing with all, not according to the accident of their name and situation, but to the real use each should make of his talents and opportunities, however little or great. I have met none with whom more judicious attempts were made to produce a natural unfolding of the religious and moral faculties: I do not speak of results, only of aim and process. I have often been praised for virtues which really belonged to my father and mother."

His mother was a member of "the Church," and, in turn, had had all her previous children duly christened in the presence of the neighbours. Theodore's turn came when he was two years and a half old. The name selected for him means "God's gift." Parker used to say of it subsequently that the "orthodox" differed from his parents and thought him rather a "devil's gift." He being the last and pet child, the occasion, celebrated at home, was made more of than usual; and great was the gathering of friends and neighbours. As the water fell in his face he entered his first protest against "artificial sacraments," by fighting off the clergyman, and saying, "Oh, don't." It is possible this may have come from finding the operation unenjoyable, but it may also have revealed a touch of character, and been the first manifestation of the spirit

which afterwards protested against many a so-called "sacred" thing: "a rattle" or "a straw" which has "pleased" or "tickled" human weakness "by nature's kindly law." For Parker subsequently taught that such things as Baptism, the Lord's Supper, and the like, "in comparison with a religious life and character, are no more than the rattles and straws of a child, compared with the attainments of an accomplished man."

This boy was not as other boys, and the reader must therefore not be surprised to be told incidents of him which scarcely ever happen to other children. Instead of delighting to be with boys, as boys naturally do, he seems to have found his chief society in the companionship of his mother and books. Hence, perhaps, the explanation that he was having religious experiences at an age when other children are still delighting in "Cinderella," and "Jack and Jill." "When a very small boy," he says, "there was no character in history that I knew so well as Jesus." This, no doubt, was the result of the mother's teaching. A little over six years old he came across a copy of the Westminster Catechism, and "remembered with horror and a quivering of the flesh" the torment he underwent when he read, for the first time, the doctrine of eternal damnation and a wrathful God. "How many, many hours have I wept with terror as I laid on my bed and prayed, till, between praying and weeping, sleep gave me repose. But before I was nine years old this fear went away, and I saw clearer light in the goodness of God." His strong mental constitution, and the healthy spiritual influences which surrounded him, prevented his childhood from long being morbid, notwithstanding the danger there was of his inherited predisposition to consumption, and the hardness of his lot, making him

so. He used to say later in life, in view of his own childhood's experiences, "However it be with the natural man, the natural boy has no fear of God. From my seventh year, I had no fear of God, only an ever greatening love and trust." In 1858, when preaching to the Progressive Friends, he declared, "I have swam in clear, sweet waters all my days; and if sometimes they were a little cold, and the stream ran adverse and a little rough, it was never too strong to be breasted and swam through. From the days of earliest boyhood, when I went stumbling through the grass 'as merry as a May bee,' up to the grey-bearded manhood of this time, there is none but has left me honey in the hive of memory that I now feed on for present delight. When I recall the years of boyhood, youth, early manhood, I am filled with a sense of sweetness and wonder that such little things can make a mortal so exceedingly rich! But I must confess that the chiefest of all my delights is still the religious." He tells us that the doctrine of the Trinity was given up by him while a youth. In the same period he seems to have had troubles on the subject of immortality, for in a letter to Miss Frances Power Cobbe, written May 5, 1848, he writes:—"When I was a large boy, and had felt more than I had reflected, I heard a minister preach on the immortal life. He told the arguments for it; said they were all of no value; guesses, but hardly 'at truth, only after it: the only sufficient proof was the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Boy as I was, I saw the folly of that as an argument to prove an universal proposition; but, boy as I was, I could not reason the matter out, and, in default of understanding, prove my immortality; so I felt constrained to doubt—almost to deny it. Some weeks passed over, weeks of torment; at last, spontaneous Nature

came to my help, and I settled the question, not intellectually and by philosophy, but sentimentally—in the child's way, not the man's. It was not till years after that I found a philosophy that satisfied the intellectual demands, and helped me to prove it to myself." Summing up the spiritual experiences of Parker's boyhood, Mr. Frothingham thinks that, though there was then, as throughout life, a tendency to melancholy—a great capacity for sorrow—his humour and spiritual healthiness saved it from ever becoming unwholesome.

Reverting again to that which St. Paul terms "first," and which King James' translators, for want of a better term, have rendered "natural," we find that in due time the little Theodore was promoted from the petticoats of the child to the frock and trousers of the boy. This process, so welcome to most little fellows, was distasteful to him. "I remember that I cried, and struggled most bitterly against the new dress; and, when my legs were squeezed into their new envelopes, I was so ashamed that I went into the fields to hide myself." The poverty of his parents demanded that he should become a working member of the family as soon as he could steady himself upon two stout legs. The problem ever to be worked out in the homestead was the familiar one—how to make ends meet. The land was exhausted and produced little, the chief income having to come from the millwright's shop; and this, too, was small. Parker's father's portion of the farm had been sold to pay the debt incurred through him becoming surety for a brother who had failed. There was much sickness—principally hereditary disease, aggravated by an unwholesome situation—in the family; and it was rare that the homestead was free from the visits of the doctor. The means of living were accordingly

very scanty, and left no margin for even the commonest luxury. Though Theodore's boyhood was generally healthy, he had, as a child, a dangerous attack of typhoid fever which threatened his life; and, at another time, a severe attack of dysentery. In such circumstances all who could must work; for "he that will not, neither shall he eat," was a law enforcing itself. "My first Christian ministry was attending on old age," says Parker in his *Sermon of Old Age*. In other words, his first work was to carry the drink upstairs to his venerable grandmother twice a day—at 11 a.m. and 4 p.m. Then, soon he had all the chips to gather up, the wood for the fire to carry in, and, when a little older, to drive the cows to pasture and carry grain to the horse and oxen. In the workshop he learned to hold the chalk-line, to know the different tools, and fetch them. He loved "tackling," and became an expert worker in wood. When a mere child he had, along with a companion little more competent, to take the peach crop the ten miles to Boston market. Long before his strength was adequate to such tasks, he was employed in the laying of a stone wall, the strain of which, he used to say afterwards, was a permanent injury to his constitution. And no doubt much of the ill-health which weakened and depressed his manhood had its source in the excessive labours of his childhood.

During the last two years he remained at home—from seventeen to nineteen—he filled the place of a full field-hand on the farm, digging, ploughing, haying, walling, working in the millwright's shop, doing miscellaneous jobs in carpentry, and putting his conscience into all that he did. He appears to have been doing more work than an ordinary workman does, and more study than an ordinary student does—to have been two men at least—



in one man's time. "He worked as if toil was his whole occupation; he studied as if study was his whole delight." He himself thus relates his first experiences of manual toil:—"As my relatives and neighbours were all hard-working people, living in one of the most laborious communities in the world, I did not fail to learn the great lesson of personal industry, and to acquire power of work—to begin early, to continue long, with strong and rapid stroke. The discipline and habit of bodily toil were quite easily transferred to thought, and I learned early to apply my mind with exact, active, and long-continued attention, which outward things did not disturb; so, while working skilfully with my hands, I could yet think on what I would."

As to the story of his schooling: when barely six years old he began to attend the little brown schoolhouse of the district. It was nearly a mile from his home by the cart-path; but, by crossing the fields, and putting stepping-stones across the brook, he made the distance considerably shorter. For two years he was sent, both winter and summer; but from eight to sixteen he only went for twelve weeks each winter. One day, as the little boy was trudging along alone across the fields, an incident occurred to him which impressed him deeply. He was overtaken by an old man with a grey beard, and of patriarchal aspect, who talked with him on the way, telling him what a bright boy might be and do—what *he* might be and do—and then disappeared as unaccountably as he came. Who he was Parker never knew, and in after life he used to refer to the little adventure in a way that betrayed a half-superstitious belief in the visitation. It made the boy, as he afterwards records, "begin to think he might be somebody." But the probability is it was this feeling being in his breast already which

made the incident to so deeply influence him; for, all through, Parker believed in the righteousness of the longing for fame and distinction. This comes out in his *Journal* in 1844, where he gives an account of how gratified he once was at an examination of the district school. "A spectator, one of the general committee of the town, asked my father, who was that fine boy who spoke up so smart. My father said, 'Oh, that is one of *my* boys—the youngest.' When my father told it at home that John Murray had asked so, I felt a deep joy; not so much for my own sake as for the satisfaction it seemed to give my father. I like this applause that comes up in the deep ground-tones of humanity—all other I care little for." And at one of his Saturday afternoon Conversations with his members, five years later, he said, "We love to measure ourselves, that we may know our power; and approbation is welcome, as assuring us of success; but the true test of the purity of our feeling is whether we are also rejoiced to see another receive greater approbation for a better thing. A desire of future fame is only better than that of present applause as it is an appeal to mankind in its sanity and wisdom. To a great soul the presence of a superior is the greatest of blessings."

His first school-teacher was a woman—Mary Smith, familiarly known as "Aunt Pattie." It was about this time that he had, towards a little girl of the neighbourhood, one of those infantine inclinations which most bright children somehow experience, and which generally leave life-long and fragrant impressions behind them. "I was about seven years old," wrote he to Mr. George Ripley one time, "when a very pretty little girl made her appearance at our humble village school. She was from seven to eight years of age. She fascinated me to such a degree that I

could no longer look at my books, and I was scolded for not having got my lessons : a thing that had never happened to me before, and that never happened to me again after the departure of the little fairy. She remained only a week with us, and I wept bitterly when she went away. She was so pretty ! I dared not speak to her ; but I liked to walk round her, like a butterfly round a flower in the fields. She was called Narcissa. She fell into the ocean of time, and disappeared, before I had attained my eighth year."

About a year after, a man named John Hastings became his teacher. This pedagogue has not left a good character, either as a scholar, teacher, or disciplinarian, nor had he any vivid recollection in after life of his distinguished pupil. During Hastings' reign, Theodore, then eight years old, appears to have dearly loved play, and was never left out of any game. Base-ball, bows and arrows, and pop-guns were successively the fashionable juvenile games of the period. Most male readers will remember that the pop-guns are usually made of quills, and loaded with pieces of potato, and that the pushing in of a rammér compresses the air, and sends out the vegetable with a loud "pop." Theodore got his elder brother to make him one of the largest calibre, which he took next day to school. In the midst of tuition, when all was quiet, a loud and sudden "pop" startled the master and all the scholars—but one. "Who fired that gun?" said the master, looking round with inquisitive eyes. But, at that moment, no boy was working so hard as Parker—his lips were spelling words with prodigious abandonment, and for this time the master had to remain "at fault." The complete success of the first experiment did not fail to tempt the boy to a second. But this time Hastings looked up a second too soon. Theodore was caught in the

act. He was reprimanded, and, most unwillingly, had to consign his darling instrument to the flames with his own hand. This anecdote was told by Parker one night at Brooklyn, after a lecture there at which he met his old schoolmaster, but the latter had quite forgotten the occurrence.

Hastings left when Theodore was about ten, and his place was taken by a much superior master. This was William Hoar White, then a student at Brown University, and afterwards a Unitarian Minister. He taught Theodore for two winters, taking great interest in him, and leading him on past the prescribed line of study to Latin and Greek. He felt Mr. White's loss greatly ; but his place was soon taken by another excellent master, also a student of Brown University—Mr. George Fiske, who taught for three winters. Both these young men were procured for the school by Mr. Parker's father, who always took a great interest in getting the best possible education for the children of the district. Readers of Parker's *Atheism, Theism, and the Popular Theology* will remember that it is to these two early instructors that the author gratefully dedicated the volume. His gratitude to Mr. White is known to have extended still further than this ; for he also befriended his family, and for years paid the cost of a generous education for his daughter. Twenty-five years after receiving Mr. White's instruction, Parker is found thus genially writing to him :—"Dear friend, I found your letter in the Boston Post Office yesterday, and thank you most heartily for remembering an old scholar who has never thought of you but with gratitude and affection. I supposed you had forgotten me, or I should have sent you my little publications before. I did not know that you would take an interest in one whom you so much befriended twenty-five years ago. But, trust me, I have inquired all



about you with the greatest interest. If the *boy*, Theodore, was affectionate, I think you will find the *man* is the same old sixpence. I may be 'proud' and very 'wicked' for aught I know; I will not say I am not—you shall come and see—but, at least, I do not forget my old teacher." But, if Messrs. White and Fiske were good teachers to him, he was an apt and distinguished scholar to them. He was always studying, in school and out. He showed *Oliver Twist's* desire even in connection with home lessons—a very rare occurrence, we should think. And though he had "more" given him, he still was not satisfied. In the summer noons, when the other hands indulged in a nap under the trees, the winter evenings, and the summer mornings, the time was diligently improved. Both in quantity and quality of scholarship he was over all the boys in the school. The only pupil that at all approached him was a girl—Marianne Smith by name. This, perhaps, may in part explain his high appreciation of woman all through his subsequent life, and the conviction he ever held that there is no such thing as sex in mind.

He was little less popular with his schoolmates than with his masters. It is true that in this his great quantity of character, his gravity, his keenness for the ridiculous, and his great powers of mimicking the gait, gesture, tone of voice, and pet phrases of other boys, to say nothing of his out-rivalling them in scholarship, stood somewhat in his way; but his kindness and love of fun disarmed the jealousy his superiority might have excited, and overcame the awe his gravity would naturally inspire. He was apt to be rough at play, and to tumble his comrades about in a shaggy fashion, as if with great humorous paws. But if he was uncouth, he was never tyrannical. He never himself bullied, and, more, he

would not stand by and see bullying on the part of others. But though generally liked, he appears to have had no particular favourites or companions. This, no doubt, came from none of the boys being sufficiently his equal; for true companionship, like true marriage, can only be of equivalents. He had great influence among the boys, and was much respected by them, more especially the last year or two he was at school. They then not only asked his aid in the accomplishment of difficult tasks, but also made him the arbiter of their disputes. Wonderfully clever as he showed himself, his schooling was not as extensive as that boys ordinarily receive. The whole he received, up to the age of sixteen, was only equivalent to about three years of continuous instruction; and, being broken, was by no means so effective. But this, with a single quarter at Mr. Huntington's better-class school, dignified with the name of "The Academy," at Lexington, where he mastered Colburn's Algebra in twenty days, was all the schooling Parker had. The costly indulgence of the quarter at the Academy was had at an expense of eighteen shillings, which was afforded by the boy's self-denial in foregoing the accomplishment of dancing, which most of the young folks of his own age were learning to enjoy about that time. Certainly, it augured well for the young man's future that he could bring himself to sacrifice the figures of the dance for the figures of Algebra.

All through his boyhood Parker was a most assiduous reader. He read every book he could lay his hands upon. Even those books which the cautious father thought unfit for one so young, and which were put away on the highest shelf, were discovered by the young bookworm, and examined when his father was away at the shop. All the books

his father got from the village library, all his schoolmaster could lend him, all lying about the house, were eagerly devoured. "Homer and Plutarch I read before I was eight; Rollin's Ancient History about the same time; and lots of histories, with all the poetry I could find, before ten. I took to metaphysics about eleven or twelve. Father and mother always read the books first, and examined me in every book I read. If I could not give a good account of it, I must not have another until I could satisfy the rigorous demands of father. At ten I began to study Latin. I began Greek at eleven. Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, and Rhetoric I studied by myself." His father being too poor to buy many books, Theodore had to devise the means of doing so for himself. He hit upon the idea of going into the fields and gathering whortleberries, and then selling them at Boston; and it was thus that the purchase-money of the first book of the library which, before his death, reached 11,000 volumes, and which he bequeathed to the City of Boston, was raised. All this time the boy was also taking a deep interest in the political matters recorded in the bi-weekly *Columbian Sentinel*, which found its way into the homestead. He had all the political events of the country at his tongue's end, and talked so sensibly about them that the old people of the village used to pretend to oppose him for the purpose of hearing him argue; for the power of giving out came to him along with the capacity of taking in. So early as eight he began to make verses, and his first school-composition, in verse, on "The Starry Heavens," disappointed his master only in being too short. Then, too, additional to the real world outside him, he found an ideal world to study within him. "When I was a boy," he subsequently wrote to his sweetheart, "I had always a world

of my own; an ideal creation, where I could roam and luxuriate at random. Many a time have I strayed from the right path, and gone far beyond my stopping-place, while I was brooding over some scheme not yet accomplished. How often has my plough run upon a rock while I was expounding law, making speeches in the senate, or astounding men with a display of intellectual power, fitly put forth in my imaginary Utopia." At ten he made a catalogue of all the vegetable productions, trees, and shrubs which grew upon the farm; and for many he could not find the names of, he invented fanciful ones himself. In other researches also he studied the great book of nature, while reading those of print and paper. The rare specimens of trees, plants, and shrubs, in the garden of a neighbouring gentleman, the foreign fruits which he saw in Boston market, the tropical husks and leaves which came wrapped around bales of merchandise, tea-chests, and other boxes, roused his admiration and further stimulated his love of nature. He was also interested in the conformation of the hills of his own and other districts; wanting to know why those about his home had all their steep sides towards the south and east, and asking strangers he met if the hills were so in other districts, but generally getting the answer, "I don't know." When he was fourteen a neighbour brought him a bit of brown oxide of manganese, which he said abounded on his son's farm in Vermont, and wanted to know what it was. Theodore could not tell him at first; but, after weeks of experimenting with the rude chemical apparatus he had constructed, he was enabled to do so. Like many other poor boys, he had "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." But difficulties with him were matters to be overcome, and he assimilated the knowledge all the more thoroughly

through having to get at it through the difficulties.

When a boy, as all through life, he had a prodigious memory. This he in part inherited from his mother ; but he enlarged its power by keeping it bright and in constant service. At ten he could repeat a poem of 500 or 1000 lines after a single reading, or a song from hearing it once. He used to commit the hymn to memory as the minister gave it out, and knew it when the choir rose to sing. Whenever walking with a companion, at a later period, it was his custom to recite from poems, like Wordsworth's "Excursion," almost by the hour. One time, when at Harvard, a fellow-student found him standing in the Hall opposite a large chart filled with statistics and historical data, from Adam downwards : he was committing it to memory ! "Was there," asks Mr. Frothingham, "ever such a memory ? It never lost a fact." In 1857, thirteen years after his visit to Europe, he wrote to a friend in Venice, "Please look at the *Viaggi da Giovanni Gabota* (or *Gaboti*, or *Gabbotti*), in the Ducal Library, and give me the exact title. It used to be the corner book, in the corner of the library next the *Canale Grande*, on the lowest shelf. The book is in no catalogue in America ; and men say there is no such." One day he recited, without hesitancy, a comic song of more than a dozen verses ; and said, when asked where he had learned it, "I never read it in my life ; but when I was twelve years old my brother brought me to Boston to the Museum, and a man sang it there." He was then forty years of age. Dr. Nathan Lord, of Dartmouth, an apologist for slavery in the days when slavery had apologists amongst divines, stated, in a lecture, as a fact, that the black Africans were largely descended from the Canaanites, whose name was derived from Cain, the first murderer ; whence

he assumed it to be quite *probable* that the blackness was a brand set on them ; a mark of reprobation. A friend, being in Parker's study, asked him where Dr. Lord could have found the fact that the black Africans were descended from the Canaanites. "He got it," said Parker, "from Grotius' *De Veritate* ;" and went to the shelf to verify the statement. The book was not there, but a narrow, empty space where it usually stood. "Miss Stevenson must have lent the book : I have not. The statement you refer to occurs in that volume." Then he proceeded to say how far along in the book it was, how far down the page, and on which page it was printed. "Have you read the book lately ?" asked the friend. "No ; not for many years : I never read it but once." "Is the passage associated with any incident in your experience, that you recall it so readily ?" "No ; I recollect it simply as a part of the contents of the book." The passage was afterwards found where Parker's memory indicated.

As a boy he was an impassioned declaimer, and one time at a public entertainment he was loudly applauded for the excellent way in which he recited an extract from Scott's "Marmion," and showed his wonderful powers of mimicry—which, in after life, so often "set the table in a roar," at his house at West Roxbury and Boston—by playing the part of a Catholic priest in some juvenile theatricals.

He was an affectionate, grateful, and revering son. He ever loved to speak of his parents ; the anniversaries of their births or deaths were generally recorded and tenderly remarked upon in his private diary. His advent and absence from the home of his boyhood made it grow dearer to him every year, while the memory of his father and mother was precious with him to the last. But not

only to father and mother was he a favourite; he was a light and a joy to the whole household. He had plenty of entertaining talk, was a most amusing joker, and brimful of fun. He loved the animals on the farm almost as if they had been human beings. He had a name for each, made them to hold imaginary conversations, and rendered their habits into parables. Grand as are his published *Prayers* to even one who knows nothing of their author, how much more beauty is seen in them when interpreted by the circumstances of his homestead life? And it is not surprising that one who showed such love for dumb creatures should have contended—as he does in his *Sermon of Providence*—for their probable immortality.

It ought to be recorded, too, as an evidence of the nice sense he had of filial duty, that, whenever he left home for any purpose of his own during the busy season on the farm, he always hired a labourer to do his work; and when, at nineteen, he left home for good to become a teacher, he continued until he was twenty-one to pay a labourer—his cousin—to do his work on his father's farm. His father objected, but he insisted that it would be unjust to use him better than the other boys before him.

At seventeen he became a militiaman. To the English reader, knowing only of present-day English militiamen, this will appear strange. But the militia of New England, which Parker joined, was a much different organisation—more like our English yeomanry. It was to this militia that his heroic grandfather belonged, and the grandson never lacked the warlike spirit. Later on we shall have to record how he had at one time to write his sermon, with two loaded pistols on his desk lying ready for the defence of his house and its inmates. Like Dr. Channing, he could never subscribe to the doctrine of “non-resistance.” He believed in the militia,

and, as already remarked, he trained in it. Into this, also, he entered most thoroughly. He was made clerk of the company; some say he rose to be lieutenant, others as high as ensign; but of his exact promotion there appears to be now no certain information.

Let this chapter be concluded with Theodore's own comments upon the main matters which occupy it. “Few men have ever been more fortunate than I in having pains taken with their intellectual culture. My early education was not costly, as men count expense by dollars; it was exceedingly precious, as they might reckon outlay by the fitness of the process to secure a development of natural powers. By father and mother, yes, even by brothers and sisters, great and unceasing care was taken to secure powers of observation, that the senses might grasp their natural objects; of voluntary attention, fixed, continuous, and exact, which, despite of appearances, sees the fact as it is—no more, no less; of memory, that holds all things firm as gravitation, and yet, like that, keeps them unmixed, not confusing the most delicate outline, and reproduces them at will, complete as a whole, and perfect in each part; much stress was laid also on judgment and inventive imagination. It was a great game they set me to play; it was also an advantage that the counters cost little money, but were common things, picked up daily on a farm, in a kitchen, or a thoughtful mechanic's shop. I was taught self-reliance, intellectual, and of many another form; to investigate all things with my own eyes; carefully to form opinions for myself, and while I believed them reasonable and just, to hold and defend them with modest firmness. Inquiry was encouraged in all directions.

“Of course, I took in many of the absurd theological opinions of the

time; but I think few New-Englanders born of religious families in the first ten years of this century were formally taught so little superstition."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE SCHOOLMASTER AND STUDENT.

"For all the trials of my earlier day,  
I thank Thee, Father, that they all have been;  
That darkness lay about the rugged way  
Which I must tread alone. For all I've seen  
Of disappointment, sorrow, pain, and loss,  
I thank Thee for them all. And did I sin,  
I grieve not I've been tried; for e'en the cross  
Of penitence has taught me how to win.  
Yet, of the ills as child or man I've borne,—  
My hopes laid waste, or friends sent off by death,  
Remorse has most of all my bosom torn  
For time misspent, ill deeds, or evil breath.  
But yet for every grief my heart has worn,  
Father, I thank Thee, still trusting with hearty faith."

THEODORE PARKER.

AT the age of seventeen Parker became what may be termed a winter schoolmaster; that is, he became a school teacher during the winter, when there was little work to be done on the farm; but continued a farm labourer at home during the summer, when there was much. This arrangement he pursued for four winters. The first, that of 1827, he took charge of the district school in Quincy; the second, in North Lexington; the third, in Concord; and the fourth, in Waltham. When offering himself for the school at one of the places, an amusing incident is recorded to have happened. The old Chairman of the committee, an up-country specimen, more fitted to be receiving instruction in a school than the governor and director of one, when Theodore appeared before the board, asked gruffly—"What's your name?" "Theodore Parker." "Where do you belong?" "Lexington." "Be you the son of Capt'n. Parker who fit the Battle of Lexington?" "No, I am his grandson." "What! be you Capt'n. Parker's grandson, who fit that battle?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then, I guess you'll do to keep our school." Of course, the reader will

perceive the lack of logic in the reasoning which led the chairman to conclude that the grandson of a good "fi'er" must necessarily make a good teacher. But those were days when schoolmasters sometimes needed to be able to fight their boys, or they would have had no chance of teaching them. Even though this had not been so, the old Chairman's logic was just as good as that which has ruled in the appointment made to many a much higher office, when it has been given a man simply because he happened to have been the son of his father.

Into his teaching, as into everything he undertook, Parker threw his whole soul, and any leisure it left him he devoted to his own studies. A young woman, who came to him at Waltham, desired to be taught French. Theodore knew nothing of the language, but he at once procured the necessary elemental books, and taught the young woman it as he learned it himself. Out of the twenty-five shillings per week, or so, he received for school-teaching, he paid his substitute at the farm, his own board, for such poor clothing as he had, and bought second-hand books. Pecuniarily he



had thus all he could do. There was a complaint of him at Waltham, that he required too much of his pupils—insisted upon too strict discipline, and gave them too many lessons. The probability is that he was led into this by judging other boys anent himself; anyhow, it was a failing which “leant to virtue’s side.”

At twenty years old he became an out-door student of Harvard College, under circumstances which will be detailed in the next chapter.

It is to somewhere about this period that the following reminiscences, written near the close of life, would seem to belong: “After my general preliminary education was pretty well advanced, the hour came when I must decide on my profession for life. In my early boyhood I *felt* I was to be a minister, and looked forward with eager longings for the work to which I still think my nature itself an ‘effectual call,’ certainly a deep one, and a continuous. All about me there were ministers who had sufficient talents; now and then one admirably endowed with learning; devout and humane men, also, with no stain on their personal character. But I did not see much in the clerical profession to attract me thither: the notorious dulness of the Sunday services, their mechanical character, the poverty and insignificance of the sermons, the unnaturalness and uncertainty of the doctrines preached on the authority of a ‘divine and infallible revelation,’ the lifelessness of the public prayers, and the consequent heedlessness of the congregation, all tended to turn a young man off from becoming a minister. Besides, it did not appear that the New England clergy were leaders in the intellectual, moral, or religious progress of the people; if they tried to seem so, it was only the appearance which was kept up. ‘Do you think our minister would dare tell his audience of their actual

faults?’—so a rough blacksmith once asked me in my youth. ‘Certainly I do!’ was the boyish answer. ‘Humph!’ rejoined the smith, ‘I should like to have him begin, then!’ The genius of Emerson soon moved from the clerical constellation and stood forth alone, a fixed and solitary star. Dr. Channing was the only man in the New England pulpit who to me seemed great. All my friends advised me against the ministry—it was ‘a narrow place, affording no opportunity to do much!’ I thought it a wide place. The legal profession seemed to have many attractions. There were eminent men in its ranks, rising to public honours, judicial or political; they seemed to have more freedom and individuality than the ministers. For some time I hesitated, inclined that way, and made preliminary studies in the law. But at length the perils of that profession seemed greater than I cared to rush upon. I could not make up my mind to defend a cause I knew to be wrong, using all my efforts to lead judge or jury to a decision I thought unjust. Though I hesitated some time, soon as I got clearness of sight I returned to my first love, for that seemed free from guile. I then asked myself these three questions:—1. ‘Can you seek for what is eternally true, and not be blinded by the opinions of any sect, or of the Christian Church; and can you tell the truth you learn, even when it is unpopular and hated?’ I answered, ‘I CAN!’ Rash youth is ever confident. 2. ‘Can you seek the eternal right, and not be blinded by the statutes and customs of men, ecclesiastical, political, and social; and can you declare that eternal right you discover, applying it to the actual life of man, individual and associated, though it bring you into painful relations of men?’ Again I swiftly answered, ‘I CAN.’ 3. ‘Can you represent in your life that truth of the intellect and that right of the con-

science, and so not disgrace with your character what you preach with your lips?' I doubted of this more than the others; the temptation to personal wickedness seemed stronger than to professional deceit—at least it was then better known; but I answered, 'I CAN TRY, AND WILL!' Alas! I little knew all that was involved in these three questions and their prompt, youthful answers. I understand it better now. So I determined to become a minister, hoping to help mankind in the most important of all human concerns, the development of man's highest powers."

When Parker left the homestead permanently, which he did in March, 1831, it was to commence an engagement he had made to be an assistant teacher in a private school at Boston. At first the salary he received was his board and about thirteen shillings per week; but he soon gave so much satisfaction that this was increased to board and fifteen shillings per week, and the increase antedated from the commencement of the engagement. When he left home, the whole of his worldly possessions—less than a score of books, his scant stock of clothing, and a few other things—were contained in a large wooden box, covered with painted cloth. But, considering what he was conveying away in his head and his heart, the paucity of his material possessions was a matter of little moment. For, it is with what men have in themselves, not with what they have in their trunks, that they fight a good fight in the world. Parker afterwards thus described his going forth—"A raw boy, with clothes made by country tailors, coarse shoes, great hands, red lips, and blue eyes, I went to serve in a private school, where I taught Latin, Greek, subsequently French and Spanish—both of which I could read and write, though not speak—the mathematics, and all sorts of philosophy. I taught in the school six hours a day,

and from May to September, seven; but I always had from ten to twelve hours a day for my own private studies out of school. Judge if I did not work: it makes my flesh creep to think how I used to work, and how much I learned that year and the four next. Had not I a constitution for a scholar? Oh, that I had known the art of life, or followed some book, or some man to tell me how to live, to study, to take exercise, &c. But I found none, and so here I am." Parker wrote thus to his friend Dr. S. G. Howe, the well-known Boston philanthropist, about two months before his death. His constitution was then completely worn out, and he was paying the penalty, as he had had to do through all his intervening life, for having enlarged his mind at the sacrifice of his body.

He had left home with a powerful constitution, undoubtedly; but ten or twelve hours a day of study, in addition to teaching six or seven, soon made inroads upon it. In three months he lost twenty-eight pounds in weight; and how could so much close confinement, insufficient food, little sleep, and extreme tension of all the powers result otherwise? Men can overdraw their health account as they can overdraw their banker's; and by pursuing unnatural courses they may make themselves the servants thereof. Parker did both during the time he was a teacher. His insolvency of health, and his continuance in courses which he yet knew were injuring him, were the after penalties. For even at this time incidental symptoms of paralysis, in the form of pricking sensations and numbness of the limbs and sides had begun to give him unheeded and unapprehended warnings of the unwisdom of his course. Twenty-seven years afterwards he himself had fully come to this conclusion, for he then writes—"If I could be *well*, well enough to *work*, and do a man's duty, I should be



glad; yet that is not a thing I ever mention in my prayers. I am content to pay the price of violating the laws of the body in struggling for an education, though I knew not what I did." But not only was he sacrificing his health at the shrine of knowledge in the Boston school; he was sacrificing his affectional nature too. He would not spare time for either acquaintanceship or friendship; and this to a young man who had come from a home so full of affection and society was indeed a deprivation. No wonder that his unsatisfied heart at times rebelled, and wrung from his pen such confessions as this:—"I want someone always in the arms of my heart to caress and comfort; unless I have this I mourn and weep."

He made matters still worse by making his otherwise never-failing supporter—religion—into an additional mental study at the time; and this, too, in one of its most repulsive aspects, namely, as it appears in Calvinism. "For a year, though born and bred among Unitarians, I had attended the preachings of Dr. Lyman Beecher, the most powerful orthodox minister in New England, then in the full blaze of his talents and reputation, and stirred also with polemic zeal against Unitarians, Universalists, Papists, and Infidels. I went through one of his 'protracted meetings,' listening to the fiery words of excited men, and hearing the most frightful doctrines set forth in sermon, song, and prayer. I greatly respected the talents, the zeal, and the enterprise of the able man, who certainly taught me much, but I came away with no confidence in his theology; the better I understood it the more self-contradictory, unnatural, and hateful did it seem. A year of his preaching about finished all my respect for the Calvinistic scheme of theology." It is worthy of remark that this, too, was the effect which it had upon Dr. Beecher's own sons and

daughters. His daughter, Harriet Beecher, the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is well known to be a Universalist; his son, Henry Ward Beecher, has declared that if he had to worship the God of the Calvinist he would have to address Him as "Our Fiend," not as "Our Father;" and other members of the family have taken theological positions alike liberal.

Another thing which weighed Parker down was his inability to save money towards paying for his intended college course. Fifteen shillings a week, and out of this for the first five months to have to pay a substitute on his father's farm, left little room for saving—let the economy practised be never so close. His prospects of entering College thus appearing so small, prevented him from feeling even the hope which otherwise would have been likely to have done so much to sustain him. All things considered, it was a fortunate thing for him that his life in Boston only lasted for one year.

When he removed, which he did in April, 1832, it was to Watertown, where he took the second story of a building which had once been a bakery, and opened a school of his own. He had relatives living in the town, and, probably, it was their advice which led him to select it for his venture. He lodged in the house, of which the old bakery was one of the outbuildings, with the renter of the whole, Mr. Nathaniel Broad. Parker had not only to exercise his carpentry skill upon fitting up his humble schoolroom at starting, but he had all along to be his own attendant and porter: sawing, splitting, and carrying the wood for the stove in winter, and all the year round sweeping, dusting, and arranging, in preparation for the scholars. When he first opened, these were only two in number, and one of them a free scholar—not a very hopeful beginning,

certainly. But, by the end of the first year, the two increased to thirty-five, and before he left, at the end of the second, to fifty-four. The fee was one shilling and eightpence per week; but, much as he needed the money, it was not with him a fixed rule that no one-shilling-and-eightpence should mean no tuition, for many a deserving boy or girl who was too poor to pay the fee received from him the best instruction he could give. It is known that in the case of one girl he gave the value of his instructions to her for a year and a half, and then begged the schoolmaster who succeeded him to continue her education on the same generous conditions.

One thing he was led to do at this time caused him mortification to the end of his life. He took in a negro girl as a scholar, and the parents of the other children, with the prejudice of Americans, strongly objecting, he, in consequence, dismissed her. To us this appears the most regrettable thing he ever did. But in judging him let us remember that he had been brought up where this prejudice existed; that up to this time he had not given the questions of slavery and colour much thought; that after he had, he himself always felt annoyed at the remembrance, and that he made ample amends in what he did for the emancipation and elevation of the coloured race subsequently.

In his scholars Parker found not only pupils but society and companionship also. He made himself a boy with them, united with them in their games, and gained their affection and confidence. His own keen sense of the ridiculous, and almost boyish love of fun, sometimes made it a most difficult thing for him to keep serious when exercising his authority. When he felt that he must either laugh or burst, he used to make it a point to dart into the entry outside, and there have his "guffaw" out of sight of the scholars. One day he noticed

two of the boys more intent on their own play than on the lessons he had set them, when the following conference ensued between him and one of them. "What are you doing, Briggs?" "Nuthin', sir." "Who is helping you?" "Tom Barrett, sir." "Both of you stand out here, and let me see how you do it." Arrived in the space before the desk, Briggs shows the master how he was doing "nothing," by suddenly taking his hands out of his pockets, with a coin in one of them, and uttering the sharp question—"heads or tails?" For the time being it was all over with Theodore's authority: he had barely time to reach his asylum in the entry.

Several of the boys lodged at Mr. Broad's along with him, and over these more especially he exercised a wise and fatherly oversight. He keenly felt the responsibility involved in the direction of so many young minds, and at times became unhappy at the thought of his own unfitness to fully discharge it. But if he was touched to witness the confidence the boys put in him, he was also stimulated by it to strive to be more and more helpful to them. He always opened his school with prayer, reverently said grace before meat at Mr. Broad's table, and in manifold ways led his young friends in the paths of religion and reverence. He ever bore in mind that the scholars came to him for education, and his great aim was to give them the most possible. Some of the children, who had been accustomed to the easy tasks of the public schools, were startled at what he asked from them. But he felt positive they could accomplish it if they only had the mind to try, and he had a most happy power of giving the mind to them. He had great faith in the Socratic mode of teaching children: by making them answer questions he made them think, and he soon found the advantage that arose from teaching boys and girls

who thought. He strongly objected to using manuals of Natural Theology, declaring that they were attempts to prove what no child ever thought of doubting; and he would often show how worthless such works are by lessons to the children, when he would call forth from their intuitions the very truths which these books are purposed to put into their minds from without. Object-teaching was also a favourite process with him; and that he might more fully follow it, it was his practice to frequently take his class abroad in the fields, and give them instruction as they went along; the flora, fauna, geology, &c., of the district—as we have already seen—being well known to him. He thus showed the scholars that they were not only to “read” in school and at home, but also to “mark and learn” when they went abroad. Above all, he sought to bring out the religious sentiment in the children; his was the teaching of the *Wisdom of the Brahmin* :—

‘Devoutly look, and nought but wonders will pass by thee;

Devoutly read, and then all books will edify thee;

Devoutly speak, and men devoutly listen to thee;

Devoutly act, and then the strength of God acts through thee.”

He managed to exercise authority over the children without their being aware of it: he led them by love; he did not drive them by fear. Only in one or two instances during his two years’ tuition at Watertown had he need to speak harshly in reproof.

So strongly did his boys come to love him, that when he was about to leave in order to enter College they clubbed their dollars and dimes together and purchased for him a silver cup. This procedure was kept secret from Theodore until the time came for him to close the school for the last time. Then Master Briggs stepped forward, and in what a newspaper report would have, no doubt, termed

“an appropriate address,” presented the cup on behalf of the school. The unexpected token of affection—the children weeping as the presentation was made—proved too much for the recipient. Before he could proceed with the closing of the school he had to go out and have “a good cry” by himself in the entry; for, intellectual as his nature was, it was not a whit more so than emotional.

Altogether, Parker’s lot in Watertown was much more pleasant than it had been at Boston. He was out in the open, not only in the physical world but in the world of affection, and he could now take pleasant excursions into both. In summer, especially, he took long afternoon and morning walks, communing with his own mind and heart and from time to time stopping to pursue his botanical researches. Twice a week he walked to Cambridge, to take lessons in Hebrew of a member of the Theological School; and afterwards, he walked as far as Charlestown, on Saturdays, in order to have the instruction from an “Israelite indeed”—Mr. Seixas, a Jew. Then he found companionship, additional to that of his boys. The couple with whom he lodged were homely, but so kind that he soon became attached to them; and, on the death of Mr. Broad, which happened during Theodore’s stay at the house, the young teacher showed “pure and undefiled religion,” by helping “the widow in her affliction”—doing many little jobs for her, indoors and out, which had previously been attended to by her departed husband. Leisure and disposition for society came as his school duties became less exacting. There was the excellent society of his “Uncle Peter” and his cousins, and of eight or ten other families in the place, some of them of wealth and culture, always open to him; and his visits were not more pleasant to him than to them. The fact that he

retained their friendship on to his death, and that "through good report and evil report" they ever continued their confidence in him, will best relate what a favourable impression he must have made upon them. In 1873, when Mr. Frothingham issued his *Life*, many of the members of these families were still living, and not only still holding respect for Parker's memory but also were continuing disciples of him in matters pertaining to religion.

In addition to these, Theodore met with three other persons in Watertown with whom his life became linked afterwards. These were Dr. Francis, the Unitarian minister, Mrs. Francis, and Miss Lydia D. Cabot. In the first, Theodore found a learned, liberal, truth-loving, and affectionate friend, and that not only while he stayed in Watertown, but until death parted them. In Watertown this friendship gave to the young teacher free access to a large and well-selected library, with the judicious advice and guidance of its well-read owner—a patient oracle, who met him in the library or walked out with him, ever ready to answer his many questions; and on Sundays, a preacher who was ever showing the adequacy of human nature for its ends and the riches and beauty everywhere shed abroad in the world. Afterwards, it gave him the advantages of valuable and frequent correspondence, and a friendly, hospitable, and congenial house, at all times open to his welcome visits. Theodore ever felt how deeply he was indebted to the free and scholarly minister who had thus taken up and befriended a bashful young student, and favoured the generous unfolding of his mind. If the debt could not be repaid, it was never forgotten. As to Mrs. Francis, she appears to have been a good, motherly woman, kindness itself; graceful in person and manners, and with a strong love of flowers, which the

young master warmly shared. Of the other close friend mentioned—Miss Lydia Cabot—we need say no more here than that she will have to be referred to prominently in the chapter we shall devote to "The Lover and the Husband." Of course, the warm friendship of Theodore with the minister of the place soon led him to take part in church and school work. He became the superintendent of the Sunday-school. He formed a Bible-class, which he taught on the Socratic method; but the unusual method was used for the conveyance of the ordinary Unitarian views. Thus far Parker was little of a religious innovator.

At Watertown, as at Boston, he worked hard at his own private studies. During the twelvemonth at the latter place he not only pursued his mathematical and school lessons, but he also read the whole of Homer, a good deal of Xenophon and Demosthenes, Æschylus, and many books on metaphysics and physics. The study of German was added to French and Spanish, and he learned to write as well as to read these languages. True, at Mr. Broad's, circumstances do not appear to have been favourable to uninterrupted study, but Theodore rose above the circumstances, and studied closely notwithstanding. He had only a joint tenure of the chamber he occupied; a young man, named Amphion Sanger, being the other occupant. Unfortunately for peace and quietness, Amphion had a fondness for the flute; and when, after tea, Parker turned to his books, his chum began to make his reed give forth its melancholy wails. Expostulation was in vain. Amphion reminded Theodore that he paid just as much rent as he did, and blew on. But he generally blew himself out by about nine o'clock, and then Theodore would keep closely at it till two in the morning. For, however much oil

Mrs. Broad put in the lamp overnight, she mostly found it dry next morning. With this great man as with all—

"The heights by great men raised and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upwards in the night."

The achievements in scholarship during his time at Watertown were amazing. He gives us his word that, in addition to his school-work, visitings, courting, &c., he pursued the study of Latin and Greek authors, the most of Cicero, Herodotus, Thucydides, Pindar, Theocritus, Biou, Moschus (the last four of which he translated), and Æschylus. For his Sunday-school class he wrote a history of the Jews, which still exists in manuscript; pushed his studies in

metaphysics, taking up Cousin and the new school of French philosophers; began the study of Hebrew, and entered on the study of theology. Besides all this, the German poets, Goethe, Schiller, Klopstock, and the English Coleridge, occupied a portion of his time and thought. While for custards and tarts, to accompany the more solid meat, he turned occasionally to novels like Scott's, or the poems of Byron. His examination of the latter, however, led him to strongly condemn them. "No philosopher (!) who denied his God," writes he to Miss Cabot, "no epicurean who struck at the distinction of good and evil, has done so much to corrupt the hearts of youth, to stagger the minds of the giddy, as this misanthropic Lord Byron."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE COLLEGIAN.

"When in the darkness of my early youth,  
Stumbling and groping for a better way,  
Through riven clouds streamed down the light of Truth,  
And made it morning with refulgent ray;  
Along the steep and weary path I trod,  
With none to guide and few to comfort me.  
I felt the presence of the eternal God;  
That in His hand 'twas blessedness to be,  
Finding relief from woes in consciousness of Thee."

THEODORE PARKER.

IN order to chronicle Parker's college career, we shall have to revert back to the time when he was just twenty, working on his father's farm in summer and teaching in winter. One day at that time, after getting leave of absence from his father, he absented himself from home from early morning till near midnight, none of the family knowing whither he had gone. But, when he had returned, he made his way to the bedside of his father and himself declared the mystery. Said he, "Father, I entered Harvard College to-day." He had spent the day in walking to Cambridge, undergo-

ing and passing the examination, and walking home again! If the old man had been perplexed at his son's strange absence, he was still more so when he heard its cause. "But, Theodore, you know I cannot support you there." "Father, it shall cost you nothing. I will stay at home, and keep up with my class." This he did for the year ensuing; working on the farm as usual, following his studies, and only going over to Harvard to undergo the examinations. And these he underwent more successfully than some who did nothing else but devote their time to prepara-



tion for them. But for him being non-resident, and paying no tuition fees, the manner he acquitted himself would have then entitled him to a degree. It was only the College rules which stood in the way. Four years later, on the representation of his friend, Mr. Francis, he was offered the usual degree of B.A., on condition he would comply with the rules by paying over the amount of the four years' tuition fees. But this he was too poor at the time to do, and he continued unhonoured in this respect till 1840, when the degree of M.A. was conferred upon him (*honoris causâ*) at the instance of men of mark, who thought it a disgrace that so distinguished a son of Harvard should go unrecognized by his *alma mater*. No doubt, if he had been more inclined to embalm his forefathers and less inclined to feed their living children, this University recognition would have been less tardy in reaching him. But degrees mattered little to Parker. He even objected to being addressed by correspondents as "Rev." He was ever contented to subscribe himself plainly, "Theodore Parker," and to "Rev.," "Mr.," or "Dr." him sounds as much out of order in the ears of some of us as it would for us to hear "Mr." Socrates or "Dr." Shakespeare. The world is powerless to give honour to the really great, additional to that which inheres in themselves.

Towards the end of his time at Watertown, Theodore thus wrote to Miss Cabot — "I consulted Mr. Francis about going to Cambridge soon and joining the present junior class. He thought it a good plan, and gave me letters of introduction to Mr. Ware. I have walked to Cambridge this afternoon and seen all the faculty. Have resolved to make the attempt, so I shall finish school-keeping on the first of April, and remove to Cambridge, take a room at the Hall, and commence study. Dili-

gent and patient application will enable me to accomplish by next commencement all that the class will by that time have completed. I shall study alone all that the class has yet attempted. Nothing is too much for young ambition to hope, no eminence too lofty for his vision, no obstacle too difficult for his exertions, and no excellence unattainable." His savings hardly reached £40, but with this amount he was determined to fight his way at Divinity Hall. The expenses were not heavy — fourteen or fifteen pounds a year for tuition and care of room, and between eight and nine shillings per week for board in "commons." At first he unwisely tried to save the latter expense and instead live upon dry bread at a cost of only two shillings and threepence a week, but this experiment was soon given up, and he went to reside at a boarding-house at such a distance from the hall that in going to and fro he must perforce get exercise. Soon after entering, he was fortunate in an application he made for a grant from a fund to assist poor students; and this, and teaching a few boys and girls, made his income — after the second commencement — nearly as much yearly as he had saved.

We have various interesting descriptions of him as he was at this time, three of which we quote. Mr. Frothingham speaks of his "unformed appearance; his long, thick hair; his dress, neat, but carelessly worn." Mr. Weiss says — "The report of his scholarly acquisitions had preceded him, and the extent of his reading excited admiration. His talk was full of odd learning and scraps of curious information. He was crammed from books and observation, but everything lay about in undigested heaps. All real or imaginary deficiencies were attacked by him without loss of time. Classmates have said that he used to study fourteen hours a day." "My first and unchanged feeling,"

says Dr. Bartol, "was of his exuberant life, restless ambition to excel, and of an honesty that knew not how to lie: The ruddy face; firm and eager grasp; the manner, nothing if not natural; the smile, frank as spring and sweet as summer, or ready to curl with biting scorn; no maiden's blushing cheek, more ingeniously modest, and no graduate's tongue for the college, whose privilege was not his, more ingeniously acute. I remember him, in the theological debates, sitting still in his seat, and tying noiseless knots in his handkerchief, every one of which, he told me, meant some argument for which he had a reply. Doubtless the knotted silk, in the sham fight of abstract questions, was *practice* preliminary to the woven whip-lash he was to lay on all the hypocrisies, iniquities, and superstitions of Church and State."

So much, then, for the *personnel* of our student; we will now hear from his own pen a description of the life he led at the Divinity School. "We have," says he in a letter to his nephew, "about thirty scholars, divided into three classes. Some one of the senior class preaches each Sabbath evening during the year; all the school and some few strangers attend. Prayers are performed at morning of every day by Professor Palfrey, and at evening by one of the senior class. The junior class to which I belong recites in Hebrew every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoon; attends a lecture upon the criticism of the New Testament, Monday and Friday, when we translate the original, ask questions, and engage in discussion with the Professor. We recite and discuss the Evidences of Christianity with Dr. Ware every Wednesday. Tuesday afternoon we have exercise in extemporaneous speaking with Professor Ware, jun., one of the finest men I have ever known. Some subject is proposed to the class at one meeting and discussed at the next.

Saturday morning Mr. Ware delivers a lecture upon composition of sermons, subjects to be treated, &c., to the whole school. One-third of the school declaims every Tuesday evening. Friday evening the whole school meet for extemporaneous speaking. Thursday evening is spent in a religious meeting. A society for the promotion of the interests of humanity, and called the 'Philanthropic Society,' meets once a fortnight on Wednesday evening. A report is always read upon some interesting subject, such as 'Infidelity,' 'Temperance,' 'License Laws,' by a committee previously appointed to investigate the subject. All my leisure is devoted to translating some papers of La Fayette, which I am doing for Mr. Sparks [the historian], who is going to publish them. I shall be constantly occupied upon this translation during the whole of vacation. Sunday I visit the States' prison [at Charlestown], where I have an interesting class [of prisoners] in the Sunday-school."

*A priori* we should expect that in all this Theodore would find a congenial sphere. But even the best opportunities are worth little unless used; work alone, after all, availeth. And our student did work—worked as scarcely another student has been known to do. This, as also one or two interesting traits of character, is shown in the following description of him, given by Mr. C. P. Cranch, one of his college mates. "We all looked upon him as a prodigious athlete in studies. He made daily acquaintance with books which were sealed books to many old Biblical scholars, and to us youngsters of the school were scarcely known even by name. He would dive into the college library, and fish up huge remarkable tomes in Latin and Greek, and lug them up to his room, and go into them as a boarding-school girl would go into a novel. We soon



saw what his extraordinary capacities were of reading and retention. He literally devoured books. The rapidity of his reading was something wonderful. Great things were prophesied of him, but it was thought he would be little more than a scholar—an extraordinary book-worm. None guessed he was to be one of the most remarkable men of the day in more ways than one; that the immense fund of learning he was laying up was but his arsenal of weapons with which later he was to do battle for pure, unadulterated Christianity. His temperament seemed one charged full of electricity, so that he was literally *snapping* at times with sparks of fun and satire. After the long hours of close study in his library, his mind would indulge itself in the most boyish and playful rebounds. He had the keenest appreciation of the humorous and the ludicrous. In his sportive and satiric veins he would throw off the most amusing conceits and pasquinades. His satire was chiefly directed against the theology and social shams of the day. His sallies of wit loved to take a pictorial shape. Had he possessed a talent for drawing, he would have been a Hogarth. This Rabelaisian trait would twinkle continually in his eyes, and lurk about the corners of his mouth. It was, however, always tempered and subdued by a becoming deference to his office of teacher and clergyman. I remember a whimsical and original joke of his at the Divinity School. It was a play of animal spirits, a practical jest, a protest, and a satire combined. Two or three of us divinity students were in full musical blast at something—fluting or singing, I forget which—in one of the rooms of Divinity Hall. Immediately opposite was Parker's room. He was evidently engaged in much more serious study, and more in the line of his future profession, than we were. Still we were quite unaware of our

disturbing him, or we should have sunk our music to a *pianissimo*, or adjourned it to another place or hour. Theodore had, however, borne with it some time without protesting. Presently there was a peculiar 'movement' in the entry, just outside our door, executed upon a peculiar and by no means musical instrument—a sort of *obligato ad libitum* bass—thrown in as an accompaniment to our strains. On opening the door to ascertain the nature of these strange sounds, there was Theodore, who had left his folios of the Latin fathers, had rushed into the cellar, and brought up a wood-horse, saw, and log of wood, on which he was exercising his vigorous sinews—see-saw, see-saw—to our utter discomfiture and amusement. As for Theodore, he barely smiled."

Experience soon taught him that successful study called for not only force and application, but also order and self-discipline. To the end of gaining these he made rules for himself, which were entered in his journal. The "Moral" rules we shall refer to in another place, but we give the "Physical" and "Intellectual" ones here. "I. *Physical*.—1. Avoid excess in meat and drink. 2. Take exercise in the air at least three hours a day. 3. Always get six hours sleep. [To this is added, in pencil, as an afterthought, "More is better: seven hours certainly; eight hours very often, and always would be more suitable and proper."] II. *Intellectual*.—1. Explore a subject when curiosity is awake. Sometimes this is impossible. Note the subject in a book and examine as soon as possible in this manner:—*a*. By finding out what I really know upon the subject. *b*. Obtaining clear and distinct notions in some way. *c*. By stating in words the result of my study, and repeating till it has made a deep impression. Sometimes write them in this book. *d*. If historical, settle

the time; writers who related it; their character. *e.* The cause. *f.* The effect. 2. Keep the mind obedient to the will, so as to be independent of external affairs. This cannot be completely effected, but may be in a great measure by the use of certain intermedia, viz., words of the poets, &c." No doubt the intellectual rules just given would be pretty closely adhered to, but the physical ones frequently proved like rules often are—wise resolves made to be broken. The feeling—"I should like to finish this," or "This is interesting," often proved too much for the ardent student's rules respecting sleep and exercise in the open air. This one gathers from his correspondence with his sweetheart. From time to time we find such sentences as "Now, don't hang that leaden collar of 'don't do too much' about my neck;" "I more frequently over-eat than over-work;" and "ten is as bad for *you* as one for *me*."

We have already seen that the students had frequent opportunity of manifesting their debating powers, and how Parker knotted the "points" on his handkerchief. He discussed and knotted to good purpose, for he soon had to be acknowledged the best debater in the Hall. In his speeches he manifested vigour, pointedness, independent thought, enthusiasm, and freshness. His first attempts at debating were much more promising than his first attempts at preaching. But this is likely to have, in part, arisen from there being much more reality in the debates than in preaching, for mere practice, before the professors and students. Shams and shadows, of all things, were unfavourable to the calling forth of Parker's powers.

Devoted to reading as he was, he had too much human nature in him to ever degenerate into a mere Dominie Sampson. Close study generally has the effect of making men unsocial,

but it was not so with Parker. He could leave the sage nonsense of Ter-tullian, wherein he read that the soul is material and sky-blue in colour, or that the deity of Jesus must be true *because* it is impossible, for a little bit of real nonsense, or a chat in a classmate's room. This feature saved him from getting cob-webs into his constitution. Still he would be called a book-worm, as readers go. The pages of his journal, begun in 1835, give abundant evidence of this. They are filled with lists of books read, or to be read—analyses, summaries, comments on writers of every description and in every tongue. There is Eichorn, Herder, Ammon, De Wette, Paulo, Philo, the Greek Historians, the Fathers of the Church, the Greek and Latin poets, Plato, Spinoza, the Wolfenbüttel Fragments, and a crushing number of others. The journal not only records that he read the books; it also proves it by the opinions and analyses of them which its pages bear. He had a way of going through a book, and seizing hold of its information and points, without reading all its words. In two months, November and December, 1835, the names of sixty-five volumes are given as having been read in German, English, Danish, Latin, Greek; reaching all the way from "Peter Simple" to Bouterwek and Rosenmüller. His reading was by no means confined to theology and criticism. Goethe, Dante, Tasso, are enjoyed; so are the "sweet little wild witch stories" of Tieck. He got over his previous objection to novel reading, and was so pleased with Fielding's "Tom Jones" that he wrote a page and a half of appreciative criticism upon it in his journal, and wonders the work had escaped him so long. "The Linwoods," another novel, he thought likely to do good, and hoped it would "in correcting the tone of society, which I regard as villainous just now." "Bubbles from the Brun-

nen," "Gesta Romanorum," "The Robin Hood Ballads," Ritson's "Fairy Tales," Bowring's "Poetry of the Magyars," Longfellow's "Pilgrimage beyond the Sea;" Heine's "Germany," Southey's "Doctor," "Memoirs of Oberlin," Toulmin's "Life of Socinus," Bulwer's "Rienzi," "Pickwick," "Lalla Rookh," and too many others to be chronicled, are all to be found named and commented on in the journal.

He tried his hand at poetry; what literary young man does not? The journal, kept during his college days, contains pieces having for titles the following:—"To L—a," "Moral Beauty," "A Vision," "Midnight," "Gratitude," "Prayer," "Winter," "An Evening Hymn," "To Sadness," "Two Songs," "Eternity," "A Serenade," "Reflections at Midnight," "Absence," "Midnight Musings," "Spring," "The Complaint of a Lover," "The Stars," "To a Little Flower," "Morning Hymn," "The Rising Moon," "The Setting Star," "Stanzas," &c. Those who have examined these effusions speak of them as being flowing, melodious, and sentimental, but lacking the true poetic fire. But if Parker had not this, he knew what it was, as is witnessed by the following extract from one of his love-letters:—"I would that I had that dangerous gift as some call it, but which Milton terms the 'divine gift,'—the power of the true poet. He possesses such a spring of ever-living water in his own deep and noble soul, that continually gushes up to his breast and wells out in all his life. Who can fail to admire that profound enthusiasm with which the true poet regards all nature? Nay, all that lives and moves, or merely *is*, has for him a deep and permanent charm-*ingness*. Go where he will he sees Beauty; for she dwells in his own breast, and diffuses her sweet influence over all his eye rests upon."

He had the perception, but not sufficient of the power. From one of Parker's journal poems, "An Evening Hymn," we transcribe the following:

"All nature cries, great God! to Thee;  
And I will raise my voice,  
Uplift my feeble minstrelsy,  
And bid my heart rejoice.  
Thy sun sheds glory in his light,  
Deep darkness praises Thee by night;  
But 'tis Thy Spirit makes delight.

Great God! accept the humble praise,  
A heart sincere would bring:  
My heart's own anthem 'tis I raise,  
My soul's desire I sing.  
Glory to Thee, all gracious Lord!  
For Thou dost every gift afford,  
And gladd'st my spirit with Thy Word."

Essentially religious himself, his best poems are those which have religion for their theme. The finest he ever wrote—as most think—are the sonnets addressed to the great Soul for whom he had ever so much love and admiration, and the following—the first—stanza of which was written while he was at the Divinity School:

"Jesus, there is no dearer name than thine,  
Which time has written on his endless scroll;  
Nor wreaths, or garlands, ever did entwine  
So fair a temple of so vast a soul.  
Ay, every angel set his glowing seal  
Upon thy brow, and gave each human grace,  
In a sweet copy heaven to reveal,  
And stamp perfection on a mortal face.  
Once on the earth, before dull mortal eyes,  
Which could not half thy sacred radiance see,  
E'en as the emmet cannot read the skies,  
For our weak orbs reach not immensity,  
Once on the earth wert thou a living shrine,  
Where dwelt the good, the lovely, the divine."

During his college course he ever kept in view his proposed future career as a preacher, and the various sentiments and apothegms to be found entered up and down his journal and common-place book show that he was preserving seed-corns for future sowing. Here are a few of them:—"Faith is collective energy." "Love

is the perfect action of the whole soul." "Egyptian bondage brings Egyptian darkness." "He that has a principle is inspired." "Religion is the highest form of love." "Wealth injures talent more than poverty." "Under gold hills and thrones perhaps many a spiritual giant lies buried." "There is a Solomon in every stupid man, a devil in every saint." "If you dare not say what you think, soon you will dare say what you do not think." "Reason acknowledges no useless or dangerous truths." "A new truth can never do as much harm as an old error." Many others are found entered, of a similar character.

The reader will have discovered, long ere this, that Parker, in addition to his other gifts, had a wonderful faculty for languages. In his devotion to, and ability to acquire, tongues, he more than emulated that famous ancestor of his, of whom he himself related the following excellent story:—"A kinsman of mine, one Thomas Parker, was such a master of the Oriental tongues that once, when some of his brother clergymen assembled to rebuke him for some heresy, he replied in Latin—they rejoined in Latin. He replied in Greek—they continued in that tongue. He answered in Hebrew—they questioned in Hebrew. He then retreated to the Arabic, where they could not follow him, when he bade them go home and study their primers before they undertook to school him." But clever as was the said Thomas Parker, he would have been worsted in a battle linguistic with his descendant, Theodore.

He had a wonderful faculty of finding the key of a language, and therewith soon enabling himself to unlock its mysteries. Before he was twenty-six he had become such a clever Hebraist that he was appointed to teach that language to a class of his fellow-collegians, and

when Dr. Palfrey was absent in New Orleans, in 1836, he took the Principal's place as professor of Hebrew at the Divinity School. It is not claimed for him that he thoroughly mastered all the languages he took up during his life-time, but he did the most of them; and of those he only tasted, he got a good knowledge of their quality. His journal and letters show that he read and studied books in Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, modern Greek, Chaldee, Arabic, Persian, Coptic, Ethiopic, Russian, Hebrew, ancient Greek, Latin, English, Anglo-Saxon, French, and some others. Altogether, he is described as having acquired twenty-four languages before the end of his life, and most of these he had acquired by the time he was twenty-four. When he first attempted Russian he had to give it up, because of there being no one about him at the time who could help him to master the sounds of the alphabet. Later on, when he again went to live at Boston, he mastered it so far as to become acquainted with the patois that is used by the priests; and the Principal of Cornell University found him as well versed in Russian affairs as he was himself, who had returned from a residence of months in the country of the Czar. Another American Professor—Mr. Sidney Willard—is said to have often consulted the young divinity student upon nice points in linguistic science. After he had become minister at Boston, a friend one day stepped into his study and found him conning over the grammar of the Mpongwe tongue, a dialect spoken in one part of Africa. And when in Paris in 1843, he attended the lectures of the Arabic Professor, and showed not only full comprehension but also capacity to criticise. Pre-eminently, then, Parker had the advantage which Niebuhr calls attention to:—"He has but an imperfect knowledge of a

people who does not know their language."

What were his theological views when he was a young man at Divinity Hall? In view of his after-career of greatest modern Heresiarch, this question cannot but interest the reader. We enjoy the advantage of having it answered by himself. Before he went to the Theological School he declares that he had given up "eternal damnation and a wrathful God," as also the doctrine of the Trinity. He thus further describes the state of his mind at this time: "I had found no evidence which to me could authorise a belief in the supernatural birth of Jesus of Nazareth. The twofold Biblical testimony was all; that was contradictory and good for nothing; we had not the affidavit of the mother, the only competent human witness, nor even the declaration of the son; there was no circumstantial evidence to confirm the statement in the Gospels of a most improbable event. Many miracles related in the Old and New Testaments seemed incredible to me; some were clearly impossible, others ridiculous, and a few were wicked; such, of course, I rejected at once, while I still arbitrarily admitted others. The general question of miracles was one which gave me much uneasiness, for I had not learned carefully to examine evidence for alleged historical events, and had besides no clear conception of what is involved in the notion that God ever violates the else constant mode of the operation of the universe. Of course I had not then the philosophic idea of God which makes a theological miracle as impossible as a round triangle, or any other self-evident contradiction! I had no belief in the plenary, infallible, verbal inspiration of the whole Bible, and strong doubts as to the miraculous inspiration of any parts of it. Some things were the opposite of divine; I could

not put my finger upon any great moral or religious truth taught by revelation in the New Testament which had not previously been set forth by men for whom no miraculous help was ever claimed. But, on the whole matter of Inspiration I lacked clear and definite ideas, and found neither friend nor book to help me."

The foregoing extract was written near the close of his life, and, through looking at his youthful days with his subsequent wide divergences from the popular theology, he has made himself more heretical at this time than he really was. This is shown by letters written at the time. When at Watertown he wrote a letter to a friend, making merry with and sneering at the sceptics and rationalists of the day, though still saying that, in his judgment, doubt arising from the spirit of free inquiry is preferable to faith founded on prejudice: "Ignorance is not devotion, or the mother of devotion; and faith which is not founded upon reason is not *faith* but *folly*." When he had been at Divinity Hall about a week, he wrote to his nephew: "You inquire about my belief? I believe in the Bible. Does that satisfy you? No, you will say: all Christians profess to do the same, and how different they are. To commence then: I believe there is *one* God, who has existed from all eternity, with whom the past, present, and future are alike present; that He is almighty, good, and merciful; will reward the good and punish the wicked, both in this world and the next. This punishment *may be* eternal. Of course I believe that neither the rewards nor punishments of a future state are corporeal; bodily pleasures soon satiate, and may God preserve us from a worse punishment than one's own conscience. I believe the books of the Old and New Testaments to have been written by men inspired by God for certain purposes; but I do *not* think them inspired at



*all times.* I believe that Christ was the Son of God, *conceived and born in a miraculous manner*; that he came to preach a better religion by which men may be saved. This religion, as I think, allows men the very highest happiness in this life, and promises eternal felicity in another world. I do not think our sins will be forgiven because Christ died. I believe God knows all that we shall do, but does not cause us to do anything. I do not believe in total depravity, or that Adam's sin will be imputed to us. I believe, if a man leads a good and pure life, he will be accepted with God. I believe prayer to be an especial duty man owes to himself. God is not to be benefited by the paltry homage man can give him; but *we*—we are benefited by it. I think reading the holy Bible, attending church, prayers, professing religion, and pious conversations, are all means of religion. I think sins in the heart as bad as sins of the hand. This will be, perhaps, sufficient to show the grand leading features of my belief." And a year later, after a lecture at the School by the Rev. Orville Dewey, Parker thus notes in his journal: "It was the best, perhaps, I have ever heard, though upon the least interesting part of the evidences of revealed religion, viz., 'Miracles.' He removed the presumption against them. *The objections were not only met, but overturned.*"

All this will show that when he first entered the Divinity School "he was not quite so far gone from "orthodoxy" as at the close of his life he supposed. But it would hardly be possible for a man to write from memory, as Parker then did, and be completely accurate as to the exact time when certain views were adopted. Change of views often grows over us almost imperceptibly. The extracts just given, coupled with the articles he published in "The

Scriptural Interpreter," a small magazine which came under the charge of himself and two of his classmates, show that, during the first portion of his career at the Hall, he held much the ordinary prevailing Unitarian views; but, with a tendency to, now and again, get a little out of the usual rut. It was during his two years and a quarter's stay at Divinity Hall, and while his immense researches were throwing so much new light into his soul, that his change of views became so rapid. This is his own testimony, for he writes when leaving it: "I am now ready to go forth, but not without dread and fear. What an immense change has taken place in my opinions and feelings upon all the main points of inquiry since I entered this place."

We will allow him to describe with his own pen "the immense change" referred to, with something of the process thereof.

"It is now easy to tell what I then attempted without always being conscious of my aim, and what results I gradually reached before I settled in the ministry.

"I. I studied THE BIBLE with much care. First, I wished to learn, What is the Bible—what books and works compose it? This is the question of criticism; next, What does the Bible mean—what sentiments, and ideas do its words contain? This is the question of interpretation. I read the Bible critically in its original tongues, the most important parts of it also in the early versions, and sought for the meaning early attributed to its words, and so studied the works of Jewish Rabbis on the Old Testament, and of the early Christian Fathers upon both New and Old; besides I studied carefully the latest critics and interpreters, especially the German. I soon found that the Bible is a collection of quite heterogeneous books, most of them anonymous or bearing names of

doubtful authors, collected none know how, or when, or by whom; united more by caprice than any philosophic or historic method, so that it is not easy to see why one ancient book is kept in the Canon and another kept out. I found no unity of doctrine in the several parts; the Old Testament 'reveals' one form of religion, and the New Testament one directly its opposite; and in the New Testament itself I found each writer had his own individuality, which appears not only in the style, the form of thought, but quite as much in the doctrines, the substance of thought, where no two are well agreed.

"Connected with this Biblical study came the question of inspiration and miracles. I still inconsistently believed, or half believed, in the direct miraculous interposition of God, from time to time, to set things right which else went wrong; though I found no historic or philosophic reason for limiting it to the affairs of the Jews and Christians, or the early ages of the Church. The whole matter of miracles was still a puzzle to me, and for a long time a source of anxiety; for I had not studied the principles of historic evidence, nor learned to identify and scrutinise the witnesses.

"But the problem of inspiration got sooner solved. I believed in the immanence of God in man as well as matter, his activity in both; hence, that all men are inspired in proportion to their actual powers and their normal use thereof; that truth is the test of intellectual inspiration, justice of moral, and so on. I did not find the Bible inspired, except in this general way and in proportion to the truth and justice therein. It seemed to me that no part of the Old Testament or the New could be called the 'Word of God,' save in the sense that all truth is God's word.

"II. I studied the historical de-

velopment of religion and theology among Jews and Christians, and saw the gradual formation of the great ecclesiastical doctrines which so dominated over the world. As I found the Bible was the work of men, so I also found that the Christian Church was no more divine than the British State, a Dutchman's shop, or an Austrian's farm. The miraculous infallible Bible, and the miraculous infallible Church, disappeared when they were closely looked at; and I found the fact of history quite different from the pretension of theology.

"III. I studied the historical development of religion and theology amongst the nations not Jewish or Christian, and attended as well as I then could to the four other great religious sects—the Brahminic, the Buddhistic, the Classic, and the Mohammedan. As far as possible at that time, I studied the sacred books of mankind in their original tongues, and with the help of the most faithful interpreters. Here the Greek and Roman poets and philosophers came in for their place, there being no sacred books of the classic nations. I attended pretty carefully to the religion of savages and barbarians, and was thereby helped to the solution of many a difficult problem. I found no tribe of men destitute of religion who had attained power of articulate speech.

"IV. I studied assiduously the metaphysics and psychology of religion. Religious consciousness was universal in human history. Was it, then, natural to man, inseparable from his essence, and so from his development? In my own consciousness I found it automatic and indispensable; was it really so likewise in the human race? The authority of Bibles and Churches was no answer to the question. I tried to make an analysis of humanity, and see if by psychologic science I could detect the special element



which produced religious consciousness in me, and religious phenomena in mankind—seeking a cause adequate to the facts of experience and observation. The common books of philosophy seemed quite insufficient; the sensational system so ably presented by Locke in his masterly essay, developed into various forms by Hobbes, Berkeley, Hume, Paley, and the French Materialists, and modified, but not much mended, by Reid and Stewart, gave little help; it could not legitimate my own religious instincts, nor explain the religious history of mankind, or even of the British people, to whom that philosophy is still so manifold a hindrance. Ecclesiastical writers, though able as Clarke and Butler, and learned also as Cudworth and Barrow, could not solve the difficulty; for the principle of authority, though more or less concealed, yet lay there, and, like buried iron, disturbed the free action of their magnetic genius, affecting its dip and inclination. The brilliant mosaic which Cousin set before the world was of great service, but not satisfactory. I found most help in the works of Immanuel Kant, one of the profoundest thinkers in the world, though one of the worst writers, even of Germany; if he did not always furnish conclusions I could rest in, he yet gave me the true method, and put me on the right road.

"I found certain great primal intuitions of human nature, which depend on no logical process of demonstration, but are rather facts of consciousness given by the instinctive action of human nature itself. I will mention only the three most important which pertain to religion.

"1. The instinctive intuition of the divine—the consciousness that there is a God.

"2. The instinctive intuition of the just and right—a consciousness that there is a moral law, independent of our will, which we ought to keep.

"3. The instinctive intuition of the immortal—a consciousness that the essential element of man, the principle of individuality, never dies.

"Here, then, was the foundation of religion, laid in human nature itself, which neither the atheist nor the more pernicious bigot, with their sophisms of denial or affirmation, could move or even shake. I had gone through the great spiritual trial of my life, telling no one of its hopes or fears; and I thought it a triumph that I had psychologically established these three things to my own satisfaction, and devised a scheme which, to the scholar's mind, I thought, could legitimate what was spontaneously given to all by the great primal instincts of mankind.

"Then I proceeded to develop the contents of these instinctive intuitions of the divine, the just, and the immortal, and see what God actually is, what morality is, and what eternal life has to offer. In each case I pursued two methods—the inductive and the deductive. First, from the history of mankind—savage, barbarous, civilized, enlightened—I gathered the most significant facts I could find relating to men's opinions about God, Morality, Heaven and Hell, and thence made such generalisations as the facts would warrant, which, however, were seldom satisfactory; for they did not represent facts of the universe, the actual God, justice, and eternal life, but only what men had thought or felt thereof; yet this comparative and inductive theology was of great value to me. Next, from the primitive facts of consciousness, given by the power of instinctive intuition, I endeavoured to deduce the true notion of God, of justice, and futurity. Here I could draw from human nature, and not be hindered by the limitations of human history; but I now know, better than it was possible then, how difficult is this work, and how often the inquirer

mistakes his own subjective imagination for a fact of the universe. It is for others to decide whether I have sometimes mistaken a little grain of brilliant dust in my telescope for a fixed star in heaven. To learn what I could about the spiritual faculties of man, I not only studied the sacred books of various nations, the poets and the philosophers who professedly treat thereof, but also such as deal with sleep-walking, dreams, visions, prophecies, second-sight, oracles, ecstasies, witchcraft, magic wonders, the appearances of devils, ghosts, and the like. Besides, I studied other works which lie out from the regular highway of theology, the spurious books attributed to famous Jews or Christians, Pseudepigraphy [false inscriptions] of the Old Testament, and the Apocrypha of the New, with the strange fantasies of the Neo-Platonists and Gnostics. I did not neglect the writings of the Mystics, though at that time I could only make a beginning with the more famous or most tenderly religious; I was much attracted to this class of men, who developed the element of piety, regardless of the theological ritualism of the church, the philosophical discipline of the schools, or the practical morality of common life. By this process I not only learned much of the abnormal action of the human spirit, and saw how often a mere fancy passes for fact, and a dreamer's subjective whim bestrides some great harbour of the world for a thousand years, obstructing all tall ships, until an earthquake throws it down; but

I also gleaned up many a precious flower which bloomed unseen in those waste places of literature, and was unknown to the authorised flora of the school or church. I left the Theological School with reluctance, conscious of knowing so little of what I must presently teach, and wishing more years for research and thought."

We have given this long extract, in the expectation that the reader will not only forgive but also thank us for it. It is most valuable, for the introduction and explanation it affords of Parker's method and system. Even to those who read it when it first appeared, years ago, a re-perusal must have given gratification, as it has to ourselves most certainly to copy it.

Parker went forth from college with prayer in his heart. "Verily," writes he in his journal, "'there's a Divinity that shapes our ends rough—hew them how we will.' I wonder what the Almighty Parent designs for me. Where wilt Thou, O Father! cast my lot? I would not seek with prurient curiosity to invade the mysterious cabinet of futurity, but I must confess that I am by no means indifferent to the future which shall be appointed to me. But I trust I shall be resigned to the will of Omnipotence. At the worst, even, there will be enough to do: this is some consolation to one who loves activity, and would fain be useful to his fellows." "I ask for Thy blessing, O most merciful Father! upon all my labours and studies. Keep me from sin and from every harmful error."

## CHAPTER V.

## THE CANDIDATE.

"Man must soar :

An obstinate activity within,  
An insuppressive spring, will toss him up  
In spite of fortune's loads.  
And why?—because immortal as his Lord,  
And souls immortal must for ever heave  
At something great—the glitter or the gold—  
The praise of mortals, or the praise of Heaven."—*Anon.*

UPON leaving Divinity Hall, Theodore spent an idle fortnight in the home and society of his sweetheart. But to a man of his conscience and love of work this kind of life soon became distasteful : "there is something for man to *do*, something for him to *think*." This kind of life, however delightful, "does not allow my soul to unfold its wings in this fledging-place and trial-ground, and prepare for the lofty and dangerous flight when it must 'sail with uplift wing' against tempest and storm. I have sterner deeds to *do*. Greater dangers to *dare*. *I must be about my work.*"

He accordingly went for four Sundays to supply the vacant pulpit at Barnstable, a seaport town on the south side of Barnstable Bay, supported mainly by fisheries, and a coast trade. Soon he made the acquaintance of the most notable people ; and this, to Parker, meant making use of them to get from them anything which they knew and he did not. It was his custom during life, whenever he came across a worthy man—and to him a worthy man was not so much a scholar as an artless man of noble natural growth—to add him to a list he kept of such men living in given districts. In this list of favourites—though including many men of eminence—"the greater number are the names of happy, unpretending, healthy people, with an unspoiled sense of right and wrong." Here, for instance, is ex-

pressed his feeling for such a man, given several years afterwards : "At New Bedford I saw some interesting persons. Andrew Robeson I admire, and love as I love few men. I look at him with rapture. He is my ideal almost of a rich man, a Christian man. I speak not of his kindness to me, but of his character, his life. I know not why, but I love better the society of such than the companionship of the most cultivated men. They meet you, and don't dodge." He was not favourably impressed either with Barnstable town or Barnstable people on his first contact with them. The former he thought unfavourable to the development of a taste for the beautiful, the latter were unwilling to talk on religion ; and, in consequence, he thought them spiritually dead. But, after closer acquaintance, he found this was rather because the people were such as did not "wear their heart upon their sleeves for daws to peck at," than because they had no religious feeling. Further intercourse also showed him that they were agreeable and intelligent.

On one of the days, he went to a place thirty miles away, called Eastham, to attend a great Methodist revival camp meeting—an institution peculiar to America. It was his first personal experience of such a gathering ; and, of course, he was deeply interested in all he saw. The camp ground presented a striking scene. There were sixteen large

tents arranged in a semicircle about the pulpit, some of them containing more than a hundred people. The woods behind were all alive. "One tent was full of negroes, who were more vehement than their white brethren. The women, I noticed, were always the most noisy. Some of them were in *hysterics*, I should say, and should explain it on well-known physiological principles. They said it was the *Spirit*. How strangely men mistake the flesh for the Spirit! A twitching of the nerves is often mistaken for inspiration. I was much struck at the cold indifference of one young woman, who sat very quietly munching gingerbread while all the process of 'bringing in' was taking place around her. I always noticed that the least learned were the most violent—had most of the 'Spirit of the Lord,' as they said."

He thought his short stay at Barnstable enabled him to make advance in the art of things in general, and the power of talking to men as if he were also a man, and not a student merely. It was here he began his recondite work—the Translation of De Wette's 'Introduction to the Old Testament,' which is thus quietly noticed in his journal: "1836, Aug. 11.—Began to translate 'De Wette's Introduction to the Old Testament. I cannot tell what will be the result of this. I shall leave that for another time to determine. Meanwhile I will go quietly on translating it gradually as I wish, without interrupting important studies." From time to time he reported his Barnstable doings in letters to Miss Cabot. In one he tells her of how busy he keeps—he has read almost the whole of the dozen books he had brought with him, and written two new sermons. "The air of the place braces one's whole soul. I could devour a whole library in a week. I think I shall write three sermons a week all the time I am here, but I have only

enough of my favourite paper for two more." On one Sunday he had two funerals, a Sunday-school, two services, a visit to the sick, and calls in the evening, including in all the offering of seven public prayers!

A letter written from here to his friend, Mr. Francis, shows that he is already beginning to have enough of itinerancy.—"I am weary of 'candidating'; it is not only 'a weariness to the flesh,' but unto the spirit. Men go to church when a youngster is to *hold forth*, not to hear something *good*, but something *new*; and talk of the services at home, rather that he may be criticised than that themselves may be edified. So one cannot comfort himself with the knowledge that he does any good. Besides, the frequent change of place is bad to 'body, mind, and estate.' One cannot pursue quiet studies; he can scarcely grow in mind or in spirit when he is so frequently transplanted. I sometimes say with the melancholy prophet, 'Oh, that I had a lodging-place of wayfaring men in the wilderness, that I might turn in thither and be refreshed.' When and where I shall find it I know not."

His engagement ended, he left Barnstable, though urgently pressed to stay longer. But his books were exhausted, he wanted to experience something of life elsewhere, and—he wanted to see his sweetheart. After satisfying two of these requirements he went to Northfield, Mass., for two or three weeks, and received a "call" to settle there, which he declined. How he was working may be judged from the diary he kept of his Northfield experiences. Here is the record for one day—"Rose at seven; shaved and dressed; looked at the newspaper; read the books of Nehemiah, Esther, Solomon's Song, first twelve chapters of Isaiah, in English; wrote part of a sermon; finished a hundred and fifty pages of Allan's 'Life of

Scott,' two of Herder's 'Briefe.' Dinner. Read in various books; walked two or three miles; found a queer plant; gathered about a quart of chestnuts; noticed the peculiar position of some stratified rocks. Dr. Hall dropped in, and asked me to ride. Took tea. Mr. Nevers called; stayed two hours at least. Called with Mr. Allen at Dr. Hall's; ascended Mr. Pomeroy's mountain." After perusing this the ordinary mental worker draws a long breath.

He returned to Barnstable for three Sundays, and this time with an abundant supply of books and literature. He was most cordially received; the congregations were so large that chairs had to be placed in the aisles to accommodate the overflow. Some were for giving him a "call" at once, others shook their heads and doubted if his views were quite sound. He himself put a stop to the meeting arranged to consider the matter. If given, he could not accept this "call," for "it would involve an entire exclusion from books and literary society. Never do I expect to find so noble, and generous, and true-hearted a people. But others can labour here more effectually than I, to whom absence of books is no evil. There would be a general exclamation among my books if they were carried to the Cape. But still, did not I know that others are to be found who would be called upon to make no sacrifices in coming hither, then would I hesitate not, but instantly plant myself among these noble men of the Cape, and live, and love, and labour here."

It was while at Barnstable, on his second visit, that he received news of the death of his father: the old man had passed away at the round, ripe age of 75. His son's reflections on the sorrowful event are thus conveyed in a letter to his sweetheart:—"I received your letter, my dear Lydia, as I never fail to do, with unspeakable pleasure and satisfaction; but if the

outside gave me pleasure, and the inside told me what I had long expected, yet I cannot deny that the intelligence found me unprepared. I have, as you know, long expected the death of him who is now no more; yet I had fondly put off the day of his departure, and, when the event was told me, my grief and sorrow were ten-fold greater than I had expected. I do not mourn for my father's sake, but for my own. He goes to meet his friends, to see again his wife, his fathers, and his children; no doubt it is a pleasant meeting. They may pity his long delay on earth, and rejoice now that he has put off the mortal to put on the immortal. After I read your letter, and sat silent and lonely by my own fire, I could almost see his fathers of other days, the wife of his youth, and his children and long separated friends, pressing gloriously around him to press him once more to their hearts. Their shout and song of welcome still ring in my ears. But, as I said, I lament not for him; he has no sigh to stifle, no tear to wipe away. But how *can* I, who have been cradled in his arms, fed by his hands, blessed by his prayers, and moulded by his tender care—how can I forbear lamenting, now he is gone? But enough of this. We shall yet meet; and I will no longer weary your soul with the bitterness of mine. He has gone! let *us* say no more about it. I entreat you to say nothing upon the subject in your letters, nor when we meet. A thousand circumstances will bring it all up again and again. Do not let us multiply them without need, nor foolishly turn away from them when they occur naturally; for the valley of tears, when dwelt in, hath a poisonous influence on the soul; but, if only occasionally passed through, it is full of 'healing waters and fountains of strength.'" Before penning the foregoing he had communicated his heart's feelings to his journal in similar expressions. To him his

father remained a reality after death as before, only changed and gone elsewhere. In all his future troubles he felt "as a child to its father." Fain would he, frequently, have thrown himself into those protecting arms. The death day of the old man was ever reverently remembered by him, for filial and ancestral feeling had a deep root in his nature. It also welled reverently up at other times, as the following finely expressed reflection written on his own forty-second birthday indicates: "*Aug. 23, 1852.*—Two-and-forty years ago, my father, a hale man, in his one-and-fiftieth year, was looking for the birth of another child before morning—the eleventh child. How strange it is, this life of ours, this birth of ours, and this death—the second birth. How little does the mother know of the babe she bears under her bosom—aye, of the babe she nurses at her breast! Poor dear father, poor dear mother! You little know how many a man would curse the son you painfully brought into life, and painfully and religiously trained up. Well, I will bless you—true father and most holy mother you were to me: the earliest thing you taught me was *duty*—duty to God, duty to men; that life was not a pleasure, not a pain, but a *duty*. Your words taught me this, and your industrious lives. What would I give that I could have added some more of gladness to your life on earth—earnest, toilsome, not without sorrow! As you look down from heaven, if indeed you can see your youngest born, there will be much to chide. I hope there is something to approve. Dear, merciful Father—Father God, I would serve Thee, and bless mankind!"

The last month of the year 1836 was spent at Salem. He was accomplishing two purposes there—filling the pulpit of one of the churches, though not as a candidate, and staying with the family of his friend and

classmate, Mr. W. Silsbee. He must have much enjoyed it, for he writes that he had been happier than Adam was before he was turned out of Paradise. In January of the next year he is at Northfield again for a month, and at Greenfield again during February.

As a candidate his success was most complete, for, in addition to the "call" which he prevented at Barnstable, he received invitations from five other congregations which he had preached before, namely, Waltham, Concord, Leominster, Greenfield, and West Roxbury. So much choice only served to embarrass him in his decision.

After much thought, he decided to accept the invitation of the West Roxbury congregation. This choice was made, not because of the salary offered, which was only £135 per annum, nor the largeness of the congregation, which, at first, was only about seventy in all, composed for the most part of poor, plain people; but because it was a quiet country place, near to Boston and Cambridge, and promised leisure for work he was most anxious to accomplish. Further, his excellent friends, Mr. Francis, of Watertown, and Mr. Stetson, of Medford, were within easy reach.

At this point we must introduce Parker's own retrospect upon his period and experiences of candidating. It is given in his *Experience as a Minister*:—"Of course my first sermons were only imitations; and even if the thought might, perhaps, be original, the form was old, the stereotype of the pulpit. I preached with fear and trembling, and wondered that old and mature persons, rich in experience of life, should listen to a young man, who might, indeed, have read and thought, but yet had had no time to live much and know things by heart. I took all possible pains with the matter of the discourse, and always appealed to the religious in-



stinct in mankind. At the beginning, I resolved to preach the natural laws of man as they are writ in his constitution, no less and no more. After preaching a few months in various places, and feeling my way into the consciousness of men, I determined to preach nothing as religion which I had not experienced inwardly, and made my own, knowing it by heart. Thus, not only the intellectual but also the religious part of my sermons would rest on facts that I was sure of, and not on the words of another."

The reader will scarcely need telling that during the whole time occupied in candidating, Parker had been most assiduous in the pursuit of his studies. A list of works, drawn up at the close of 1836, shows his reading for the preceding fourteen months. It includes 320 volumes, in various languages, and the best books on the subjects of which they treat. His journal for the period displays schemes of lectures on Heine, Spencer, the Use of Nature; Notes on Public Instruction among the Romans; a Study of English State Trials; a careful List of Public Documents in England; an Account of the Different Rolls from the Earliest Time; Dates of the Doomsday Book, and Memoranda of the Libraries where such Antiquities are stored; Summary of Statistics in regard to the Social Condition of Germany; Births and Deaths in Prussia; Number of Pupils in the Universities; Longevity of the Professors; Proportion of Soldiers to the Population in Europe; Pay of Officers, &c. French works on Philosophy, Marryat's novels, Latin monkish hymns, apothegms, parables, &c., likewise have attention given them. The comical side of his nature, also, must be indulged, so he writes—"History and Spirit of Coxcomby or Puppyism, in its Origin and Development; from the Night-Book of Gottesgute von Thiergarten," which has sections on Puppyism in

the Pulpit, Puppyism of the Press, and Puppyism of the Parlour, interspersed with verse of a somewhat muddy quality. The journal also schedules work to be undertaken. "I. Sundry questions in theology:—*a.* What is the extent of known supernatural revelation made to man? *b.* What is the foundation of the authority of Jesus Christ? *c.* What is the meaning of faith in the Old and New Testament? *d.* How is Christ more a Saviour than Socrates? *e.* Why did the world need a Saviour? *f.* What has been his influence? *g.* Is Christianity to be a universal religion? *h.* What is the foundation of religion in man? The design of miracles? The pretence of them in other religions? II. Questions in Scriptural criticism and exegesis:—*a.* The authenticity of the beginning of the Gospels of Matthew and Luke. The miraculous conception. *b.* The resurrection: Why was the body of Christ raised? Why 'carried up'? How is the resurrection of matter proof of the immortality of spirit? Is not the material resurrection of the body of Jesus Christ unspiritualising?" Then come questions in ethics which are to be resolved:—"I. The connection between the understanding and the will. 2. Foundation of the idea of duty. 3. Foundation of the idea of God. 4. The limits of duty. 5. Subjective consequences of doing or omitting duty. 6. Liberty and necessity. 7. Why is man placed in life? 8. How great is the difference in the value of the various means afforded to attain the end of life? What state best fitted thereto? Are outward means of any avail? How much? [Compare the condition of a Carolinian slave and the son of a Boston merchant, or a New Zealander with a citizen of Massachusetts.]"

It was dangerous work, this questioning of conventional beliefs; that is, dangerous for the beliefs. Parker had nothing to fear for himself.

“Who,” says he “dares say that the man who will adhere to God’s truth is rash? and who will deny the presumption of one who departs from it?” He was already earning the cross and crown of the future!

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE LOVER AND THE HUSBAND.

“Should youthful courtship be forgot,  
And never brought to min’;  
Should youthful courtship be forgot,  
And the days lang syne?  
Those days of love we ne’er forget:  
How sweet your lips to mine!  
Your mother did not heed the theft  
In the days lang syne.  
How fond we pray’d our lovers’ prayer  
In th’ moon’s romantic shine!  
’Tis deeper now and tranquillier  
Than in auld lang syne.  
And when beyond the grave we rest,  
Where saints in glory shine,  
We’ll still look back and God will bless  
For the days lang syne.”—THEODORE PARKER.

IT was during the time Parker taught school at Watertown that he met with the young lady who afterwards became his faithful, loving life-partner. Her name, as already intimated, was Lydia D. Cabot. She was only daughter of Mr. John Cabot, of Newton, and connected with a family who claimed descent from the famous Giovanni Cabotti, the discoverer of the New England parts of the American continent. Generally she resided with her aunt in Boston, but when she won Theodore’s affections she was staying for a time at Watertown, lodging under the same roof, and teaching in the same Sunday-school. Taking into account how deeply he was already in love with literature, her conquest was no small one. She was the first person he had allowed to break in upon his studies. For her he gave up time to take long walks, to gather wild flowers for a purpose more sentimental than botany, and to indulge in her welcome society in the house. There is reason to believe, however, that the studies were not allowed to

suffer, whatever his own constitution may have done. Miss Lydia’s incursions upon his days meant incursions by himself upon the mid-night hours. Anyhow, the student-schoolmaster gave himself up to “love’s young dream.” “Now,” he writes, “I feel a *new* pleasure in the discharge of all my duties. I love my books the more, the school the more, mankind the more, and even, I believe, my God the more, from loving *you*. It has been in other times than this my highest pleasure thus to pass my time, thus to pass my nights, in high concord with the God-like past; to collect my own thoughts and search for new. But now I find a *new* pleasure, which, with a louder, sweeter voice speaks to the heart and tells another tale.” Nor need we stay to descant upon this “new pleasure.” If the reader is one who has passed through it, he needs no description; and, if he is one who has not, description to him will be in vain. “None but a *lover* knows a *lover’s* joys.”

• Parker soon informed his father of

the newly-formed relationship, and thus described the disclosure in a letter to Lydia:—"I walked to father's; he soon returned from church, and I caught him in the garden and informed him of the 'fatal' affair, if you will call it so. The tear actually started to his aged eye. 'Indeed,' said he. 'Indeed,' I replied, and attempted to describe some of your good qualities. 'It is a good while to wait,' he observed. 'Yes, we are young, and I hope I have your approval.' 'Yes, yes, I should be pleased with anyone you would select; but, Theodore,' said he, and the words sank deep into my heart, 'you must be a good *man* and a good *husband*, which is a great undertaking.' I promised all good fidelity; and may heaven see it kept!"

In the course of his four years' courtship, Parker appears to have forwarded as many love epistles to his mistress as the most faithless swain who ever figured in an English breach of promise case; but, what a difference for the better in the quality! Of course, the more tender passages have been kept from the public eye; but those passages which have been published afford really pleasant and instructive reading. They are made up of remarks on persons, drolleries, love poetry, moral reflections, descriptions of walks and talks, notes and criticisms on books, aspirations and anticipations, and are as fresh and buoyant as they are various. But the reader will best judge of them for himself, if we place as many extracts before him as our limited space will justify. We begin with one on whist, as a game suitable for a minister's wife to play. "Dec. 5th, 1833. Whist is an innocent amusement; and I know no law, divine or human, which imposes an unpleasant sanctimoniousness on ministers' wives. I take but little pleasure, I confess, in such amusements—a satisfactory reason for my abandoning them; but

it is a reason which should influence *nobody* else."—St. Paul's law of conscience admirably put. In the next, his ever-loving admiration for woman displays itself. "Nov. 14th, 1833. You speak of 'poor, weak woman.' Weakness and strength are only comparative terms. To speak absolutely, nothing is strong but Him who is strength itself. But a woman *comparatively* weak! Turn over the pages of history, and read what she has done. Who is it that excites the giant spirits of the world to run their career of glory? and better, far better, and nobler too, who carries joy and peace to the fireside of the poor and the peasant?" Like most lovers, he is soon found picturing his future home with his heart's mistress. On June 17th, 1835, he writes to Lydia—"Let us imagine our happiness in some new station we are to occupy: we shall see a thousand delights which now refresh our whole soul only by their images—the shadows which they cast before them; and when they shall really come, we shall be all ready to receive them, and welcome them to our company like old guests. It is delightful now to imagine myself a minister, to recount the duties of the station, and consider all the ways of performing them, and the glorious satisfaction of seeing God's work prosper in my hand. I turn to a home—a home of beauty, of affection, of love; to a home where all noble feelings are cherished, and all jarring interests and strife excluded. Calamities may fall upon that home—they come upon all men; each country has its own storms; but if it is built on the rock of holy affection, it will stand. The floods may pass over it: they can never shake its fixed foundation." Here, in the following, he speaks, in an amusing way, another good word for woman:—"I have been as happy as Adam was before he was turned out of Paradise, nay, I mean that I was much happier.

By the way, woman is often abused by modern writers, because good Mother Eve did not throw the apple in the serpent's face, instead of being wheedled into eating it. But if it had been offered to her precious spouse, he would not have stood there shall-I-shall-I-ing, but would merely have said, 'Apples, indeed! so early! thank ye, Mister Snake!' and would have eaten it without thinking of conscience. Now, the sons of this biped pique themselves upon being men, not women. Kings say they reign by divine right, and impiously stamp 'Rex Dei Gratia' upon innocent copper; but woman is the only monarch that can justly use these words, and she may say—'I am a woman, *by the grace of God.*' She alone rules by divine right." In the next extract we cull, the reader will find the lover of nature, as also a description of great beauty and sweetness. "Besides all this, I have seen little things which encourage me, make me wiser if not better. Walking the other day in the woods—*i.e.*, in a road which goes steeply through the woods—in the midst of the snow at the bottom of the steep hill there was a little spring of water, clear as the sky above, and as unruffled, not frozen, though winter had set her seal stiffly upon everything around. Over this beautiful spring there arose a great oak, very old and 'stern' to look upon; one which had mocked at many winters. Now, this great oak clasped a young hemlock tree with its arms, and seemed to hold it in shelter from all the rude blasts of time. The young tree had evidently grown up under its protection, and now repaid its defender by looking kindly upon him when his own leaves had all fallen away. It was beauty in the arms of strength. All this living scene was reflected in the little spring, which seemed to smile at the tenderness of these giant plants. One would walk about the

streets of Boston a thousand years without meeting such a comforter as this. But in the country there is a tale in everything, and every little object in nature hath its beauty to please by, and its moral to instruct with. Indeed, the country is a great 'system of divinity,' while the city is but 'a commercial dictionary,' a 'ready-reckoner,' or a 'cookery-book.'" To the like effect he writes three days after:—"You know I lamented the missing of Mr. Emerson's lectures; but a single walk along the banks of the Connecticut, or among the hills, or a moment's listening to the pine's soft music, has taught me more than Mr. Emerson and all the Boston Association of Ministers." Readers of his works will, in the foregoing, recognise teaching which frequently subsequently came out in his sermons at the Music Hall. The next letter, written when he was candidating at Northfield, begins by referring to the consolation afforded him by his host coming into his room almost every night, and sometimes staying till the witching time of twelve. "Without him I should have died at least once a day. Paul says he did that, and the Apostle was not engaged and away from his lady. Mrs. D——[his hostess] is a sweet woman, and a sensible. I almost envy them their cup of connubial happiness: but *we* will have one soon, as generous and divinely tempered. I do not know anything in contemplation more delightful than this, that we may find some place where we may receive enough of this world's treasures; may labour in the most noble and divine of employments which man can conceive of, giving a loftier action to humanity; may exercise mutually the kindest feelings of the heart, the intellect, and the soul, founding at the same time a family which shall bear up our name, know our virtues, reflect the sunshine of our hearts, and finish our work. Can

you conceive anything more noble than this? I confess I cannot." In his next letter to Miss Cabot, written while he was supplying the pulpit at Greenfield, he makes merry over their marriage prospects. "Only think, that after a little bit of courtship of some four years, we are at length on the very brink of matrimony! Within a span's length of the abyss! Without a parish too! Think of that! £117 a year, maybe—maybe much less—to support a wife. Why, I intend to commence such a rigorous system of *sparing* that I shall never cross a *t* nor dot an *i*; for I'll save ink. I dreamed last night of being at a book-store; and, when the clerk showed me some book which I had long been seeking, and at a price most villainously cheap, 'Oh, no,' said I, 'I shall *never* buy more books; at any rate, never so cheap. I am a-going to be married!' and down went the corners of my mouth till they touched my stock. But if soft words can win hard coin, if there is any money-getting virtue in a knowledge of some twenty tongues, any talent in my mind, or any magic in the most unshrinking labour, I will take care that a wife do not beggar the soul of the means of growth and nobleness. If I can find anything to do in the literary way which will get one coin, be it never so hard, so it conflict with no duty, I will put forth my might, be it little or be it much." This is about the latest of his love-letters which has been published; but within about a month of the occurrence of the event, we hear him describing his feelings, anticipatory thereof, in a letter to an intimate friend. "With regard to my marriage, and the 'happy day' thereof, I can only say that probably matters will be brought to a crisis about the 20th of next month. With regard to my feelings in approaching the moment, you may imagine them. They are not homo-

geneous, but of a widely different and various character. Sometimes the fear predominates; but usually hope rules the balance. I look to matrimony as the completion of man. One cannot be a *whole* man until married, but a pitiful fraction thereof, a mannikin. I look forward to marriage with reverence. I promise myself much happiness. How soon my hope will be destroyed, no one can say. From the character (both of mind and heart) of Miss C., I have everything to hope and nothing to fear."

Not only at that time, when it was so deeply interesting to himself, but all through life, the subject of marriage was one which Parker pondered deeply. Evidently it was one of the subjects which he intended to treat sometime publicly, but never had an opportunity. Here are wise reflections which he had written in his journal:—"A *whole* marriage is when each portion of each person finds its satisfaction in the other; a *partial* or functional marriage is when but a part is thus met. Hence there are whole marriages, half marriages, one-third marriages, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Sometimes, by society, friends, good breeding, &c., the parties are so welded together that they cannot easily be sundered; but are yet only *welded*, not *wedded*. Solitude is the trial of marriages. Marriages are best of dissimilar material, as iron runs not so well upon iron as upon brass; only the dissimilarity must not be too great, else it is all wear and tear. A man not mated, or a woman not mated, seeks sorrowing the other half and wanders up and down without rest. That part of the nature which is not married and cannot be exercised perishes and corrupts the rest. If I read aright, a perfect and entire marriage can only take place between equals, or, at least equivalents." In the same notes he contends that if intercourse were more free in social life, so that men and

women would have a better opportunity of meeting with suitable mates, marriage would be happier and divorces more rare; and instances what takes place among the negroes and the North-American Indians in proof thereof. In a long correspondence he had with two American Shakers (who discountenance marriage) he also ably argues the excellency of the marriage state, and the injury of systems which include celibacy. So effectively, indeed, did he do this, that the Shaker who directly corresponded with him was led to leave the Shaker settlement, and again return to live with his own family.

Parker's marriage with Miss Cabot took place on the 20th of April, 1837; he being then in his 27th year, and his bride three years younger. The ruling passion for writing breaks out even on his wedding-day; for in his journal it is celebrated with exuberant verse and tender prayer, and there is a "Matrimonial Code" written in Latin, which shows that he most truly "looked forward to marriage with reverence," as he had written so shortly before. Here is the "*Codex Matrimonianus*," translated into English. "Since, by the will of God, a wife is to be given me, it is becoming that I prescribe for myself rules and laws. Therefore, by God's help, I here resolve, promise, and bind myself steadfastly to observe the following regulations:—1. Never, except for the best of causes, to oppose my wife's will. 2. To discharge all services, for her sake, freely. 3. Never to scold. 4. Never to look cross at her. 5. Never to weary her with commands. 6. To promote her piety. 7. To bear her burdens. 8. To overlook her foibles. 9. To love, cherish, and ever defend her. 10. To remember her always most affectionately in my prayers: thus, God willing, we shall be blessed, Ap. xx., MDCCCXXXVII." There is every reason for believing that to the end of his

life he faithfully observed these matrimonial rules.

Three days after his marriage we thus find him writing to his friend, Mr. S. P. Andrews—"The tree of life still stands in Paradise, though Adam and Eve be cast out, and Cain murders Abel. So, sometimes, I console my spirit when I deem that all my present felicity may in a moment turn into dust, bitter dust, or at least vanish like the momentary rainbow. So, indeed, it may be. Sad presentiments sometimes spread their shadows over my path; but I know that two souls made one by love, and *realising* that union, can laugh at time and space, and live united for ever. Besides, Death is only a kind angel with severe countenance, who comes to bless, though with sighs and tears."

So far as the wife he had selected was concerned, Parker never had reason to regret his choice. She was ever to him all that a wife could be expected to be, and he was ever ready to declare her so. In all his labours, trials, persecutions, disappointments, sicknesses of heart and of body, he found in her his best earthly comforter and physician. Unlike many great men, this great man was happy in his marriage, and he loved his wife deeply. The kind of feeling he all through life had for her is exemplified in the following extracts, one from the journal and the other from a letter. "At home nominally; but, since wife has gone, my home is in New Jersey. I miss her—wicked woman!—most exceedingly. I cannot sleep, or eat, or work, or live, without her. It is not so much the affection she bestows on me as that she receives by which I am blessed. I want someone always in the arms of my heart to caress and comfort: unless I have this I mourn and weep. But soon shall I go to see the girl once more. Meantime, and all time, Heaven bless her! I can do nothing



without Lydia — not even read.” That was written while he was at West Roxbury; the ensuing was written many years after at Boston. “I have been married almost nine years, but have no children. This is the only affliction of my life, almost. But I never complain of that, for I am a singularly happy man. You shall ask my wife if I LOVE her—or shall see her, and then guess.”

Thus he wrote to one of his old schoolmasters in 1846. Not only up to that time, but to the end of his life was he disappointed in having no children born to him. This was the one great sorrow of his life; for to have within one the capacity for loving and training offspring, and no offspring to love and train, is like one having eyesight and no light and objects to exercise it upon—it must leave unsatisfied longing and consequent unhappiness. This natural consequence at times affected Parker, as the records contained in his private journal show. Here are a few of them:—“At one time in our life we need objects of instinctive passion, then objects of instinctive affection. Neither can take the place of the other, and both are needed for the welfare of man. But how many are destitute of both in the present state of society! I suffer continually from lacking an object of instinctive affection. I want a little *Mites o’ Teants*, or *Bits o’ Blossoms*. [Pet names for neighbours’ children.] I nursed my affections for Mr. Russell’s little ones, till the affections grew to a great growth. Now there are no objects for them to cling to. [He had now left Roxbury for Boston.] So my vine trails on the ground, and earth-worms devour the promise of the grape.” “But my immediate help I find in industry—literary and philanthropic work. Yet, even with that help, in the pauses of my toil, the sense of loneliness comes over me and fills me with pain. How much worse

must it be with women, and especially the *unmarried*! With women the love of children is stronger than with men, and they have fewer external duties to divert their thoughts from their own sadness. I am sad in the midst of great religious delight. Ah me! one thing cannot take the place of a different thing. The eye cannot listen for the ear, nor the ear look for the eye. Even religion will not fill the void left by the absence of certain other things which I have not. Alas! it helps me to still the aching part, not to fill its void. Religion cannot supply the demands of the finite affections, any more than a plough can supply the place of a flute. It can assure us of a recompense—that it is all right.” Also, in replying to intimations from members of his congregation of the birth of children to them, his own feeling of paternal privation would at times well up. Two such notes are before us. “I thank you for so kindly remembering me in such an access of new gladness to your hearth and hearts—nay, heart, for there is but *one*, especially at such a time, in man and wife. I have sons and daughters, sympathetically, in the good fortune of my friends. God bless the little immortal, which comes, a new Messiah, to cheer and bless the world of home.” “It is my lot to have no little darlings to call my own. Yet all the more I rejoice in the heavenly blessings of my friends. The thing that I miss most deeply in coming from Roxbury to Boston is the society of my neighbours’ little children, whom I saw several times a day, and fondled, and carried, and trotted, and dandled in all sorts of ways, as if they had been my own.”

He had not been long in Boston, however, before he found similar little playmates, and the occupation must have been important indeed which prevented the little visitors from finding a glad welcome within the study of “Parkie.” When the

little flaxen heads and the blue eyes peeped in at the door, he would open the top of a secretaire, pull out his toy carts and his jumping jacks; and very soon the floor would become a playground, and he the biggest child of them all. Generally he kept a store of toys, &c., for gifts to the little ones; and, even when he was travelling on the railway, his bag was supplied with candy and other sweetmeats intended for the delight of any babies he might come across; and frequently he would leave his seat and book to go and pacify with words and comforts such as were in distress. In babies, too, of a larger growth he showed the same interest and kindness, if not in the same way; he ever took a deep concern in the education and moral development of the young persons with whom he was personally acquainted. No wonder such a man felt his own childlessness; that his feelings should have been such as already shown, or as he further expressed them one time in a note to Mrs. Dall: "I think a man who has no children is deprived not only of a solace and a joy, but of a quite important element in his education. I have always noted this fact in others, and *feel* it in my own case."

Parker was husband—*i.e.* (Saxon) house-band—in only two settled residences during his married life—the Parsonage House at West Roxbury, and the house provided for him in Exeter Place, Boston.

The first—the Parsonage—is described by Parker himself as "a clever house"; and from another source we find that it was a pleasant white house, about a mile from the church, close to the straggling village-

street, and the study looking out through trees upon flowers, vines, and garden-beds. Two fine tulip trees stood before the windows, of which there were eight, and a porch, in the front of the building; and along the road there was a wooden palisade and gate, painted white. The house had land surrounding it, and this adjoined the beautiful grounds of Mr. G. R. Russell, his parishioner and friend; and near were the grounds of another member of his congregation, Mr. F. G. Shaw; and to the whole of these, as also to the hearts of the owners and their families, Parker had free access. Altogether, his home at West Roxbury must have been most enjoyable to the young minister and his wife. "We have a clever house, a fine garden, a good horse. I am at the head of a family of seven souls, 'to be, to do, and to suffer,' for them all: no little care. I have become as practical as Stebbin's ideal man; always carry a rule and compass in my pocket; all my talk is of bullocks, pigs, grapes, strawberries, and other things which perish in the using." "Old studies," he goes on to say, "prosper—metaphysics, theology, criticism: all that used to so much delight and instruct us, flourishes and grows apace in my new situation. Thoughts bright as heaven, and profound as the centre of the earth, sometimes visit me in my loneliness. Then, too, the smiles of love cheer and encourage me." Thus cheerily he writes to his friend Silsbee, soon after his Roxbury settlement.

Of his domestic surroundings and circumstances, when he afterwards went to reside in Boston, we shall speak in a subsequent chapter.

## CHAPTER ·VII.

## THE FIRST PASTORATE—WEST ROXBURY.

“If on our daily course our mind  
 We set to hallow all we find,  
 New treasures still, of costly price,  
 God will provide for sacrifice;  
 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,  
 As more of heaven in each we see.  
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
 Will dawn on every cross and care.”

*Quoted by Parker in a Letter.*

“ON the longest day of 1837 I was ordained Minister of the Unitarian Church and Congregation at West Roxbury, a little village near Boston; one of the smallest societies in New England, where I found men and women whose friendship is still dear and instructive. At my ordination, none of the council offered to catechise me, or wished to interfere with what belonged to me and the congregation, and they probably thought of my piety and morality more than of the special theology which even then rode therewith in the same panniers. The able and earnest ministers who preached the sermon, delivered the charge, and gave me the right hand of fellowship, all recommended study, investigation, originality, freedom of thought and openness of speech, as well as humanity, and a life of personal religiousness. One, in his ordaining prayer, his hand on my head, put up the petition, ‘that no fondness for literature or science, and no favourite studies may ever lead this young man from learning the true religion, and preaching it for the salvation of mankind!’ Most heartily did I say ‘Amen!’ to this supplication.” It is thus Parker refers, in his *Experience*, to his ordination.

“The able and earnest ministers” were Mr. Francis (who preached the sermon, and warned him not to neglect his studies), Chandler Robbins, Mr. Cunningham, and Henry Ware (who

offered prayers: the latter praying, ‘May his fondness for peculiar studies never divert him from doing Thy work’); George Ripley (who gave the right hand of fellowship), and Caleb Stetson (who gave the charge to the minister). Special hymns for the occasion were written by John Pierpont and John S. Dwight, both attached friends of the new pastor.

Already, in the previous chapter, we have described the domestic circumstances he lived under at West Roxbury. In the following extracts from letters to his intimate friend Silsbee, the reader will find descriptions of his human surroundings. “Our neighbours are pleasant. About fifty to sixty families in the parish—a hundred to a hundred and fifty worshippers. Sunday-school teachers’ meeting at the house of the pastor once a fortnight, wife’s class at the Sunday-school, pastoral visits made, schools attended, calls received, baptisms, funerals. Such are my out-of-door matters. I am very pleasantly situated; the people good, quiet, sober, church-going; capital listeners, none better; so much so, that I tell my friends I think my parishioners are as much blessed in preaching as those of even Dr. Channing; for what is wanted in preaching they make up in listening, whereas the Doctor’s people depend altogether upon him. The Sunday-school grows under my hand; and once in two weeks I have a teachers’ meeting, whereat I ex-

plain the Bible, which is far better for me and them than all preachment ; for I arrive at the heart and conscience not less directly than when in the pulpit ; and, since there is no formality, the matter goes home, I trust. I preach abundant heresies, and they all go down ; for the listeners do not know how heretical they are. Nay, I preach the worst of all things—transcendentalism, the grand heresy itself—none calling me to account therefor, but men's faces looking like fires new stirred thereat." Above all things, close, hard work goes on. "To work ten or fifteen hours a day in my literary labours was not only a habit but a pleasure ; with zeal and delight I applied myself anew to the great theological problems of the age."

Here, for instance, is the kind of plans of studies and out-door labours which he is trying to carry out:—

*"Things to be done this week.—*

1. Finish two sermons ; 2. De Wette ; 3. Jacobi ; 4. Fichte (Ethic) ; 5. Duty *versus* inclination ; 6. Commence the account of Moses. 7. Begin the translation of Ammon's 'Fortbildung Christenthums.' *Work to be done this week.* 1. Plant the other side of the brook ; 2. Sow the garden vegetables ;

3. Plough the new land ; 4. Plant the old alleys ; 5. Visit Mr. Keith and Chapin in the evening ; 6. See about the Sunday-school ; 7. Get the benches for the vestry ; 8. Ask Mr. Ellis to be superintendent."

In another part of the journal kept at this time there is the following laid out for a month :—"1. Continue the translation of Ammon ; 2. Continue the study of Plato ; 3. Read Tasso and Dante ; 4. Iliad ; 5. Greek Tragedies ; 6. Aristophanes ; 7. Goethe's Memoirs." In other places he has laid down the work of a year. This, for example:—"1. Finish the translation of Ammon, and publish, if possible ; 2. De Wette ; 3. Course of study on the New Testament ;

4. Course of study on the Old

Testament ; 5. Progress in Syriac ; 6. Danish and Swedish ; 7. Finish Plato ; 8. Continue the study of Greek writers ; 9. Dante and Tasso ; 10. Spanish Ballads ; 11. Commence the *ideal* work." These extracts evidence that he sought variety as well as quantity.

This is further borne out by the general reading we find him engaged in. In addition to the works mentioned in the foregoing schemes, he reads Henry More, the Life of Apollonius of Tyana, Bulwer's "Athens," Fichte, Coleridge, Descartes, Spinoza, Gesenius, Ovid, Seneca. He closely studies the literature of the Bible, the Egyptian and Phœnician alphabets, ancient inscriptions and coins, Carthaginian, Persian, the Orphic poems, Meiner's "On the Doctrine of the One God," Staüdlin "On the Morality of the Drama," and works by Paulus, Bauer, Eichorn, Schleiermacher, Strauss. A fragment of a work in Greek, "On Things Incredible," by an unknown writer, one Palæphatus, is especially interesting to him. The object of the work was to show that the incidents of Greek mythology came from the allegorising of ordinary transactions ; that Lynceus, seeing into and through the ground, was a man who discovered veins and beds of metals ; that Actæo being devoured by his own dogs, signified the expense of keeping dogs, which eat up a man's substance, &c. Parker writes of it : "How the priests must have exclaimed against the 'impious' book on the day of its appearance ! Such books do good. I wish some wise man would now write a book on 'things incredible,' or 'vulgar errors,' and show up the absurdity of certain things commonly believed on the authority of old Jews : to be plain, I mean the Old Testament miracles, prophecies, dreams, miraculous births, &c." The reader will notice that as yet he means only the Old Testament miracles. Before he

had grown much older he had to see that the application of the same logic was fatal also to those of the New.

The literary work done at this period includes the review of Strauss's "Life of Jesus," which he wrote "with no small labour," at the request of the Editor of the *Examiner*; also the article printed in the *Boston Quarterly Review* on Dr. Palfrey's "Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities." Many thought the latter was somewhat severe upon the Doctor's views, and Parker himself declares that his own hair stood up when he thought of what he had written. Some of his friends thought he was too sarcastic, and to one of them he thus replied:—"You think there is sarcasm. I do not think that is too strong a word, though I never intended anything like it. I hate sarcasm, yet am, perhaps, sarcastic. I wished to indulge in a little harmless pleasantry, but I fear the Dean would not share in the mirth he excited. You think I indulge the ludicrous vein too much. Such is my propensity, no doubt; but how ought things to be treated? Light things lightly, grave things gravely, ridiculous things ridiculously. I must think ridicule has its place, even in criticism." Being "sarcastic" was a charge he had frequently to defend himself against. But when an earnest man has Pharisaical assumption and asinine stupidity to fight against, it is difficult to be otherwise. If it is the fate of some men to deserve thrashing, it is the fate of others to thrash them. "I never wrote," says Parker, "a line with any ill-will or sarcastic humour towards maid or man. I should not dare write with such a feeling, least of all in such a cause. I wonder that you can read 'Pilgrim's Progress,' finding nothing of the kind therein, and then discover it in my poor writings. What if I had called men a 'generation of vipers,' 'snakes,' 'children of the devil,' and

the like?" It is pleasing to find how much better James Martineau understood him than even his American friends; for when Parker defended certain points of his "Discourse of Religion," in a letter to the English Divine, the latter replied: "I am almost angry with you for supposing that I need any answer to the scoffing accusation brought against you. Who that has any insight into an author's spiritual physiognomy, and can apprehend its expressiveness in the smallest degree, could ever attribute a sneer to you? Every great writer must put forth what is in him in his own way; and the excess of manly strength is healthier than the scruples of effeminate forbearance."

The society Parker found at West Roxbury was excellent and variable. It included excellent men and women of all classes. The few well-to-do families had in them many members of culture and elegance; and to enjoy the society of wit and beauty on pleasant lawns and in well-furnished drawing-rooms was a new and agreeable experience to the young man brought up in ruggedness and poverty. But if he found delight in the homes and society of his rich and cultured members, he never forgot the farmers and labourers; for it was men and women he cared for, not the accidents of their circumstances. An incident he himself records shows that at West Roxbury, as at many another place, lack of wealth was far from meaning lack of nobility. "Opposite my house," says his journal, "there lives a poor woman. Her husband labours on a farm at a short distance from his home, and receives wages. They have five children, the oldest probably not more than ten years old. The family is entirely dependent on the earnings of the husband. A strange family came into the village—a Mr. Wallace, with his wife and two small children. They were still poorer than the first; and, to add to their distress

Mrs. Wallace was sick with a pulmonary consumption, and 'very low,' as we say in the country. Now this good woman finds out Mrs. Wallace, sees her condition, pities her sufferings, and goes to help her. She takes home the little child, lest it disturb the mother by its cries, carries home the soiled linen, washes and irons it. She sits with her by day and night. Mrs. —, the wife of my orthodox brother, came in to visit her, prayed with her, and frightened the sick woman badly by telling her her time was short, asking her if she ever read the Bible, &c. It made her almost insane for two days. When she slept, a weight seemed to oppress her head; she saw frightful visions, pined for her child, and has been rapidly growing worse. I make no comment." The comment of most must be, how much better *doing* on the part of the orthodox minister's wife would have been than *preaching* and *praying*.

Frequently Parker's local society was temporarily increased by the sojourn under his roof of ministerial and other friends from a distance. It was ever a pleasure to him to have one of these occupying what he used to term his "prophet's chamber." The presence of Mr. Francis, or some of his old classmates, never failed to bring a "good time" for Theodore and his visitants; and the study would frequently resound with the loud and hearty laughter which resulted from mimicry, fun, and jokes. "George Ripley and his wife came to our house Friday, and stayed until the next Friday. We were full of joy and laughter all the time of their visit." Equally delightful were the visits of Mr. Cranch, or Mr. Silsbee.

Then, by going over to Boston, either at the meetings of an informal association termed "the Friends," which met in Mr. Jonathan Phillips' rooms at the Tremont House, or at their own houses, he used to meet with Dr. Channing, George Ripley,

Charles Follen, Bronson Alcott, Dr. Hedge, Wendell Phillips, then a young lawyer, and others eminent in the mental world. He thus commences a description of a visit to, and conversation with, Dr. Channing: "Before attending the meeting [of 'the Friends'] I went to Dr. Channing's, stayed a couple of hours, and took tea. His conversation was truly delightful, rather of the nature of discussion. I felt there was a broad common ground between us, notwithstanding the immense superiority of his elevation." Parker then goes on to record an interesting conversation he had with Channing about mind and matter, the difference between animals and men, &c. His journal also records other visits to, and conversations with, Dr. Channing, when such subjects as the Sabbath, the New Testament, the character of Jesus, the mythical theory, the comparative morality of the Gospels and the best heathen, were the themes. Channing thought that Parker had not allowed superiority enough, in a recent article by him, to Christian morality; that the character of Jesus was different in *kind* to that of other good men; and that the Bible miracles were of a different genus to those of other sacred books, to all which Parker emphatically demurred. Most of all was he shocked when Channing contended that conscience must be educated, a doctrine which Parker rather ridiculed. "The Doctor said it must be educated, like the understanding. But, upon being asked if more was needed than this, that the understanding should be rendered capable of presenting the case distinctly to conscience, he seemed to favour the hypothesis. I asked him if conscience is not an *infallible* guide. He seems to doubt it, but is going to think of the question. To me it seems that conscience will always decide right, if the case is fairly put, and old habits have not



obscured its vision. This he seemed inclined to believe, yet hesitated to assent. He said conscience was like the eye, which might be dim, or might see wrong. But in this case it is not the eye which sees, but the soul which looks out at the eye. Now the organ may be defective, and so misrepresent; but conscience, when the facts are fairly before it, acts *directly* and not *mediately*, and therefore it is not liable to the same mistakes with the eye. He seemed inclined to admit this, yet denied that we needed any infallible guide; and said that the belief in such a want had led to the theory that the Scripture was inspired, word for word. But Scripture was not an infallible guide; and if it were, it would do us no good, for we could not infallibly understand it. He thought a man late in his life (in a case I put) who had not hitherto consulted his conscience, would, coming to that adviser, make great mistakes, and therefore be punished for his past sin of neglect. Upon the whole, he believed that if a man should begin early to ask for the right, with sincere wish to find it, he never would get far out of the way; and even if he did, he was of course justifiable in the court of heaven. Conscience is the last appeal. Never go beyond that; even if it says wrong, the man is degraded who disobeys it. But if a man's conscience tells him something different from other men's, he is not to forego it; but to recast its plans, examine the subject anew, but at last adhere to conscience."

Dr. Channing's death occurred while Parker was at West Roxbury; and the following extract from the journal will show that his admiration of the great man continued to the last. "Oct. 5.—I have to-day heard of the death of Dr. Channing. He has fallen in the midst of his usefulness. His faculties grew brighter as age came on him. No man in America

has left a sphere of such wide usefulness; no man since Washington has done so much to elevate his country. His life has been spent in the greatest and best of works. A great man—and a good man—has gone home from the earth. Why, Oh! my God, are so many left, when such are taken? Why could not I have died in his stead?" In the light of what he himself afterwards became we can now reply to the closing question—Because you have yet to live to become a greater and grander man than even Dr. Channing.

Parker also, at this time, made the acquaintance of Bancroft, the historian, Moser Stuart, the famous "orthodox" professor, of Andover, and Dr. Channing's nephew and subsequent biographer, the Rev. W. H. Channing. As the latter gentleman has lived for a long time in England, and is personally known to many English readers, we doubt not they will read with interest the following reference to him from Parker's journal. "I am exceedingly delighted with Mr. C. He seems true, a little diseased in the region of consciousness, but otherwise of most remarkable beauty of character; full of good tendencies, of noblest aspirations; an eye to see the evils of society, a heart to feel them; a soul to hope better things, a willingness to endure all self-denial to accomplish the end whereto he is sent; not covered by thickest wrappages, which rather obscure his worthy uncle, whom I venerate perhaps too much." This brings to our mind a conversation we one time had with Mr. Channing, in which we expressed our great admiration for Parker. He replied, "Well, you could not admire a nobler man." Such a testimony from a contemporary and co-worker seems worth preserving.

At a later period of his West Roxbury pastorate, Parker found further agreeable society in the Socialistic

community established at Brook Farm. This was the idea of his intimate friend, the Rev. George Ripley, who, notwithstanding his success as a preacher, left the ministry, sold off his fine library, &c., and, aided by his noble wife and a few kindred spirits, tried the experiment of realising what they thought ought to be the true organisation of society. It was an attempt to associate labour of hand and labour of heart; to restore a more natural relationship between man and man, and man and nature; and practically reconcile the problem of labour, capital, and culture, by all alike sharing in needful toils and the resultant rewards. Like many other similar attempts made in England and France, as well as in America, it failed; but for a time it held together a company of noble and earnest men and women, several of whom have since highly distinguished themselves in the worlds of letters and philanthropy. But, though it failed as a social and pecuniary scheme, it did not fail to give a most enjoyable period—spoken of ever afterwards with gratification—to those who were participators. And, though Parker was not one of these—perhaps his strong feeling for the practical, or his absorbing desire to reform theology, preventing him—he had a large share of pleasure from frequent visitations. By a short cut, the Farm was not more than a mile from his house; and it was well worth going this distance to enjoy for a brief time the social freedom and delightful conversations to be had in the little community; to say nothing of the fun he could extract out of finding refined ladies washing shirts and stockings, *literati* spreading manure, and quondam disseminators of gospel truths disseminating kidney potatoes. Hitherto Parker had not begun to take so deep an interest in social reforms as he did subsequently.

Combined with all this literary and social activity while at West Roxbury,

Parker pursued habits which were at once regular, simple, wholesome. His gardening operations called him much out of doors in pleasant weather. His walks were often long ones—to Boston or the neighbouring towns; and ten, fifteen, or twenty miles in the day fatigued him little. During the summer he, at times, took walking tours which showed large powers of endurance. One time he walked all the way from New York to Boston, in marches of about thirty miles a day. Tours were also made through and up the White Mountains, and elsewhere. At another time he, with Ripley and E. P. Clarke, walked all the way to Groton to attend a Convention of the Come-Outers and Second Adventists, at which he delivered a long address, and afterwards walked home again. Then, his buoyant temperament, the jovial times he had with his neighbours, and the variety he maintained in his studies saved him from the usual reactions of overwork. Isolation was seldom long indulged, and morbidness was not allowed to find a lodgment in his nature. For the most part, he thoroughly enjoyed his work and life.

Here is a long letter, describing his experiences in his West Roxbury pastorate, written at the end of his second summer there: "I have never had a summer of more delightful study than the present, never found more satisfaction in theological and philosophical pursuits. I have solved many questions which have long perplexed and troubled me, and have grown in some small measure calmer than of old time. Tranquillity, you know, is one of my *unattainable*, but unattained virtues. Some of my inquiries have been historical, others critical; but philosophy has given me most delight this season. I do not say that the greatest questions are yet solved, or will ever be. They stand now like fire-breathing dragons in my path; I cannot drive them away.

But though they often heat, they never bite me. Mr. H. says, in expressing his despair of philosophy, it is better to give it all up and study the facts of nature—with Kirby and Spence, and White of Selborne! Who can do it, if he would? The Sphinx will have an answer, or you die. You must read the riddle. Love of philosophy may be 'the last infirmity of noble minds,' but I will cling to it still.

"You ask me what effect my speculations have on my practice. You will acquit me of boasting when I say, the most delightful—better than I could hope. My preaching is weak enough, you know; but it is made ten times the more spiritual and strong by my views of nature, God, Christ, man, and the Sacred Scriptures. In my religious conversation I tell men religion is as necessary as bread to the body, light to the eye, thought to the mind. I ask them to look into their hearts and see if it is not so. They say I tell them the doctrines of common sense, and it is true. Questions are often asked on the heretical points. I tell men that Moses and the writers of the Old Testament had *low* views of God, but the best that men could have in those times. They understand it, and believe the New Testament account of God. In regard to Christ, they see a beauty in his character when they look upon him as a man, who had wants like theirs, trials, temptation, joys and sorrows like their own, yet stood higher than the tempter, overcame in every trial. They see the same elements in themselves.

"I dwell mainly on a few great points, viz., the nobleness of man's nature, the lofty ideal he should set before him, the degradation of men at this time, their low aims and worthless pleasures; on the necessity of being true to their convictions, whatever they may be, with the certainty that if they do this, they have the whole omnipotence of God working

for them, as the artizan brings the whole power of the river to turn his wheel.

"Also I dwell on the character and providence of God, and the exactness and beauty of His laws, natural, moral, and religious. My confidence in the Bible is increased. It is not a sealed book, but an open one. I consider there are three witnesses of God in creation. 1. Works of nature: these do not perfectly reveal Him, for we cannot now understand all its contradictions. 2. The words of our fellow men: this confirms all the wisdom of all the past; it includes the Sacred Scriptures. Parts of it differ vastly in degree from other writings, but not in kind. 3. The infinite sentiments of each individual soul. Now, I lay stress on the first, but more on the second, and still more on the third; for a man may have just as bright revelations in his own heart as Moses, or David, or Paul; I might say, as Jesus, but I do not think any man ever has had such a perfect God-consciousness as he.

"Men no more understand his words than they can do his miracles. 'Be perfect as God,' do they know what this means? No, no. My confidence in the Gospel is immeasurably increased. I see it has meaning in its plainest figures. 'He that is greatest among you shall be your servant'—what meaning! It will be understood a thousand years hence, not before. But I see the Gospel is human, but almost infinitely above present humanity.

"I feel bound to communicate my views just so fast and so far as men can understand them,—no farther. If they do not understand them when I propound them, the fault, I think, is mine and not theirs. I often find it difficult to make myself understood.

"My religion warms my philosophy, and my philosophy gives strength to my religion. You know I do not boast in all this."

When he speaks in the foregoing letter of questions of philosophy which "stand now like fire-breathing dragons in my path ; I cannot drive them away," he refers in the main to the great problem of evil, which about this time was greatly troubling him. How, St. George-like, he overcame this fiery dragon, we shall have to tell when we come to speak of him as a theologian.

At Boston Music Hall, Parker used to say that to him piety and morality were the only sacraments. His advance towards this position at West Roxbury is indicated by the following entry in the journal : "*Sunday, Aug. 1st.*—Communion in the morning. This rite becomes less and less to me. I would gladly abandon it, for it troubles me. Leave the elements, and give me a meeting for prayer, conversation, or preaching, not the amphibious thing we have now. I confess the rite was never much to me. The time spent alone would always have been the more profitable. Could it be possible, this should be my plan—to have a meeting in the evening for religious conversation, and prayer (if needful) at private houses ; and bread and wine might form part of the entertainment. I cannot but think Christ would be astonished at these rites. But let this go ; it warms the hearts of pious women, we are told." The reader must, however, guard against the supposition that Parker was rash with the devout prejudices of his members. The sentiments just recorded were not published abroad by him at the time ; they are simply given in his private diary and correspondence. He had no lack of courage, but he thought his views might change ; that it would be unwise to go too fast for his hearers ; and, above all, that there was a danger that in expressing false views connected with religion he might injure the religion of his hearers. He uttered only that in his sermons and prayers which he really

believed, but he was anxious to give his people only that which would really help them, not merely that which would perplex. He preached natural laws ; the simple life of the farmers, mechanics, and milkmen about him, of its own accord turned into a sort of poetry, and re-appeared in the sermons, as the green woods, not far off, looked in at the windows of the meeting-house. He preached only what he had experienced in his own inward consciousness, which widened and grew richer as he came into contact with living men, turned time into life, and mere thought became character. As Mr. Frothingham finely remarks, "At this period, Parker was no image-breaker ; indeed he never was, unless he saw that the image concealed the God."

How careful and tender he was of the religious prejudices of people the following experience related by himself will show :—"I had not long been a minister before I found the worship of the Bible as a fetish, hindering me at each progressive step. If I wished to teach the nobleness of man, the Old Testament and the New were there with dreadful condemnations of human nature ; did I speak of God's love for all men, the Bible was full of ghastly things—chosen people, hell, devil, damnation—to prove that He loved only a few and them not overmuch ; did I encourage free individuality of soul, such as the great Bible-men themselves had, asking all to be Christians as Jesus was a Christ, there were texts of bondage, commanding a belief in this or that absurdity. There was no virtue but the Scriptures could furnish an argument against it. I could not deny the existence of ghosts and witches, devils and demons, haunting the earth, but Revelation could be quoted against me. Nay, if I declared the constancy of nature's laws, and sought therein

a great argument for the constancy of God, all the miracles came and held their mythologic finger up. Even slavery was 'of God,' for the 'divine statutes' in the Old Testament admitted the principle that man might own a man as well as a garden or an ox, and provided for the measure. Moses and the Prophets were on its side, and neither Paul of Tarsus nor Jesus of Nazareth uttered a direct word against it. I set myself seriously to consider how I could best oppose this monstrous evil; it required great caution. I feared lest I should weaken men's natural trust in God, and their respect for true religion, by rudely showing them that they worshipped an idol, and were misled into gross superstition. This fear did not come from my nature, but from ecclesiastical tradition, and the vice of a New England theologic culture. It has been the maxim of almost every sect in Christendom that the mass of men, in religious matters, must be ruled with authority; besides, the man of superior education is commonly separated from sympathizing with the people; and that by the very culture they have paid for with their toil, and which ought to unite the two; he has little confidence in their instinct or reflection. But my chief anxiety came less from distrust of mankind than from diffidence in my own power to tell the truth so clear and well that I should do no harm. However, when I saw the evil which came from this superstition, I could not be silent. In conversation and preaching I explained little details—this was poetry in the Bible, and not matter of fact; that was only the dress of the doctrine, not truth itself; the authors of Scripture were mistaken here and there; they believed in a devil, which was a popular fancy of their times; a particular prophecy has never been fulfilled. But the whole matter must be treated more philosophically, and

set on its true foundation. So, designing to save men's reverence for the grand truths of the Bible, while I should wean them away from worshipping it, I soon laboriously wrote two sermons on the contradictions in the Scripture—treating of historic contradictions, where one part is at variance with another or with actual facts authenticated by other witnesses; of scientific contradictions, passages at open variance with the facts of the material universe; and of moral and religious contradictions, passages which were hostile to the highest intuitions and reflections of human nature. I then inquired about the expediency of preaching them immediately. I had not yet enough practical experience of men to authorise me to depart from the ecclesiastical distrust of the people; I consulted older and enlightened ministers. They all said 'No; preach no such thing! You will only do harm.' One of the most learned and liberal ministers of New England advised me never to oppose the popular religion! 'But, if it be wrong to hinder the religious welfare of the people—what then?' 'Why, let it alone; all the old philosophers did so; Socrates sacrificed a cock to Æsculapius! He that spits on the wind spits in his own face; you will ruin yourself, and do nobody any good!' Silenced, but not convinced, I kept my unpreached sermons, read books on kindred matters, and sought to make my work more complete as a whole, and more perfect in all its parts. At length I consulted a very wise and thoughtful layman, old, with large social experience, and much esteemed for sound sense; one who knew the difficulties of the case, and would not let his young children read the Old Testament, lest it should injure their religious character. I told him my conviction and my doubts, asking his advice. He also thought silence wiser than speech,



yet said there were many thoughtful men who felt troubled by the offensive things in the Bible, and would be grateful to anyone who could show that religion was independent thereof. 'But,' he added, 'if you try it you will be misunderstood. Take the society at —, perhaps one of the most intelligent in the city: you will preach your sermons; a few will understand and thank you. But the great vulgar, who hear imperfectly and remember imperfectly, and at the best understand but little, they will say, 'He finds faults in the Bible! What does it all mean? what have we got left?' And the little vulgar, who hear and remember still more imperfectly, and understand even less, they will exclaim, 'Why, the man is an Infidel! He tells us there are faults in the Bible. He is pulling down religion!' Then it will get into the newspapers, and all the ministers in the land will be down upon you! No good will be done, but much harm. You had better let it all alone!' I kept my sermons more than a year, doubting whether the little congregation would be able to choose between truth and error when both were set before them, and fearing lest I should weaken their faith in pure religion when I showed it was not responsible for the contradictions in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures! But at length I could wait no longer; and to ease my own conscience I preached the two sermons, yet not venturing to look the audience in the face and see the immediate result. In the course of the week, men and women of the commonest education, but of earnest character and profound religious feeling, took pains to tell me of the great comfort I had given them by showing, what they had long felt, that the Bible is one thing and religion another; that the two had no necessary connection; that the faults of the Old Testament or the New need not hinder

any man from religious development; and that he never need try to believe a statement in the Bible which was at variance with his reason and his conscience. I could not learn that anyone felt less love for God, or less love for piety and morality. The scales of ecclesiastical tradition fell from my eyes; by this crucial experiment, this guide-board instance, I learned that the mass of men need not be led blindfold by clerical authority, but had competent power of self-direction; and while they needed the scholar as their help, had no need of a self-appointed master. It was clear that a teacher of religion and theology should tell the world all that he knew thereunto appertaining, as all teachers of mathematics, or of chemistry, are expected to do in their profession." It was after this that Parker showed that boldness of utterance which distinguished him, and for which he was so shamefully treated. As fast as he found a new truth, he preached it. Fortunately for him he had some really good and sensible men to deal with. The last year of his life he thus wrote of them: "I often wonder that the people at Spring Street bore with my opinions as gently as they did, for all were not able to take so philosophical views of them as Deacon Farrington. He said, 'Mr. Parker makes a distinction between religion and theology; it is a sound distinction. We like his religion; it is exactly what we want: we understand it; and this religion is the principal thing. About the theology we are not quite so clear; much of it is different from what we used to learn. But we were taught many foolish things. Some of his theology we are sure is right; all of it seems like good common-sense; and if some of it does sound a little strange, we are contented to have him preach just what he thinks. For, if he began by not preaching what he believed, I am afraid he would end by preaching at



last what he did not believe at all !” Wise old deacon !—I learned a great many things from him.” It is to be hoped that church office-bearers like Deacon Farrington may largely increase. They wonderfully aid ministers to “declare the whole counsel of God.”

As in the cases of Channing, Robertson, of Brighton, and other ministers, whose inner lives have been made known to the world, Parker, at times, felt deeply dissatisfied with his attainments. He was troubled as to whether or not he ought to stay in so small a sphere as West Roxbury afforded. “I often ask myself what I am doing with my one talent, and can only reply that I deem myself well nigh wasting it. Preaching to an audience of seventy or one hundred and twenty souls, going about and talking a little with old women, giving good advice to hypocrites, and scattering here and there, I hope, a corn-grain that will one day germinate and bear fruit. Oh, could I be satisfied that I am doing even this last ! If I deemed it certain that any word of mine would ever waken the deep inner life of another’s soul, I should bless God that I was alive and speaking. But I will trust. I am sometimes praised for my sermons. I wish men knew how cold those sleek speeches are. I would rather see one man practising one of my sermons than hear all men praise them. But of this I am satisfied—I am not doing what I ought to do.” In this reference to men praising and not practising his sermons there is the utterance of the heart of the true minister. Members of the congregation of such an one little think how deeply he feels every dereliction of duty on their part as a reproach upon himself.

There were times, too, when he was deeply dejected. He had within him too great a capacity for sorrow not to have deep sorrows from the occasions thereof, which came to him

as to all mortals. He must have been labouring under great sadness when he penned the following in his West Roxbury diary : “What a fool I am to be no happier ! I have enough of the outward of life (bating some few sorrows known only to myself) ; am engaged in congenial employment. I should be much happier,—pshaw ! I should be much *nobler* ! Let happiness happen as it may : it is an accident, not the essence. Let me be more *manly*, *true*, simple, Christian. I am not doing my work ; I am too idle ; too much afraid of the world. This week has been entirely wasted. One *good hour* of thought a week is all I will ever ask. Then all the growth is effected : the rest is only digging and watering, and pruning and lopping. I have had more than one—one on Monday and one to-night. Yet I have *done* but little.”

“I have lost many things. The greatest was Hope. Days there have been when I saw naught else to freshen my eye, weary with looking over the dull waste of my early life. Tired with labour, I have laid down, my books beside me, the lamp at summer midnight burning low, all else silent in sleep. Hope visited me ; she sat beside me, trimmed my lamp. In her sublime presence I grew calm, and composed myself by her majestic features.”

It is plain, then, from such extracts, though they do not exceed a dozen in the whole of the volumes of his journal, that, at times, this great soul had its Gethsemane. The causes thereof were chiefly two. First, great as were his attainments, they never satisfied him. Even on his death-bed his lament was, “I should like to have lived a little longer to have finished my work. God gave me large talents, but I have but half used them.” Higher attainment, not fame, power, or riches, was ever his aspiration and ambition ; and it made him unhappy to find that, strive as he would, his

ideals ever kept so far in advance of him. "*May, 1840.*—How my own thought troubles me! I have a work to do, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished? I must write an Introduction to the New Testament—must show what Christianity is, its universal and its distinctive part. I must write a Philosophy of Man, and show the foundation of religion in him. In my days of leisure, when I am not hard at work—on a beautiful Sabbath, for instance, or in a moony night, or one filled with stars, when I walk out, this burthen presses me heavily. I must do, or die. I sit down to hard work, and then only do I feel free from this tormenting spirit; at other times I am consumed by self-reproach for the nothings I have accomplished, for the nothing I have undertaken." The other cause of his sorrow was his unsatisfied yearning for offspring; for, however fondly he may have loved the children of his friends and neighbours, they were not his own, and they only served to remind him the more of his own privation. But his good sense led him to flee to the two best sources of consolation for such depression—religion and work. Nearly always following the expression of melancholy in the journal, there are pious utterances and schemes of work. For instance, following after one of these sorrowful outbursts, as if written immediately ensuing, there comes this plan of *Work for the Week*—"1. Write a sermon, and finish one not completed. 2. Finish Goethe's 'Farbenlehre.' 3. Baur's 'Gnosis.' 4. Do something to Ammon. 5. Critique—Hebrew Lexicon. 6. Begin Augusti's *Einleitung* to A. T." Such a man may have fits of depression, but they cannot long affect him. Hence, to his friends, Parker, in spite of these secret reasons of dejection—was known as an habitually genial and cheerful man.

When he had been settled at West

Roxbury about two and a half years, he was honoured with a "call" from the congregation at Lexington—his native village. His reasons for declining it are given in the following letter, forwarded to his brother Isaac: "It is doubly delightful to learn that anyone in my *native village* should be pleased with anything that I could do; but in respect to coming to Lexington as a minister, I have several things to say. I think that you know that I came here *against* my own consent. My friends advised this measure of settling at West Roxbury, and I consented with a good deal of unwillingness; for *I neither liked the salary of 600 dollars, nor the small audience of 80 or 150 souls.* But I gave up my scruples, was settled—*not for life*; but can at any time leave the place, on condition of giving notice of my intention six months beforehand. The parish also can discharge me, by a majority of votes, on the same condition. Thus stands the matter between us, as settled by the contract. The parish could have no legal or common claim upon me if I wished to leave to-morrow. But there are other considerations that have, and ought to have, a strong influence. This parish is small, and the people poor; their only chance of getting and keeping a minister depends on the advantages arising from their position in the neighbourhood of Boston, Cambridge, &c. Now, if I were to leave them *at this time* I fear they could not secure the services of a minister of respectable talents, who would be *really* of use to them. It is, therefore, my *duty* to stay. I could wish with all my heart for a larger sphere, a greater number of hearers, and those more intelligent and cultivated than the majority at West Roxbury, but I think *they* would lose more than *I* should gain by my leaving them. Again, I intend, in the course of my life, to do more through the *Press* than the *Pulpit*."

Here I can find *ten hours* a day, for *five days* in the week, to devote to works not directly connected with the exercises of the pulpit, and yet neglect no duty I owe to any man, or to the whole parish. I could not thus control my time in Lexington, where the people are both more numerous and more scattered. Still further, I doubt that I could long *suit* the people at Lexington. My theological opinions differ very widely from those of the Unitarians in general, and, perhaps, would not be acceptable at Lexington; though I fear very little on that ground, since I never knew men *really religious* to find any fault with them." So he continued at West Roxbury, until, in 1845, it was "Resolved that Theodore Parker shall have a chance of being heard in Boston."

His time at the former place, as afterwards, was one of great mental commotion in America. The Unitarians had just won their legal right to deny the Trinity, and had not thus far shown themselves so narrow and intolerant as they did afterwards to Parker. The Universalists were fighting manfully against the most horrible of doctrines—eternal torments. Lloyd Garrison was just commencing his efforts against American slavery. Dr. Channing was in the full maturity of his powers—preaching the dignity of man, and piety as a purely inward life, with great eloquence, and had begun to apply his doctrines to the actual life of the individual, the State, and the Church. Horace Mann was beginning the battle of universal education. Rev. John Pierrepont was fighting a grand and twofold battle—against drunkenness in the street, and for righteousness in the pulpit—maintaining a minister's right to oppose actual wickedness, however popular and destructive. Emerson was carrying all before him with his lectures. The Phrenologists, Spurzheim and Combe, were leading men away from the old supernaturalism, by inducing

them to study the constitution of man more wisely than ever before. The works of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, Cousin, Strauss, &c., were being widely studied. The rights of labour, of property, of women were being discussed. It was a time of conventions, controversies, commotions.

We have already referred to Parker walking a long distance to take part in the Convention called by the Second Adventists and Come-Outers. The stirring speech he made there thus concluded:—"What is the church now? Paul says, 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.' But where the spirit of the church is, there is slavery! The Holy Spirit says, Be a true soul! live a divine life! The church demands a *belief*, and *not* a divine life! The best men come to her, and find no life—no power." Of the Convention as a whole he thus sums up his impressions:—"1. I am surprised to find so much illiberality amongst the men who called the Convention; they were not emancipated from the letter of the Bible nor the formality of a church. They simply wish to pull down other sects to make room for their own, which will probably be worse than its predecessors. 2. I am surprised and enchanted to find these plain Cape-Cod men, with numerous others, who have made actual my own highest idea of a church. I feel strengthened by their example. Only let it be united with the highest intellectual culture. 3. I am surprised to find many others who have emancipated themselves from the shams of the Christian Church, and now can worship God at first hand and pray largely and like men. I don't know that I have got any new ideas; but certainly my confidence in my old ideas has been deepened, for I see they may be made actual."

Soon afterwards he took part in calling a Convention in Boston for the consideration of questions con-

cerning the Sabbath, the ministry, and the church. "All my friends after the flesh, and some of my friends after the spirit," writes Parker, "regretted that I had any agency in calling the convention. Lamson, a beautiful soul, doubts the convention; fears bad use will be made of truth. Dr. Channing also doubts the propriety thereof, since it looks like seeking agitation: here again we shall see. I have my own doctrines and shall support them, think the convention as it may. I look on the church as a body of men and women getting together for moral and religious instruction; on the minister as a moral and religious teacher; and on Sunday as a day set apart from work and common secular vocations. All of them are human institutions, but each valuable; I would almost say invaluable." The convention was held, but profitless kind of discussion seems to have been all that came out of it.

The previous month Parker had attended another convention, of which he thus notes:—"Went to Boston to attend the Non-Resistant Convention. Don't agree with them entirely, but like their spirit and upward tendency. Like not their formula of 'No Human Government.' Think circumstances render it needful sometimes to take life. If a man attack me, it is optional on my part to suffer or resist; but should he attack my wife, with the worst of purposes, why should I suffer the wicked to destroy the righteous, when I could save her by letting out his life? I should deprecate the issue being tendered; but, if it were tendered, I have little doubt which course would be revealed to me as the true one."

Parker had also to consider Mormonism and Spiritualism; for they, too, were beginning to exercise men's minds in America at that time. On the latter he made the following pronouncement:—"All the world and 'the rest of mankind' is talking about 'spiritualism,' 'rappers,' 'tippers,' 'writers,' 'talkers,' &c. There are many strange things testified to by some of the soundest and shrewdest of men; things which I cannot explain as yet. But I do not accept the hypothesis that they are the work of 'SPIRITS,' either the souls of dead men, or 'angels' good or bad. I know nothing to justify the 'spiritual' hypothesis. I am not successful in my investigations; I drive off the 'spirits' by looking at the table. I once—and once only—got a *response* from a 'spirit,' that was of a man whom I knew to be safe and sound on *terra firma* here below. (I have seen him since.) I got any answer that I wanted to get. If I had time I should like to look into the matter a little further. But scientific men give it the go-by—which seems scarcely right. It does not now appear in *Catholic* districts I am told. Is it so? They have enough to excite their marvellousness without tipping tables!"

Altogether, the times were such as a strong, enterprising soul likes to live through; and Parker counted it a piece of good fortune that he was a young man when these things were taking place—when great and little questions were discussed, and the public had not yet taken sides. Had he known the persecution and suffering involved, he would have said, "Send by another hand, O Lord! not mine."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE CONTROVERSY WITH THE AMERICAN UNITARIANS.

"They first read him out of their Church, and next minute  
Turned round and declared he had never been in it.  
But the ban was too small, or the man was too big,  
For he recked not their bells, books, and candles a fig."

J. R. LOWELL, on Parker's Treatment.

WHAT did Theodore Parker come to feel and think about American Unitarianism and American Unitarians? To our mind, the answers to this question give abundant exoneration to him for the course he took. Rightly, he was strictly conscientious and truthfully outspoken; and when he found that the American Unitarians were building up religion upon a sandy and false foundation; lacked the spirituality and fervour which is the very life-blood of religion; used the Bible to make their positions, as a sculptor uses clay to shape his model; spoke loudly of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood and dignity of man, and yet sided with the slave-owner, and distiller, and others, whose very wealth and influence came from outraging those sacred principles—how could he do less than expose some of these things and denounce the rest? Else he could not have been the true man he was.

He himself has recorded that he counted it a great good fortune that he was bred among religious Unitarians, for he felt that thereby he escaped much superstition. But he felt early that the "liberal" ministers did not do justice to simple religious feeling; that their preaching seemed to relate too much to outward things, not enough to the inward pious life; and that their prayers were cold. But he felt that, notwithstanding this defect, they preached the importance and the religious value of morality as no sect had done before. Good works, the test of true religion—noble

character, the proof of salvation—if not spoken, were yet implied in their sermons, spite of their inconsistent talk about "Atonement," "Redeemer," "Salvation by Christ," and their frequent resort to other pieces of damaged phraseology. The effect of this predominant morality he saw in the number of persons of intellect, talent, genius, integrity, and philanthropy which the sect included. But while they had this great practical excellence, they lacked the deep internal feeling of piety which alone could make it lasting, and is in itself the most joyous of all delights. This fact seemed clear in their sermons, their prayers, and even in the hymns they made, borrowed, or "adapted." Most powerfully preaching to the understanding, the conscience, and the will, the cry was ever "Duty, duty! work, work!" They failed to address with equal power the soul, and did not also shout, "Joy, joy! delight, delight!" "Rejoice in God always; and again I say unto you, Rejoice!"

This defect of the Unitarians he looked upon as a profound one. He saw that, not actually nor consciously, but by the logic of their conduct, they had broke with the old ecclesiastic supernaturalism, which, with its whip of fear, yet compelled a certain direct, though perverted, action of the simple religious element in the Trinitarians. But ceasing to fear "the great and dreadful God" of the Old Testament, they had not quite learned to love the all-beautiful and altogether lovely one of the universe. He felt that this



came because they had no theory which justified a more emotional experience of religion. Their philosophy, with many excellences, was sure of no great spiritual truth. To their metaphysics eternal life was only probable; the great argument for it came, not from the substance of human nature, only from an accident in the personal history of a single man; its proof was not *intuitive* from the primal instincts of mankind, nor *deductive* from the nature of God, nor yet *inductive* from the general phenomena of the twofold universe; it was only *inferential* from the "resurrection of Christ"—an exceptional occurrence in the story of the race, and resting on no evidence. Yet, further, he had found one of their most popular and powerful writers, in their chief periodical, declaring that even the existence of a God was not a certainty of metaphysical demonstration, nor even a fact of consciousness. So that this great truth, fundamental to all forms of religion, had neither an objective, necessary, and ontological root in the metaphysics of the universe, nor yet a mere subjective, contingent, and psychological root in the consciousness of man; but, like the existence of "phlogiston" and the "celestial æther" of the interstellar spaces, it was a matter of conjecture, of inference from observed facts, purely external and contingent; or, like the existence of the "Devil," was wholly dependent on the "miraculous and infallible revelation."

He came to feel, further, of the American Unitarians that, after denying the Trinity and the Deity of Christ, they did not dare to affirm the humanity of Jesus, the naturalness of religion to man, the actual or possible universality of inspiration, and that man is not amenable to ecclesiastical authority, either the oral Roman tradition or the written Hebrew

and Greek Scriptures; but, naturally communing with God, through many faculties, by many elements, has in himself the divine well of water, springing up full of everlasting life, and sparkling with eternal truth, and so enjoys continuous revelation.

Again, Parker's conscientiousness—as many another Unitarian minister's has since—revolted at the twisting and turning which Old-School Unitarian ministers were unconsciously displaying in their determination to make every text of the many-opinioned books of the Bible teach Unitarian doctrines. He found the prevailing Unitarianism desiring to believe nothing not reasonable, and yet all things scriptural; hence they were not prepared to look facts in the face, and say manfully, "Yes, this is in the Bible, and against us; and we reject it, because it is not in Reason, which is above the Bible." So, with perfect good faith, Old-School Unitarianism "explained away" what was offensive: "This is not in the canon; that is a false interpretation." He himself said that to such a proficiency had this art of "explaining away" been carried, that the Scripture was a piece of wax in the hands of the Old-School Unitarians, and took any shape convenient for their purpose: the Devil was an Oriental figure of speech; Paul believed in him no more than Peter Bayle; the miraculous birth of Jesus, the ascension in the body, the stories of Abraham, Jonah, Daniel, were "true as symbols, not as facts;" though Moses and Isaiah never spoke of Jesus in the Law and the Prophets, yet Jesus was right when he said they did; David, in the Psalm, was a sick man speaking only of himself, but when Simon Peter quoted that Psalm, the inspired king was predicting Jesus of Nazareth! Indeed, said Parker, if the Athanasian Creed, the Thirty-nine Articles of the English Church, and the Pope's bull, "Uni-



genitus," could be found in a Greek manuscript, and proved the work of an "inspired" apostle, the Old-School Unitarians would, in good faith, explain all the three, and deny that they taught the doctrine of the Trinity or the fall of man!

We the more readily give Parker's views of the Unitarianism of his day because—owing largely to his influence since—we know it does not truthfully represent the Unitarianism of the majority of the American or English Unitarians of the present time. When true to itself, Unitarian theology progresses in accordance with the light and intelligence of the ages, and this it has done since the time of Parker's expulsion. All along, the Unitarians, especially those of England, have included amongst them far-seeing and tolerant men—the Rev. James Martineau, for example—who shared Parker's position that the soul is above the Bible, and now, on both sides the Atlantic, the Unitarians who do so are, we believe, in a majority. The communion is now fast taking its stand upon the great doctrines of Absolute Religion, as Parker declared it would have to do if the body was to continue. Thus it is largely owing to the teachings of the Boston Heresiarch that Unitarianism has undergone the revival it has during recent years. The Unitarianism of the Priestley and Belsham School, which was that prevailing before Parker's time, is now dead beyond hope of resurrection.

Of the men of American Unitarianism, as a whole, Parker came to have a poor opinion; though still continuing to preserve high admiration for many individuals. He thought there was little scholarship and less philosophic thinking among them; and he found that, notwithstanding what individual members did, the sect, as a whole, was opposed to all reforms. They, so it seemed to him, went to work in a false and unphilosophic manner: they confounded the-

ology with religion; then thought that theology must be studied, not as a science, in the spirit of freedom, but with fear. So, as he put it, they wove cobwebs and called it cloth; and if a man tore asunder their cobweb-trousers in putting them on, they called out "Infidel!" and if he complained that he was cold and naked when he wore them whole, they cried out, "Away with him."

The foregoing statements, then, given almost in his own words, represent Parker's conscientious convictions respecting the Unitarianism and Unitarians prevailing in his day. What could he do else than preach and teach as he did? He was not called upon to separate himself from the Unitarians; for it is one of their foundation principles that free inquiry and expression should never stop but with a conviction of the truth. Priestley had declared that this was their duty, even if pursuing it should lead them beyond Christianity altogether. Then, Parker's congregation—those who engaged him and paid him—never sought to turn him out: it was Unitarian Associations, with which he had simply a fraternal relationship, and which had nothing to do with either engaging him or paying him, which did so.

But, while it is easy to vindicate Parker's action towards the American Unitarians, it seems utterly impossible to vindicate the course of the American Unitarians towards him. The positions they took up in expelling him were thoroughly illogical and indefensible. After they themselves had changed from Calvinism, through Arianism and Arminianism, to Unitarianism, they denied Parker's right to make another advance to Christian Theism. They declared it right to ride on the theological railway to the third or fourth station, the length they themselves had thus far ridden; but that one of their ministers should

ride to the fifth they could not either allow or even countenance. Reformers have seldom friendly feelings for those who reform beyond them. Then they denied that Parker's system could be Christianity, or he a Christian, because he gave up certain of *their* "essentials"; yet they bitterly complained of the "Orthodox" saying that Unitarians were not Christians, because they gave up certain of their "essentials"—the Trinity, the Deity of Jesus, and the outgrowing doctrines. They said all previous disputes had been *within* Christianity, but that Parker's with them was one *outside* Christianity: thus passing sentence upon the very matter still to be tried, and saying precisely of him what the "Orthodox" had, in former days, said of them. In short, they were thoroughly in the wrong; and it is not surprising that the verdict of history has since been against them and in favour of the man they persecuted.

The story of intolerance we have now to relate, in addition to being a prominent episode in Parker's career, is a lesson enforcing thorough toleration. As Parker himself finely observed, just at the time his persecution was commencing, we ought all to learn that "truth is unchangeable, but orthodoxy and heresy vary with each country and every age. The world seems to defend doctrines in the inverse ratio of their value, as mothers love best their weak and sickly children. Nothing will ever save us but a wide, generous toleration. I must tolerate and comfort my brother, though I think him in error—though I know him to be in error. I must tolerate his ignorance, even his sin—yes, his intolerance. Here the only safe rule is, if someone has done you a wrong, to resolve on the spot never to do that wrong to him or anyone else. It is easy to tolerate a man if you know he is a fool and quite in the wrong. But we must tolerate

him when we know he is not a fool, and not altogether in the wrong."

As already said, Parker was little of a heretic towards current Unitarian views when at Divinity Hall. How he and two of his classmates became the editors of the little magazine, the *Scriptural Interpreter*, when Dr. Gannett, the colleague of Dr. Channing, had to abandon it on account of failing health, the reader has already been told. Of the three student-editors, Parker was by far the largest contributor. In the year or so of his joint-editorship he contributed about forty articles to the little family periodical, dealing with such subjects as the Authenticity and Construction of the Pentateuch, the Composition of the Psalms, the Dates and Ingredients of the Books of Isaiah, the Nature of Prophecy, the Meaning of the so-called "Messianic Prophecies," &c. The debatable ground covered was principally that lying between the current Unitarian views and the new views of De Wette, Eichorn, Astruc, and other scholars of the moderate German rationalist school. Altogether the matter and manner of the periodical were such as most present-day Unitarians would have thought exceedingly mild. But not so thought the American Unitarians of forty years ago, who, for them, gave him a little of that Unitarian intolerance of which hereafter he was to experience so much. Hardly knowing what all the commotion was about, Parker had the drum ecclesiastic beaten in his ears. Self-constituted guardians of the faith wrote warning and protesting notes, of which the following is a sample:—"To Messrs. Ellis, Parker, and Silsbee, Editors, *Interpreter*, April 20, 1836. I read, in the last number of the *Scriptural Interpreter*, the article on the 52nd chapter of Isaiah, and with unmingled surprise and horror. What could possess you?

What is the object of the theologians at Cambridge? Are they determined to break down the prophecies, and make our blessed Saviour and his Apostles impostors and liars? Cannot our doctrines be sustained in any other way? Must the pious Christian be compelled to give up one passage after another, one book after another, one prophecy after another, until he has nothing left to stand upon but what is in common with the Deist? Where is it all to end? Tell us, I beseech you; that we may quit, if necessary, the ship before it is too late: before we have struck upon the last rock which the vessel of our faith will bear? Pause then, I beseech you, before it is too late. I am a well-wisher to your work. I have always been a subscriber. I am one of the household of your faith. But another such a blow and I must quit all I value. My religious faith above all things else; I cannot part with it. To escape, therefore, shipwreck, I must jump overboard before the last plank is taken away. And not I alone. Hundreds must do the same; they will not bear to have the sacred records of their faith frittered all away, though it may be in a style a little more refined than that of Paine, but, nevertheless, resulting in consequences which are just the same. Mr. Noyes strikes a blow and alarms a sect. Mr. Peabody recovers the ground for a moment, by holding on to a few passages. The *Interpreter* follows to destroy one of the most essential of these few. The end cannot be far off. And then, the imposture of the New Testament and its authors will be the completion of the dreadful work.—A SUBSCRIBER." As the reader will notice, the cry all through the letter is, not "Give me truth," but "Give me comfort—leave me alone in my ignorance and satisfaction," and this was largely the attitude of the main body of Parker's subsequent opponents. In addition to the protesting

and warning missives which came to the Editors' *sanctum*, Parker was spoken to gravely by eminent Unitarian divines, who received him coolly and told him how much they regretted that such or such an article had been written. He remembered, however, that it was for him to think with his own brains and not with those of either Dr. this or Dr. the other. Hence, after visiting such men, we find him thus writing in his diary—"He found fault with my article in the *Interpreter*, upon 'Servant of God': inconsistently, as I think. He said he was sorry to see it." The young man herein exemplifies his early home training: "to investigate all things with his own eyes; carefully to form opinions for himself, and, while he believed them reasonable and just, to hold and defend them with modest firmness."

The next step in the controversy is noted while Parker was supplying as a candidate at Barnstable. Martineau's "Rationale of Religious Inquiry" had just then appeared in America, and the Rev. George Ripley had written a review of it for the *Christian Examiner*, which had strongly displeased some of the Unitarian divines. One of them, Professor Andrews Norton, had written a letter to the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, replying to the review, and rebuking the writer for being so bold while yet so young. But the independent-thinking young man was not to be thus easily put down, and the very next day he gave the eminent ex-professor as good as he had brought. Parker's mind about the matter is thus expressed. "This coming out in print, and denouncing the writer of an article which appeared soberly and unostentatiously in a periodical with which Mr. N. had nothing to do, is ridiculous. A man writes something which differs a little from what Professor N. believes, and, forsooth, he must come 'out with his sign-

manual,' and tell the good people of the land he does not think so! What if he does not? Is he the people? *Will all truth perish with him?* The last time I saw Mr. R. I suggested that the first one who lifted a hand in this work would have to suffer; and I wished to push some old veteran German to the forefront of the battle, who would not care for a few blows: but he thought there was no danger." Parker, in thus suspecting, proved a truer prophet than Mr. Ripley, for that little newspaper skirmish was the commencement of the long and bitter theological conflict of which we are now treating. The battle of natural *versus* infranatural religion—of reason against authority—had now begun.

After Parker's settlement at West Roxbury, about the commencement of 1837, a clergyman returning to America from Germany, brought with him the first copy of Strauss' "Life of Jesus" which entered the New World. He lent it to Parker, who read it, and thereby had his growing suspicions matured that the New Testament has a mythology as well as the Old, and that the miracles of all times and religions were much alike incredible. He did not for a moment accept Strauss' mythical theory; he thought the myths had evolved around the character of Jesus, rather than that the latter had been evolved from the former. He even continued to believe in some of the New Testament miracles, not too closely looking whether the evidence was sufficient to establish them as facts. But his belief in the miraculous was continuously a diminishing quantity; and soon after reading Strauss he had become as "advanced" as the following extract indicates. "The Christ of tradition I shall preach down, one of these days, to the extent of my ability. I will not believe the driving beasts out of the temple with a whip; the command to Peter to catch a fish; still less the cursing the fig-tree, and the

old wives' fables about the Ascension. His predictions of his death I have reason to doubt; but I know not but they are real. He, doubtless, was mistaken in his predictions of the end of the world, or rather his disciples were; for the prediction is manifest and its failure obvious. The ideal Christ is what we are to preach; and perhaps we shall not need the Gospels much in delineating him. Yet I should be sorry to lose even the little they afford us, were it not for the lamentable matter they connect therewith. Christianity is much indebted to Paul. He freed it from its narrowness. Was it limited in Christ, or did its limits come from his disciples? Christ seems himself to fluctuate—once he refuses to heal a stranger-woman's child, as not being part of his mission. But he is afterwards surprised to find a greater faith than in his own nation. I doubt that he designed it to be universal; yet many passages towards the end of his life favour it."

An ingenuous man who records such convictions in his journal is certain to soon express them in his social conversations. Accordingly, directly after, we find the cry of "Infidel" is being raised against him. "*Nov. 13.*—A rare thing has happened to me to-day; simply this—a certain Mrs. — pronounces me an *infidel*, in good set speech. The reason is that I do not think as she does of the authority of Jesus. She thinks he has a different authority from that of the truths he taught; therefore, that we are bound to obey him, even if the doctrine in question does not seem true to us. I think Jesus Christ is to be revered and obeyed solely for the *intellectual, moral, and religious* truth which he brought to light by his doctrines and life. If sentences of his did not seem true to me, I should reject them; for I can accept no opinion which annuls my own reason. I honour and revere

Christ more, perhaps, than she, though not in the same way. Afterwards, she retracted the offensive term, 'infidel'; but this does not mend the matter. I something doubt that my sermons breathe the spirit of infidelity. But all this shows me—what needed no proof before—how much easier it is to censure another, and damn him with harsh names, than to amend one's own life, or even to apprehend the difference between his creed and your own."

The same year Parker entered the foregoing in his journal, Emerson delivered his well-known address on "The Christian Teacher" before the senior class of the Divinity College at Cambridge—the institution at which Parker had received his theological training. Accompanied by Mrs. Parker, he went over to hear it. Upon returning, he wrote thereof, "Emerson surpassed himself as much as he surpasses others in the general way. I shall give no abstract. So beautiful, so just, so true, and terribly sublime was his picture of the faults of the Church in its present position. My soul is roused, and this week I shall write the long-meditated sermons on the state of the Church and the duties of these times." But if the Address aroused the soul of Parker in one direction, it roused the souls of the Conservative Unitarians in another and entirely different one. The ferment it created is well described in a letter which Parker sent to his friend, Mr. G. E. Ellis, then in Europe. "You know," wrote he, "Emerson was to preach the sermon before the class. I heard it. It was the noblest of all his performances: a little exaggerated, with some philosophical untruths, it seemed to me; but the noblest, the most inspiring strain I ever listened to. It caused a great outcry; one shouting, 'The Philistines be upon us!' another, 'We be all dead men!' while the majority called out, 'Atheism!' The

dean [Palfrey] said, 'That part of it, as I apprehend, which was not folly was downright atheism.' Soon after, Parker wrote another letter to the same gentleman, to Paris, in which occurs the following:—"I sent you Emerson's address to the Divinity Students. It has made a great noise. Mr. Norton opened the cannonade with a broadside aimed at Emerson, Cousin, Carlyle, Schleiermacher, Shelley, and a paper called the *Western Messenger*. This provoked several replies—one of singular beauty from Theophilus Parsons; one from the iron pen of Brownson, in the *Post*; and one from J. F. Clarke, in defence of the article in the *Messenger*. Ministers preached on Emerson's sermon. Henry Ware delivered a sermon on the personality of God, which, it is said, Emerson denies; and the students of the Divinity School come out, cap in hand, and say, 'Peccavimus omnes'—the last class in particular—and request Henry Ware to publish his sermon, which is said to be a very good one and to the point. Brownson writes a fierce review in the *Quarterly*, which, after all, is rather good than bad, though it contains some severities. Chandler Robbins speaks mildly, as his manner is, of the whole affair, and calls the vulgar rant of denouncing Emerson a 'vulgar clamour' and 'the popular roar.' Andrews Norton is indignant thereat: and this very minute I have read a fourth article of his, in this morning's *Advertiser*, on Emerson, in which he says infidelity and atheism have been long preached by the Unitarian ministers—not by all, but by some few. All this makes a world of talk. It is thought chaos is coming back. Some seem to think that Christianity, which has stood some storms, will not be able to weather this gale; and that truth, after all my Lord Bacon has said, will have to give it up now. For my part, I see that the sun still



shines, the rain rains, and the dogs bark; and I have got doubts whether Emerson will overthrow Christianity this time. Simmons was ordained last Tuesday, at Dr. Channing's, as evangelist to go to Mobile. The sermon (preached by Dr. Bellows) is described as being particularly 'liberal'; the preacher maintaining that goodness is goodness in a heathen; that an Esquimaux would not be turned out of heaven if he were a good and religious man; and that a true and sincere prayer, though offered to an idol, would go to the right place, for the only God would take it. The discourse alarmed and shocked the more backward of the brethren; but the younger-hearted were not disturbed. The other day they discussed the question in the Association, whether E. was a Christian? G—— said he was not, and defended his position rather poorly, you may suppose. J. P—— maintained that he was an atheist—a downright atheist. But nobody doubted he was a virtuous and most devout man, one who would enter heaven when they were shut out. Of course they were in a queer predicament: either they must acknowledge a man may be virtuous and yet no Christian (which most of them thought it a great heresy to suppose), and *religious* yet an *atheist* (which is a contradiction—to be *without God*, and yet *united to God*), or else affirm that Emerson was neither virtuous nor religious, which they *could not prove*. Walker and Frothingham thought he should be called a Christian, if he desired the name. Some of the ministers think we need to have certain '*fundamentals*' fixed for us all to swear by, lest the new school among the Unitarians should carry the whole body up to the height of Transcendentalism. Now, it is notorious that the old Unitarians, in the days when there was fighting for the faith, had no such fundamentals; so Mr. Ripley showed

Dr. — that he (the Doctor) belonged to the new school, and the movement party were the lineal descendants of the old school of Unitarians. It is quite evident there are now two parties among the Unitarians: one is for progress, the other says, 'Our strength is to stand still.' Dr. Channing is the real head of the first party; the other has no head. Some day or another there will be a great rent in the body; not soon, I trust, however."

A few months after the delivery of the address by Emerson, Professor Norton preached and published a sermon on what he named "The Latest Form of Infidelity"—meaning Transcendentalism. To this Mr. Ripley replied, ably controverting the Professor's view of the value of miracles as the exclusive evidences of Christianity, and correcting certain doubtful translations from De Wette. Parker wrote of this reply: "To me it seems excellent, both in design and execution—equally fine in manner, matter, and spirit. The Professor may well thank Heaven that he has fallen into the hands of a Christian man, and not the clutches of a Philistine." Mr. Ripley's article was a fair vindication of German theologians and of reverent free-thinking from official imputations of infidelity. Professor Norton again reiterated his charges in a rejoinder; whereupon Mr. Ripley printed two very able letters: the first an exposition of the metaphysics of Spinoza, and the second a defence of the positions of De Wette and Schleiermacher. Next an anonymous pamphlet appeared. Parker then appeared in the controversy, but anonymously. His pamphlet was titled, "The Previous Question between Mr. Andrews Norton and his Alumni, moved and handled in a Letter to all those Gentlemen. By Levi Blodgett." Before this, however, immediately after Mr. Norton had delivered the sermon, Parker



had written to Miss Peabody, "Is it not weaker than you ever fancied? What a cumbrous matter he makes Christianity to be! You must believe it is authenticated by miracles; nor that only, but that this is the only way in which it can be attested. I doubt that Jesus himself could be a Christian on these terms. Did you notice the remarkable mistranslations of the German passages? They are such as no tyro could make, I should fancy. It will do one good work: it will present the subject to the public mind; and now we may have a fair discussion." To Mr. Silsbee he had written, "There is a higher word to be said on this subject than Ripley is disposed to say just now. But a long controversy will probably grow out of this: ink will be spilled on both sides, and hard names called, in the excess of Christian charity that usually attends religious controversies. I find no men among the Unitarian ministers who like the address: even Dr. Parkman thinks it weak. But some of the lay brethren think the matter fixed; that Mr. Norton has 'done Transcendentalism up!'" Hence Parker's own pamphlet. In it he clearly, pithily, and pointedly dealt with fundamental questions, contending that the true foundation of religion is not in beliefs or Bibles, but in the soul itself; and when it was thus seen that man's faith was intuitive, there was no reason to fear either criticism or historical doubt. Religious opinions came and went; but the soul, with its yearnings for religious exercise and development, ever remained, showing no difference except that of lower and higher culture. Instead of the essence, beliefs were simply the accidents of religion.

This view Parker further ably developed in a letter written to Dr. Francis about the time. "It seems to me most of us set a false value on the writings of the New Testament. We take them to be our standard of

life and doctrine; and yet, probably, *no learned and free Christian thinker believes all that is contained in any writer of the New Testament.* Two evangelists evidently believe the miraculous conception; all, perhaps, credited the popular notions about 'possessions.' Matthew, Mark, and John do not say a living *dove* descended on Jesus; but Luke does say it. Can there be any doubt the first three evangelists suppose that *words were spoken in an articulate voice* announcing his acceptance with God? Certainly there can be no doubt that they, and the *Saviour himself*, as well as Paul and Peter, misunderstood passages of the Old Testament and misapplied them. No doubt Paul thought he saw 'angels.' I don't believe Luke thought the Damascus journey a natural affair, or that Paul thought it was less than miraculous. Peter and John need not be mentioned, and still less the Epistle to the Hebrews; for in all these the incongruities are more remarkable, perhaps, than in the other parts of the New Testament. Now, if the New Testament is a standard of life and doctrine to you and me, we are bound to believe these statements (if possible). But we *do not believe them.* This is all right; but the people believe them, or think they *must* believe them, which is still worse. Now, as you said the other day, how different the Bible as you studied it at home from the Bible as your parishioners listened to it at church! Is it necessary there should always be this *clerical* view, and this *laical* view so different from it? Would not the people be *better, wiser, holier*, if they were emancipated from this stupid superstition, which now hangs like a millstone about their necks? It seems to me, if the true *inspiration* of the New Testament was understood, if men could read it as they read Plato or Seneca (not that the New Testament is not incomparably superior to

them), they would be more enlightened and inspired thereby. I take it, the main difference between us and the Orthodox is not respecting the doctrine of the Trinity, or total depravity, or the fall, or election (for we all agree near enough on these points, and believe in 'God the Father,' in revelation *in* man, which is the *Son*, and in revelation *to* man, which is the *Holy Spirit*, &c.), but in respect to the Scriptures. The Orthodox place the Bible above the Soul; we the Soul above the Bible. They tell us that, when you and I were born, all revelation was at an end, all the capital prizes of humanity withdrawn before our time. When we go up to the bar of God, and ask for our mite, they say, 'You have Moses and the Prophets; hear them.' In short, they say, 'The canon was closed before you were born: you are to study its letter, to get out its spirit; that is all.' We do not believe this statement. Is revelation at an end? Is the Bible better than the soul? The Hindoo says that of his Veda, the Mohammedan of his Koran. But if the Christian says so he *dies*; for Christianity is the religion of freedom. So the fact that we always take texts from the Bible, read its *good* passages, and pass over its objectionable clauses and allegories, or hit upon a higher sense to passages, tends to mislead men as to the true nature of the book. Do not suppose I have any disposition to undervalue the Bible. I only want the people to understand it as it is. I remember talking with old Mr. John Richardson once about the Bible. He said he had recently read the first part of the Old Testament, again, and *he was sorry he had read it, because he could not believe it, and before he thought he believed all*. Let any sober man read De Wette's 'Biblical Dogmatics,' and he will be astonished to see how many doctrines are taught in the Bible which enlightened men cannot believe.

I must think that, by and by, centuries hence, the Old Testament will be dropped out from the Church: then the New Testament will follow, or only be used as we now use other helps. I can't but wish, with you, that Jesus had written his own books; but even then they must have contained some things local and temporary."

A month later we find him writing another similar letter to Dr. Francis, on the doubtful authority of the New Testament over the moral sense, and asking—"Who will tell us where the myth begins and the history ends? Do not all the miracles belong to the mythical part? The resurrection—is not that also a myth? I know you will not be horror-struck at any doubts an honest lover of truth may suggest; and certainly I see not where to put up the bar between the true and the false. Christianity itself was before Abraham, and is older than the creation, and will stand for ever; but I have sometimes thought it would stand better without the New Testament than with it." When the reader remembers that the Unitarian position then was—"Show that it is taught in the New Testament and it is our bounden duty to believe it," he will see how divergent Parker was now getting from his co-religionists.

Here is another series of heretical reflections, entered about the same time in the journal. "*Paul and Christianity*.—What would have been the result if St. Paul had not been converted on his Damascus journey? Take the life of St. Paul out of the Christian Church, and how much is left? Would Christianity have sunk down into a Jewish sect, like that of the Essenes? or would it, by its inherent might, have created a Paul? How he shot above James and Peter, and the others, save only John! What if Christ had been born in Kamschatka? we should have heard nothing of him. Why, then, may

there not have been other Christs? I doubt strongly that Paul knew anything of the Christian miracles, or the miraculous birth of Jesus, or his temptation, or prediction of his death. Had he known the facts (?) would he have alluded to them."

It was now clear to many of Parker's intimates that he was on his way to Jerusalem, "to suffer many things of the elders, and chief priests, and scribes." Letters of sympathy, encouragement, and friendly warning were reaching him. The two following replies to his friend Miss E. P. Peabody, will show what he himself felt upon the apprehended danger:—"Touching my becoming a martyr, as you and Miss Burley conjecture, I think I shall have no occasion for the requisite spirit, even if I had that article in as great abundance as John Knox or John Rogers. I have precious little of the spirit of a martyr; but, inasmuch as I fear no persecution, I fancy I can 'say my say,' and go on *smoothly*; but if not, why—well, I can go *roughly*. I trust I have enough of the Spirit always to speak the truth, be the consequence what it may. It seems to me men often trouble themselves about the consequences of an opinion or action much more than is necessary. Having settled the question that an opinion is *true*, and an action perfectly *right*, what have you and I to do with consequences? They belong to God, not to man. He has as little to do with these as with the rising of the sun or the flow of the tide. Doubtless, men said to Galileo, 'Your system may be true; but only think of the consequences to follow! What will you do with them?' The sage probably replied, 'I will let them alone. To do duty and speak truth is my office. God takes care of consequences!'" "I thank you most profoundly for the sound and seasonable advice touching the matter of prudence; but you cannot fancy I have

any *desiré* to set the world on fire by promulgating heresies. I have not the *furor divinus* which impels some of the young men to vent their crude conceptions—to the injury, perhaps, of themselves and the public. Prudence, in the common sense, is a vulgar, sneaking virtue, which bids a man take care of his meaner interests, though at the expense of all that is noble in action, or divine in contemplation. But Christian prudence is a different thing. It is a wise forecasting of results; a foreseeing consequences in their *causes*, and preparing to meet them when they come. I have only one consolation for all evils; and that is an absolute faith that it is all right; that it will one day produce the best possible influences over me, and that then I shall see how foolish I have been to complain. All of us mourn over many failures: favourite schemes are dreamed out, only to fail as soon as we attempt to realise them. By and by the cloud breaks away, and we see it would have been worse had they succeeded. It must be so in all cases. 'May Heaven refuse to grant half of our prayers,' was a wise petition of some old sage. There can be no such thing as absolute evil; and from the standpoint of Omnipotence, when the *whole* appears as it is, there can be no *semblance* of evil. This is all the comfort I have for any sorrow, or for all sorrows; therefore I can say with old Henry Moore:

'Lord, thrust me deeper into dust,  
That thou mayst raise me with the just.'

The fears of his friends were soon realised. That course of petty, bitter persecution which continued so long, and which none regret more than most present-day Unitarian ministers, began to be shown him by the Unitarian clergy of the Boston district. Most of them closed their pulpits against him, and, as American ministers exchange much more frequently

than do English ones, this meant more there than it would here. He had now become a black sheep with "the brethren." "I have solicited an exchange repeatedly with Y—g; could not get it; with B—tt and Dr. P—. To ask either of these men again would be a dereliction from Christian self-respect. So let them pass. I feel no ill-will towards any of them. I will try G—tt soon, for the experiment's sake, and so with others. Their answer decides my course for the future. Let us see! I should laugh outright to catch myself weeping because the Boston clergy would not exchange with me!" But he did weep, notwithstanding. His love of the ministry and his desire for fellowship with those engaged in it, coupled with his immense capacity for sorrow, overbore even his sanguine temperament and stout heart. The man who wrote, "I want someone always in the arms of my heart to caress and comfort: unless I have this, I mourn and weep," could not but feel deeply the pharisaic and unbrotherly conduct of his colleagues in the ministry. And, we doubt not, it was out of the secret agony arising from his confessorship that many of the finest passages of the "Sermons of Religion"—telling of its strength, courage, joy-giving power—had their growth. As Russell Lowell wrote of him—

"Every word that he speaks has been fierily-furnaced

In the blasts of a life that has struggled in earnest."

Here is an account of the kind of conduct he now frequently had shown to him: it is from his journal:—  
*"January 2, 1840.*—Preached the Thursday lecture on Inspiration. After it was over, Dr. — came up to me, while conversing with Dr. Francis and Mr. Cunningham, and said, 'When you write about Ralph Cudworth, I read ye and like ye; but when you talk about future

Christs, I can't bear ye.' There was a great deal more of the same kind. He called me 'impious,' whereat I was so grieved that I left him—not in anger, but in sorrow—and went weeping through the street; but at length bethought me of Ellis, and went to see him, and so dried my tears."

Even at this time he had not completely ceased to believe that Jesus worked miracles. It is true he was finding it difficult to believe some of those recorded of him; but his great concern was with the intolerance which was absurdly making the amount of a man's credence of miracles the measure of his religion.

"1840.—Last week in May attended the annual meetings of the Unitarians. The following proposition was discussed: 'Ought differences of opinion on the value and authority of miracles to exclude men from Christian fellowship and sympathy with one another?' This is the substance: L— says it smacks of the twelfth century to debate such a question. I was not a little horrified to think a doubt could be raised; but men went so far as to ask if it were proper to exchange with one another, if they differed on this question. This is the nineteenth century! This is Boston! This among the Unitarians! Some good speeches were made by Ripley, Stetson, and Hedge, quite to the advantage of the New School, but the fundamental questions were not touched. I wished to disenchant men of their delusions, but could not. I said nothing. However, they all parted in peace, and with this conclusion, that though there were differences of opinion, there was yet no cause for withholding Christian sympathy—a result they might as well have brought with them as gathered from such a discussion. For my own part, I intend, in the coming year, to let out all the force of Transcendentalism that is in me.

Come what will come, I will let off the Truth fast as it comes."

"June.—I look upon my office as giving me an opportunity twice a week of addressing men on their dearest interests. The creed of the Church I have nothing to do with. I wish to make men more moral, and more religious. If they think as I do, very well; if they do not, very well also. The rites of the Church

do not disturb me much. Baptism I like—it means something. The Lord's Supper I don't like as it is now administered. I do not believe in the Old Testament or the New as my Christian fellows do. I know there are not ten churches in New England where I could be admitted, if moral as James and pious as Christ."

The open rupture was now soon to take place.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CONTROVERSY WITH THE AMERICAN UNITARIANS (*continued*).

"Think ye, in these portentous times  
Of wrath, and hate, and wild distraction,  
Christ dwells within a church that rests  
A comfortable, a cold abstraction?  
He stands where earnest minds assert  
God's law against a creed dogmatic,  
And from dead symbols free the truth  
Of which they once were emblematic.  
He cries: 'On, brethren, draw the sword,  
Loose the bold pen, and tongue unfearing,  
The weakness of our human flesh  
Is ransomed by your persevering!'"—*Quoted by PARKER.*

THE event which brought matters to a crisis was a sermon on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," preached by Parker at South Boston, on the occasion of the ordination of Mr. Charles C. Shackford, on the 19th of May, 1841. Taking for his text the words—"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away," he began by saying—"In this sentence we have a very clear indication that Jesus of Nazareth believed the religion he taught would be eternal; that the substance of it would last for ever. Yet there are some who are affrighted by the faintest rustle which a heretic makes among the dry leaves of theology: they tremble lest Christianity itself should perish without hope. Ever and anon the cry is raised, 'the Philistines are upon us, and Christianity is in danger!'" He then proceeded to show how deep a hold the words of Jesus had upon

the affections and minds of Christendom. "Looking at the word of Jesus, at real Christianity, the pure religion he taught, nothing appeared more fixed and certain. But, looking at the history of what men called Christianity, nothing seemed more uncertain and perishable." "Jesus told us *his* word was the word of God, and so should never pass away; but who told us that *our* word should never pass away; that *our notion* of his word should stand for ever?"

The preacher then proceeded in the following vigorous strain—"For centuries, the doctrines of the Christians were no better, to say the least, than those of their contemporary pagans. The theological doctrines derived from our fathers seem to have come from Judaism, heathenism, and the caprice of philosophers, far more than they have come from the principle and sentiments of Christianity. As all religions became superannu-



ated and died out, they left to the rising faith, as to a residuary legatee, their form and their doctrines; or, rather, as the giant in the fable left his poisoned garment to work the overthrow of his conqueror. The stream of Christianity, as men receive it, has caught a stain from every soil it has filtered through; so that now it is not the pure water from the well of life which is offered to our lips, but streams troubled and polluted by man with mire and dirt. On the authority of the written Word, man was taught to believe impossible legends, conflicting assertions; to take fiction for fact, a dream for a miraculous revelation of God, an oriental poem for a grave history of miraculous events, a collection of amatory idyls for a serious discourse touching the mutual love of Christ and the Church! They have been taught to accept a picture sketched by some glowing Eastern imagination, never intended to be taken for a reality, as a proof that the infinite God spoke in human words, appeared in the shape of a cloud, a flaming bush, or a man who ate and drank, and vanished into smoke; that He gave counsel to-day, and the opposite to-morrow; that He violated his own laws; was angry, and was then dissuaded by a mortal man from destroying a whole nation. What was originally a presumption of bigoted Jews became an article of faith which Christians were burned for not believing. Matters have come to such a pass that even now he is deemed an infidel, if not by implication an atheist, whose reverence for the Most High forbids him to believe that God commanded Abraham to sacrifice his son, a thought at which the flesh creeps with horror; to believe it solely on the authority of an Oriental story, written down nobody knows when, or by whom, or for what purpose; which may be a poem, but cannot be the record of a fact, unless God is the author of con-

fusion and a lie. Modern criticism is fast breaking to pieces this idol which men have made out of the Scriptures. Men have been bid to close their eyes at the obvious difference between Luke and John, the serious disagreement between Paul and Peter; to believe, on the smallest evidence, accounts which shock the moral sense and revolt the reason, and tend to place Jesus in the same series with Hercules and Appolonius of Tyana. Men who cry down the absurdities of paganism in the worst spirit of the French 'free-thinkers' call others infidels and atheists who point out, though reverently, other absurdities which men have piled upon Christianity."

Then, after showing that truth could not rest upon any person's authority, not even Christ's, but was its own authority; that much of the Old Testament, and some little of the New, had been given up by many, the preacher went on—"If it could be proved that the Gospels were the fabrication of designing and artful men, that Jesus of Nazareth had never lived, still Christianity would stand firm and fear no evil. Measure Jesus by the world's greatest sons, how poor they are! try him by the best of men, how little and low they appear! Exalt him as much as we may, we shall yet, perhaps, come short of the mark. But, still, was he not our brother? the son of man as we are? the Son of God like ourselves? In an age of corruption, Jesus stood and looked up to God. There was nothing between him and the Father of all. And we never are Christians as he was the Christ until we worship as Jesus did, with no mediator, with nothing between us and the Father of all. Already men of the same sect eye one another with suspicion and lowering brows that indicate a storm, and, like children who have fallen out in their play, call hard names. The question puts itself to each man, 'Will you cling to what is perishing, or



embrace what is eternal?' This question each must answer for himself.

"My friends, if you receive the notions about Christianity which chance to be current in your sect or church, solely because they are current, there will always be enough to commend you for soundness of judgment, prudence, and good sense—enough to call you Christian for that reason. But, if this is all your religion, alas, for you, the ground will shake under your feet if you attempt to walk uprightly and like men. You will be afraid of every new opinion, lest it shake down your church; you will fear 'lest if a fox go up he will break down your stone wall'! If, on the other hand, you take the true Word of God, and live out this, nothing shall harm you. Men may mock; but their mouthfuls of wind shall be blown back upon their own face. And, alas for the man who consents to think one thing in his closet, and preach another in the pulpit! God shall judge him in His mercy, not man in his wrath. But over his study and over his pulpit might be written 'EMPTYNESS'; on his canonical robes, on his forehead, and right hand, 'DECEIT, DECEIT'!"

The foregoing extracts are simply a few specimens culled here and there from the famous South Boston sermon, given to better enable the reader to understand the commotion it subsequently created. For, although the pulpit was filled with ministers, and the audience largely composed of them, Orthodox and Unitarian, there was no immediate protest made. The venerable clergyman who offered the ordaining prayer recognised the heresy, and petitioned that the young incumbent might have a living faith in a Son of God of Divine works and nature; and one person went out during the sermon, but whether to escape heterodoxy or catch the train it is not known. Some of the clergy-

men present even expressed admiration for the discourse, with certain qualifications.

But if little occurred at the time, a great deal occurred soon afterwards. The sermon got talked about; and this led to the preacher being denounced on all hands. The ministers Parker thought most with him were amongst the first to denounce him, now that to be friendly with him was unpopular and unprofitable. "Among wonderful things," say the Arabs, "is a sore-eyed person who is an oculist." This wonder happened in Parker's case. The ministers who had previously most dabbled with heresy were the loudest to complain of Parker's. Commenting on this unlooked-for desertion, he wrote to Dr. Francis, "I never cared much for the sympathy of other men, and never less than now; but once in a great while I feel it is not altogether pleasant to stand alone, to be viewed with suspicion and hatred. Blessed are the men who can take things as they find them, and believe as the mob believes, and sail in the wake of public opinion. I remember you told me a year ago, he that defies public opinion is like the man who spits in the wind; he spits in his own face. It is so. But what then? Let it be so. Better men have found less sympathy than I. I do not care a rush for what men who differ from me do say; but it has grieved me a little, I confess it, to see men who think *as I do* of the historical and mythical matter connected with Christianity, and who yet take the stand some of them take. It is like opening a drawer, when you expect to find money, and discovering that the gold is gone and only the copper is left. This has been my fate very often. I put my finger on a *minister*, and 'he ain't there.'"<sup>1</sup> This arose because of the Trinitarian ministers present at the ordination joining in a public protest, and a demand

being made that the Unitarians should either accept Parker's position or disown him. The Unitarian ministers preferred the latter alternative. As Parker himself records—"Unbeliever," "Infidel," "Atheist," were the titles bestowed on me by my brothers in the Christian ministry; a venerable minister, who heard the report in an adjoining county, printed his letter in one of the most widely circulated journals of New England, calling on the Attorney-General to prosecute, the grand jury to indict, and the judge to sentence me to three years' confinement in the State prison for blasphemy! Most of my clerical friends fell off—some would not speak to me in the street, and refused to take me by the hand; in their public meetings they left the sofas or benches when I sat down, and withdrew from me as Jews from contact with a leper. In a few months most of my former ministerial coadjutors forsook me, and there were only six who would allow me to enter their pulpits. But yet one Unitarian minister, Rev. John L. Russell, though a stranger till then, presently after came and offered me his help in my time of need! The controlling men of the denomination determined, 'This young man must be silenced!'"

Parker printed the sermon, but no bookseller in Boston would put his name on the title-page. The Unitarian ministers had been at work against him, even with the publishers. It, in consequence, had to go forth under the auspices of the Swedenborgian firm who had printed it. It sold rapidly, and the outcry against it and its author was immense and almost national. Daily, weekly, and religious newspapers rang with animadversions against its wickedness. Even the most liberal papers were made into channels of bitterness. The words "infidel," "scorner," "blasphemer," became three new pronouns wherewith to refer to Parker.

He was classed as another Voltaire, or fresh Thomas Paine. His piety, professions of faith, learning, genius, were denied or ridiculed. Even the most friendly of those who wrote in the newspapers had little more to offer on his behalf than excuses. "The Unitarian periodicals," he himself records, "were shut against me and my friends—the public must not read what I wrote. Attempts were secretly made to alienate my little congregation, and expel me from my obscure station at West Roxbury. But I had not gone to war without counting the cost. I well knew beforehand what awaited me, and had determined to fight the battle through, and never thought of yielding or being silenced. I told my opponents the only man who could 'put me down' was myself, and I trusted I should do nothing to bring about that result. If thrust out of my own pulpit, I made up my mind to lecture from city to city, from town to town, from village to village, nay, if need were, from house to house; well assured that I should not thus go over the hamlets of New England till something was come. But the little society came generously to my support and defence, giving me the heartiest sympathy, and offered me all the indulgence in their power. Some ministers and generous-minded laymen stood up on my side, and preached or wrote in defence of free thought and free speech, even in the pulpit. Friendly persons, both men and women, wrote me letters to cheer and encourage, also to warn—this against fear, that against excess and violence; some of them never gave me their names, and I only have this late opportunity to thank them for their anonymous kindness. Of course scurrilous and abusive letters did not fail to appear."

It was more especially in the matter of pulpit exchanges that Parker was made aware of his repudiation by

"the brethren." Even those who had previously arranged for him to occupy their pulpits found all kinds of lame excuses for not allowing him to do so. In two months after the delivery of the South Boston sermon he only knew of twelve ministers in the States that would allow him to preach for them, and many of these afterwards "began to make excuse." This came from the strong pressure which was brought to bear upon them—the kind which had been tried to prevent him getting his sermon published, and to turn him out of his little West Roxbury church. The strong and true resisted it, but the weaklings allowed it to prevail over them. "Does he, or would he, exchange with Mr. Parker," became the test of Unitarian orthodoxy, and there was small chance for the candidate for a pulpit who replied in the affirmative. Others were dreading Parker asking them, for they felt it was contemptible to refuse, and yet they dared not comply. This was the case where Parker's face was known, but where it was not—in distant and secluded places—the people were sometimes treated with eloquent discourses from a stranger, and never dreamed they were listening to the arch-heretic from West Roxbury. Indeed, one time, subsequently, when he had been preaching at the Rev. J. F. Clarke's church, a very "orthodox" lady who did not know him was heard in the vestibule to "wish that infidel, Theodore Parker, could only have heard that sermon"! The kind of fencing that was shown will be best illustrated by one or two actual occurrences. "Will your husband exchange with me next Sunday?" Parker asked one day of the wife of one of his oldest ministerial friends. The transparent excuse came in reply, "I know he would with pleasure, but am quite confident that he has already made an engagement." In another case a minister of unusual

popularity and courage replied with the question. "Ought I to exchange with you?" "You know best," answered Parker. "But some of my people will be offended if I do." "Very well," said Parker, "let it go then, I don't press the matter." "But what would you do in my case?" "I should think freedom of thought and speech worth defending at all risks, and should make a matter of duty of the business; or, if I thought it of no value, I should say so." The brother "let I dare not wait upon I would," and no exchange occurred. The Unitarian ministers took shelter under the miserable plea that, however glorious and invaluable freedom of thought and speech might be, the pulpit was not the place to vindicate it. When Parker's intimate friend, Dr. Francis, was deliberating whether or not to accept the theological professorship at Cambridge, the authorities there advised him "under the circumstances" to break an engagement he had made with Parker to have him preach at Watertown. How nobly he overlooked this conduct on the part of one who had otherwise been so good a friend to him the following letter will show: "Don't you know that the charge brought against you by certain of the 'brethren' is, not that you have done, written, or said, or thought anything specially naughty, but that you are *notoriously the companion of suspected and abandoned persons?* It is so. Now I will speak plainly. I do not wish to stand in your way; I will not, knowingly, bring on you the censure (or suspicion) of your brethren. Therefore, after you go to Cambridge, I don't see how I can visit you as heretofore. Certainly Mr. —, and Br. —, will say, 'It won't do; Francis holds intercourse with Parker! we be all dead men.' Now I hope you will consider these things. I might, like Nicodemus, come by night, privately,

but it is not my way. I hope neither you nor Mrs. F. will suspect anything unkind in this, for I only write sincerely."

But conscience will assert itself, and before long one of the Boston Unitarian ministers determined he would obey it rather than the popular clamour. This was a man who most heartily disagreed with Parker's theological opinions, who had in print termed them "shallow naturalism," "ignorant and presumptuous," and their author "the expounder of negative Transcendentalism," in contrast with Emerson, who was the representative of the positive side of the new system. He, in the height of the controversy, announced to his congregation that he was going to exchange with Parker, for he thought difference of opinion ought not to prevent ministerial fellowship; that "the liberty of prophesying" was too precious to be sacrificed to points of criticism; and that, notwithstanding all that had occurred, Parker was a Christian man and a devout minister. Of course the announcement and the occurrence caused a great stir, but the minister's noble straightforwardness elevated him in men's estimation rather than the contrary.

There were not wanting the usual "private and confidential" letters to Parker, agreeing with his views, but suggesting more caution. To one such he replied:—"What you say about touching men's prejudices more gently is true and just. I can only say that while I feel great tenderness towards the preconceived notions of *individuals*, when I am to speak of a mass of doctrines that come between man and God, I think the blow must be strong enough to cut clean through, and let the light stream through the rent. Besides, the sentiments in the South Boston sermon had so long been familiar to me; I had preached them so often with no rebuke, that I was not aware of saying anything that

was severe. I thought the sermon would be reckoned tame and spiritless, for it so poorly and coldly expressed what burned in my heart like a volcano." A brother-in-law of his even went so far as to question the sincerity of his motives in preaching the obnoxious sermon. Parker puts him right on that score:—"You seem to think it *possible* that my *motives* were not good in writing and preaching the sermon which men make such a noise about. Now, I never in my life wrote a sermon with a deeper conviction of its truth, or of the good it would do in the world. I wrote what I felt to the ends of my fingers. If you can find anything bad, pernicious, or likely to injure morality and religion, I am very sorry; but I am certain it contains nothing of that character. The noise which men make, the bad names they call me, the threats they utter, move me as little as they move Monadnock. Do you think I could have any but the *best of motives* for this work? What could I gain but a bad reputation? Nothing else. No: I felt the difficulties of the common opinions. I wished to show that religion was independent of the foolish doctrines men have piled upon it. I wanted to break the yoke of bondage bound on men's necks, and have done what I could to make men better here and hereafter. The opinions in the discourse are nothing new to me; not the random thoughts of a young man, but the sober, deliberate convictions, the result of thought and study. The end will be good, no doubt of that; but the end *is not yet*." Thus it went on. From foe and friend, from stranger and relative, in public and private, he was subject to trials of mind and temper which it is the lot of few men to have to undergo. That he bore it all in the way he did says more for the genuineness of his religion than anything else we could adduce.

"Give me the avowed, the erect, the open foe;  
Him I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;  
But, of all friends that heaven in wrath can send,  
Save me, oh, save me, from a candid friend."

But sympathisers—men and women who felt that he was unfairly treated—increased and multiplied. A number of gentlemen in Boston wrote him, asking him to give a series of Lectures in that city on the subjects at issue between himself and his detractors. He replied that it was with great reluctance that he had concluded it wisest and best to decline the invitation so generously given him. But he distrusted his own ability to effect the object they contemplated. "The subjects you suggest offer a noble and beautiful theme, and would to heaven I were able to discuss them as I feel they now require to be treated." Further persistence, however, at length broke down his first reluctance. He undertook to deliver a course of lectures in Boston, in the Masonic Hall, during the winter of 1841-42. The hall was crowded with earnest thinking men and women from all around, including students from Cambridge Divinity School, who were sent back through the darkness after the lectures with hearts on fire.

The Lecturer himself thus describes the delivery of the lectures and their subsequent publication: "Five or six men in Boston thought this treatment was not quite fair; they wished to judge neither a man nor his doctrines unheard, but to know at length what I had to say; so they asked me to deliver a course of five lectures in your city, on religious matters. I consented, and in the autumn of 1841 delivered five lectures on 'Matters pertaining to Religion;' they were reported in some of the newspapers, most ably and fully in the *New York Tribune*, not then the famous and powerful sheet it has since become.

I delivered the lectures several times that winter in New England towns, and published them in a volume the next spring. I thought no bookseller would put his name to the title-page; but when the work was ready for the public eye, my friend, the late Mr. James Brown, perhaps the most eminent man in the American book trade, volunteered to take charge of it, and the book appeared with the advantage of issuing from one of the most respectable publishing-houses in the United States. Years afterwards he told me that two 'rich and highly respectable gentlemen of Boston' begged him to have nothing to do with it; 'we wish,' said they, 'to render it impossible for him to publish his work'! But the bookseller wanted fair-play."

The volume Parker thus first published is the well-known "Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion." It is the book which caused so much agitation among the Unitarian Churches of Ireland in 1875, and which ultimately led the party of tradition to form a new society for the promotion of "Christian Unitarianism." It is also the book which caused a crisis within the British and Foreign Unitarian Association in 1876, when an attempt was made to prevent its publication, in the same manner as works of Channing, Priestley, and others, had been, by the Association, and which led to a compromise, under which it was decided to issue Parker's "Ten Sermons of Religion and Prayers," and aid in the dissemination of the cheap edition of "The Discourse" of another publisher. It is not necessary that we should stay to characterise this wonderful book, for thanks, most of all, to Messrs. Ogden and Co., it can now be purchased for the low sum of eighteen-pence. It is, perhaps, the greatest work ever published on the subject of religion, and is as wonderful a production on that subject as Buckle's complete work



would have been on the subject of Civilization. It will surprise us if this book does not become one of the great text-books of the religion of the future. It has already passed through five or six editions, and it has been of untold value in saving the spiritual lives of hundreds when all else had failed. Almost every Unitarian minister knows of such cases, and many afford them in themselves.

Mr. Frothingham gives a case in point: "A Western judge put it one Sunday in the hands of an idle, thoughtless youth, who was looking about for a pleasant Sunday time-killer. He took it reluctantly—never, he said, having been able to read a religious book in his life—and went with it to his room. By evening he had read it half through, and wished to keep it longer. A religious book like that he had never seen. If that was religion, he liked it. Some days after, the young man came to the judge, and said, 'Will you sell me that book? I want to own it.' 'No,' said the judge; 'I won't sell it to you, but I will give it to you.' And the youth went off with the book, grateful. Years went by. The young man became prominent as a politician. A benevolent institution of the State needed patronage, which his friends were indisposed to give; he stood up, and said, 'You ought to give it. The institution is worthy of all assistance. I have been there, and examined it; and, if there are any Christian people in the world, the managers of that institution are Christians.' Through his influence the aid was obtained. About the same time, his old friend the judge met him and asked how he got on with his religious studies. 'Oh, bravely! I have that book now: it has been lent ever so many times, and read till it was read almost to pieces. I have had it strongly bound in leather to preserve it.'"

Parker prepared that book with great labour, and with what depth of

responsibility may be judged from the following entry in his diary:—"To-day I received the last proof-sheet of my "Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion." It fills me with sadness to end what has been so dear to me. Well: the result lies with God. May it do a good work? I fear not, but hope there may be a *noise* about it; it will not surprise me. But I think it will do a good work for the world. God bless the good in it, and destroy the bad. This is my prayer."

When the book appeared there *was* a noise about it. Most of the periodicals and newspapers reviewed it adversely, many most unfairly. The state of things may be imagined from the fact that Parker expresses gratitude for a review which appeared in the most important orthodox Quarterly in America, because the reviewer, while strongly opposing both author and work, did injustice to neither. Again he had a shoal of letters from "friends," complaining of his "sarcasm," and his "sneering" at those who stood by traditional Christianity. To one he had occasion thus to write:—"I never *mocked* at anything. I am not aware of uttering contumely and reproach. I pray thee, where or when? I have spoken strongly, and I have strongly felt. I feel willing to stand up before men or God, and declare that I am not conscious of having written one line with any unchristian feeling. I knew I should be misunderstood, misrepresented, and abused. Once I said, 'We whine and whimper in our brother's name,' &c.; for that I have been called mocker, yet I wrote that sentence in tears of anguish, in great burnings of heart. I say to you, what I never said before—not even to my wife—that after writing some of those sentences for which I am most commonly abused, I have been obliged to pause, then throw myself on a couch and get relief in tears. I don't know why I tell *you* this, for I do not like to



talk of myself. So I beg you never to repeat or show it to anyone. But it is in such mood that I have written such passages as some men read in coldness or in passion, and then call me an infidel, a heartless man, for writing! He that reads my books twenty years hence—if I am not quite forgotten before that time—will not find in them the abuse, the sarcasm, the contumely, and all that, which so grieves you. At Salem they said I painted the Salem ministers, at Marblehead, the clergy of the place, and at Boston it was ‘the brethren’ I ‘abused,’ and on whom I ‘poured scorn and contempt.’ I think some of the brethren ought to fall down on their knees and thank me for my forbearance, that I have not told what I most assuredly have known and still remember.”

The winter of 1842-3 he delivered in Boston a course of “Six Plain Sermons for the Times,” prepared at the invitation of friends who desired to hear him again. He repeated them in seven of the adjacent towns. “Everywhere,” he wrote, “I have found a much better reception than I had reason to anticipate. It has been to me a season of no little trial. I have no doubt good will come out of the great evils of the present day.”

The following letter will show what he felt respecting his circumstances and prospects at this time; “The experience of the last twelve months shows me what I am to expect for the next twelve years. I have no fellowship from the other clergy. No one that helped in my ordination will now exchange ministerial courtesies with me; only one or two of the Boston Association, and perhaps one or two out of it, will have any ministerial intercourse with me. ‘They that are younger than I have me in derision;’ they turn the cold shoulder. Well—*Quorsum hæc spectant?* If I stay at West Roxbury,

I must write one hundred and four sermons a year for about one hundred and four people. This will consume most of my energies, and I shall be in substance *put down*—a bull whose roaring can’t be stopped, but who is tied up in the corner of the barn-cellar so that *nobody hears him*; and it is the same as if he did not roar, or as if he were muzzled. *Now this I will not do.* I should not answer the purposes of life, but only execute the plans of my enemies—of the enemies of freedom of mankind. I must confess that I am disappointed in the ministers—the Unitarian ministers. I once thought them noble; that they would be true to an ideal principle of right. I find no body of men was ever so completely sold to the sense of expediency. Stuff them with good dinners, and freedom, theology, religion, may go to the devil for all them. I believe the abolitionists and temperance men are half right when they say ‘the Church is a humbug;’ and the *other half* of the right is, the ministers are ditto. Now, freedom of thought and speech are either worth preserving, or they are not worth preserving. If the ministers think the second (as their life shows they do), let them say it plainly and manfully, that the public may no longer look to those clouds without rain: if they think the first, then something must be done. Now, I am not going to sit down tamely and be driven out of my position by the opposition of some, and the neglect of others, whose conduct shows that they have no love of freedom, except for themselves,—to sail with the popular wind and tide. Now, this I shall do when obliged to desert the pulpit; because a free voice and a free heart cannot be in ‘that bad eminence.’ I mean to live at Spring Street, perhaps with Ripley. I will study seven or eight months of the year, and four or five months I will go about and preach

and lecture in city and glen, by the roadside and fieldside, and wherever men and women can be found. I will go eastward and westward, and southward and northward, and make the land *ring*: and if this New England theology, that cramps the intellect and palsies the soul of us, does not come to the ground, then it shall be because it has more truth in it than I have ever found. I am perfectly free of two things—fear and ambition. What I have seen to be false, I will proclaim a lie on the housetop; and, just as God reveals truth, I will declare His word, come what may come. It grieves me to the very soul of my heart's life to think of leaving the ministry (which I *love* as few *ministers* love it) and this little parish. But, if duty commands, who am I, to resist?"

The horror with which he had come to be regarded by "the unco' gude," and the frequency with which his name was coupled with that of Thomas Paine, emboldened the Boston Atheists and Secularists to invite him to a dinner arranged for January 30, 1843, in celebration of Paine's birthday. The reply he returned showed that, notwithstanding all the charges which had been brought, there was little sympathy in him for the theological side of Paine's character. "With the views," he wrote, "I entertain of Mr. Paine's character in his later years, I could not, consistently with my own sense of duty, join with you in celebrating his birthday. I feel grateful, truly so, for the service rendered by his *political* writings, and his practical efforts in the cause of freedom; though with what I understand to be the spirit of his writings on theology and religion I have not the smallest sympathy."

The unfriendly attitude of the Unitarian ministers continued to be the chief trouble which afflicted him. At the meetings of the Boston Ministerial Association—of which he was a member—his case was frequently the

subject of conference. No member had courage to move that he should be expelled, but one brother went as near this as he dare, by proposing that if any member held views distasteful to the majority he should withdraw. But Parker felt he had done nothing deserving expulsion, and refused to make an admission of being in fault by withdrawing. One, in order to get rid of him, proposed that the Association should be broken up and reformed. Another wittily made a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Association's intolerance by declaring that if a minister had a comical squint, that was quite sufficient reason for members refusing fellowship with him! To the honour of two or three of the members let it be recorded that they stood nobly by him. They saw in Parker a noble, sincere, God-fearing man, and they never failed to declare that they did so.

The most notable ministerial incident of all was the "trial" the Association put Parker through on the 23rd of January, 1843. He himself made a very full account of all that took place, and ironically prefixed thereto that it was "to be printed in 1899, as a memorial of the nineteenth century." That account we insert here, excising only such parts thereof as are not likely to interest the general reader. The Hollis Street matter, so frequently referred to, arose out of an attempt of certain rich rum-sellers, members of the Hollis Street Church, to turn the minister, the Rev. John Pierpont, out of its pulpit because he was an advocate of temperance!

"*Jan. 23rd, 1843.*—I attended a meeting of the Association by particular request. After tea—called the meeting to order, and with a considerable degree of embarrassment, stated the business of the meeting,—followed him, and also stated the occasion, the circumstances that gave rise to the meeting, viz., that the Association felt a delicacy in discuss-

ing me and mine in my absence. He said, however, he and the Association had felt a difficulty in asking me to come; for, first, it was my place without invitation, and, second, the invitation might look like a summons. These preliminaries settled, the chairman, Dr. Walker, opened the business by going *in medias res*, stating, however, beforehand that, first, I was not to catechise them; nor, second, were they to catechise me. Then he said that he could have no ministerial intercourse with me—though still he hoped to have a friendly and social intercourse. The reason was the character of the book I had written. That he charged me with two offences: 1. It was vehemently deistical, using the word in the worst sense; and, 2. It was not only not Christian, but subversive of Christianity as a particular religion, for it aimed to dissolve Christianity in the great ocean of absolute truth. Then — took up the word, and spoke of ministerial exchanges again, and said also that the book was not the only offence, but the article on the Hollis Street Council was also bad, for it reflected on the members of the Association. He confirmed what — had said relative to the book, but added that the doctrines of the book were not a matter of discussion, and that it had been so agreed at a former meeting.

“Then I stated that it seemed there were two sets of offences I was charged withal, to wit, (1) in the book, and (2) in the article on the Hollis Street Council. To each I would say a word, but, first of all, on the matter of ministerial fellowship. I begged them to consider that I had never complained on that account; never felt an ill-natured emotion, nor uttered an ill-natured word respecting them, or any of them, on that ground. I would, however, tell the result of their refusing fellowship, viz.: soon after the South Boston sermon men refused to exchange with me; the

result was this—some members of churches in the city asked me to come and deliver five lectures on five subjects. I went, delivered the lectures in Boston, and five other places, before some thousands of people, and printed them in a book. In 1842 some young men repeated the same arguments, and called me to come and preach, continually, old sermons every Sunday evening. I thought it better to preach six sermons such as were needed for the times. I did so in Boston; they saw the result. Others in other places made the same request. I went there also. That was the effect on the public of their treatment of me—on myself it had no effect. I spoke of the article on the Hollis Street Council, and said that it was no wonder different men took different views of that affair. I could not expect them to take the same views as myself. I turned to the book, and proceeded to the first charge, that it was ‘deistical,’ and said that I knew but little of the Deists, but so far as I knew anything, there were four classes of them, which were named by Dr. Sam. Clarke in a book familiar to all of them; but all Deists denied the possibility of direct inspiration from God. Therefore, as inspiration was a cardinal point in my system, and I maintained that all men were inspired just in proportion to their quantity of being and their quantity of obedience, I did not come under the caption; or, if I am a Deist, I must be put in a class by myself alone—and then it was arbitrary to call me by a name that did not describe my belief. Then I proceeded to the second charge, that the book was subversive of Christianity, and said that, though an author’s opinion of his own work was of no value to others, yet I sincerely thought it was a most Christian book. Christianity was one of three things: either (1) less than absolute religion, or (2) equal to absolute religion, or (3) abso-

lute religion, and something more. No one, I would assume for argument's sake, would admit the first proposition. I affirmed the second, they the third. Therefore, if they would point out the precise quiddity that made absolute religion Christianity, they would do a great service. I ended by asking the Chairman to tell just what it was in which Christianity differed from absolute religion. He replied, 'But I will remind Mr. Parker that he is not to catechise me.'

"Then — took up the article on the Hollis Street Council. — said that in that article I held up the Council to the scorn and derision of mankind, representing them as a set of hypocrites and double-dealing knaves; that I called the 'result in council' a 'Jesuitical document,' and as he was one of the Council, and one that drew up the 'result,' he contended that I had traduced him, representing him as a double-dealing and base man; that I had undertaken to weaken his influence and ruin his character with the world and his own congregation, and, so far as my influence went, that I had done so. This kind of charge he continued at length in language and manner which are peculiar to him.

"I then replied that I was not answerable for the inference which other men drew, only for the fact of what I had written. One man said I slandered the brethren in the sermon on 'Pharisees;' another in the conclusion of the South Boston sermon; and — that I held him up to scorn in the article on the Hollis Street Council. I was not accountable for their inferences: the facts spoke—the sermon was written December, 1840, a whole year before any trouble began. The 'Pharisees' spoke of six classes of Pharisees; nobody complained but the ministers. I should be ashamed to say that I meant no personalities in either the 'Pharisees'

or the South Boston sermon, but, if need were, I would condescend to say that I meant no particular and definite persons or body of men in either case, but aimed to expose sin and Pharisaism wherever they were—if in the Association, then there—but had no individuals before my mind. The letter on the Hollis Street Council stood on different ground, and there it was plain who was meant. I had nothing to alter or add to that. Then someone said, 'You quoted the words of somebody—"Expect no justice of the Council," as if you endorsed them.' I told them I did not endorse them; since, as the words of a great and wise man, they required no endorsement of mine. 'But you applied them as if you expected no justice.' I did so then, and do now. I expected no justice from the Council at the time. When I wrote, I thought the 'result,' &c., a most Jesuitical document; I think so still. I then added that I didn't wish to write the article; asked others to do so; they refused. I consulted several persons, telling them the view I should express (three of them were present—but I did not say so). They said, 'Go on.' I wrote carefully, deliberately, conscientiously. I told one clergyman, who had no affinity with me—a man older than most of them, distinguished for good sense and piety—what I had said, before I published; he said, 'You are right; say it in God's name.' I read it to another, who had little theological affinity with me; he said, 'Well, it ain't much after all for you to write, and I have but this criticism to make—that you have been too severe on Mr. Pierpont, and not half severe enough on the Council.' Then said —, 'Well, Mr. P. can't disown what he said; if he is conscientious, as no doubt he is, we can't ask him to do so. I will say that I freely and from my heart forgive him, as I hope God Almighty will forgive me; but I can never grasp

him by the hand again cordially. Let us leave this subject and proceed to the book.' He then said that, as I asked what was to be added to absolute religion and morality to make them Christianity, he would add, the miracles, the authority of Christ, which I did not acknowledge. To this I replied that I made Christianity to be love to man and God; and, admitting miracles were performed (for argument's sake), I did not see how they affected the case—making that true and a duty which was not so before, or of authorizing what was in fact true and a duty. But further than that, I did not believe the fact of his working miracles as a general thing. I was by no means certain that the four Gospels came from the men to whom they are ascribed; and, if they did, I could not take their word in the circumstances of the case. I had no philosophical objection to a miracle—in my definition of it—but only demanded more evidence than for a common event. Then someone said that was enough; it was plain I was no Christian, for Christianity was a supernatural and a miraculous revelation. To which I said that it might be, but it had not been shown to be such. Nobody accused me of preaching less than absolute morality and religion. If they could exist without Christianity, what was the use of Christianity?

"Then someone said, 'It is plain we can't have ministerial intercourse with Mr. Parker: he denies the miracles.' Then I said that I didn't think it depended on that, it was only a theological matter at best. The difference began before the article on the Hollis Street Council, before the 'Discourse of Religion'—the theological lines were drawn immediately after the South Boston sermon. I had a collection of curious letters on that theme, which I might publish one day. I was at first surprised at the effect that sermon had on the

Unitarian ministers. I thought the sermon a poor one—I was sick when I wrote it—read it to a friend before preaching, who said it was the weakest thing I had written for a long time. I looked round to see who would stand by me in the pulpit, and I had not been disappointed in general. But in two persons I had been disappointed—grievously disappointed. Then said Chandler Robbins, 'Since Mr. Parker finds the feeling in respect to him is so general, I think it is his duty to withdraw from the Association.' Others spoke to the same purpose—I hurt their usefulness, compromised their position, &c. I told them that if my personal feelings alone were concerned I would gladly do so, but as the right of free inquiry was concerned, while the world standeth I will never do so. The matter was then discussed at length. The Chairman said if it were a meeting of free inquirers he should very soon withdraw. I showed that theological ageement in all things was not necessary to our union, and quoted the case of Dr. Freeman, for many years a member of the Association, who never exchanged with him. To this the Chairman replied the case was not in point, for many others of the Association were not Unitarians. 'Indeed,' said I, 'did they say so?' 'But the difference,' said the Chairman, 'between Trinitarians and Unitarians is a difference in Christianity; the difference between Mr. Parker and the Association is a difference between no Christianity and Christianity.' 'But that is the very point in question. What is Christianity? and what is it that puts Mr. Parker outside of it?' Then — said they did not deny that I was a Christian man, but only that the book was a Christian book. 'But the man belongs to the Association, and not the book; and besides, what is it that makes the book unchristian?' Then it was argued that I should not



now be admitted to the Association, when my opinions were known; and therefore that I either had changed my opinions since I came, or came with opinions not known to the Association: in either case that I ought to withdraw. I replied that I was not examined as to my opinions on admission, and was not asked to promise never to change. If I did them an injury they had the remedy in their hands, and could pass a vote of expulsion at any time; but it was a new thing that the shibboleth of Christianity among the Unitarians was miracles. A few years ago it was said in the Association that formerly Christianity was thought to rest on two great pillars,—Jachin and Boaz—prophecy and miracles. Dr. Noyes knocked down Jachin, and George Ripley, Boaz, yet Christianity stood. If I remember right it was the Chairman who said so. ‘True,’ said the Doctor, ‘I do remember something about Jachin and Boaz; but I did not say that I was one of them who said Christianity did not rest on the two; still less did I say that George Ripley had knocked the miracles down.’

“So they talked much more to the same effect. At last, a little before nine, Bartol spoke in praise of my sincerity, which some had called in question—spoke many words of moral approbation; so likewise did Gannett, at length, and with his usual earnestness. Then Chandler Robbins opened his mouth to the same purpose. I burst into tears, shook hands with Waterston, and left the room. Going below, in the entry I met the Chairman, who had gone out a little before. He shook hands with me with apparent cordiality—hoped I would come and see him, &c. So the matter ended.”

Two days after the meeting, Parker received a most kind and appreciative letter from the Rev. Chandler Robbins, in which he took up the matters

in dispute, and said:—“I do not believe that you have said aught in malice against your professional brethren; and when I hear any of these attempting to make out a case against you on such grounds, I have not the least sympathy with them.” To this kindly advance, Parker replied:—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you truly for your kind note of Thursday last; thank you for your sympathy; thank you, too, for the caution you give me. I can live with no sympathy but that of the Infinite, and His still small voice saying, ‘Well done!’ but when sympathy—human sympathy—comes, it is truly welcome. You mistake a little the cause of my tears the other night. It was not a hard thing said by yourself or others. All might have said such as long as they liked; I would not have winked at that. It was the kind things said by Bartol and Gannett, and what I knew by your face you were about to say; it was this that made me weep. I could meet argument with argument (in a place where it is in order to discuss ‘the subjects’ of a theological book which is talked of), blow with blow, ill-nature with good-nature, all night long; but the moment a man takes my part, and says a word of sympathy, that moment I should become a woman and no man. If Pierpont had been present, I should have asked him, at the beginning, to say no word in defence of me, but as many of offence as he liked. I felt afraid, at first, that a kind thing might be said earlier in the evening, and am grateful to the ‘brethren’ that they said none such till late.

“But to leave this painful theme. I knew always the risks that I ran in saying what was hostile to the popular theology. I have not forgotten George Fox, nor Priestley; no, nor yet Abelard nor St. Paul. Don’t think I compare myself with these noble men, except in this, that each



of them was called on to stand alone, and so am I. I know what Paul meant when he said, 'At my first answer no man stood with me;' but I know also what is meant when a greater than Paul said, 'Yet I am not alone; for the Father is with me.'

"If my life ends to-morrow, I can say,—

'I have the richest, best of consolations,  
The thought that I have given,  
To serve the cause of Heaven,  
The freshness of my early inspirations.'

I care not what the result is to me personally. I am equal to either fate, and ask only a chance to do my duty. No doubt my life is to be outwardly a life of gloom and separation from old associates (I will not say friends). I know men will view me with suspicion, and ministers with hatred; that is not my concern. Inwardly my life is, and must be, one of profound peace—of satisfaction and comfort that all the words of mine are powerless to present. There is no mortal trouble that disturbs me more than a moment—no disappointment that makes me gloomy, or sad, or distrustful. All outward evil falls off me as snow from my cloak. I never thought of being so happy in this life as I have been these two years. The destructive part of the work I feel called on to do is painful, but is slight compared with the main work of building up. Don't think I am flattered, as some say, by seeing many come to listen. Nothing makes a real man so humble as to stand and speak to many men. The thought that I am doing what I know to be my duty is rich reward to me; I know of none so great. Besides that, however, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have awakened the spirit of religion, of faith in God, in some twenty or twenty-five men who before that had no faith, no hope, no religion. This alone, and the expression of

their gratitude (made by word of mouth, or made by letters, or by a friend), would compensate me for all that all the ministers in all the world could say against me or do against me. But why do I speak of this? Only to show you that I am not likely to be cast down. Some of my relations, 200 or 300 years ago, lost their heads for their religion. I am called to no such trial, and can well bear my lighter cross.

"Perhaps I ought to say that, if the Association think I compromise them, and injure them and hurt their usefulness, they have the remedy in their own hands, and in one minute can vote me out of their ranks. At that I will never complain; but so long as the world standeth I will not withdraw voluntarily while I consider rights of conscience at issue. I think, too, that, when I shall have more leisure (as I shall in a few weeks), I shall attend the meetings more frequently than heretofore. To withdraw voluntarily would be to abandon what I think a post of duty."

The cross laid upon Parker was an exceedingly hard one to bear. He could easily have found bravery enough, had it not been that he had so much tenderness and so great a capacity for suffering; he could stand for God and righteousness even in a minority of one, but to a nature so needing receptacles for its love, this loneliness of goodness cost him dear. He would have been more than human to have had his former intimates desert him, receive "impudent letters" from them, have them call upon him and cause him to have to speak of their visits as "the most painful I ever received from any man," to find "Job's comforters" even in those who most loudly pretended to be his lovers and admirers, and not to have felt it deeply. Everybody feels competent to give good advice to a tried neighbour, and capable of forgiving *his* enemies; and

it is wonderful what an excess of charity flowed into the breasts of Parker's friends at the time of this conflict. Deeply enough was he tried by the treatment of his opponents, but hardly more so than by the conduct which would have justified him in saying what he kept grace sufficient never to say:—"Save me from my friends." That he was able to go on writing to each and all of them with so much patience and forbearance shows the high advance in the religious life he must have attained. "I have done nothing for a month," he writes, in the midst of his trials; "been stupid beyond measure; was never in such a state before. Never knew till now the sadness of that perpetual disappointment of hoping, hoping, hoping, and finding nothing come of that hope. But I submit. I think I should complete the drama of my life well by dying next autumn. External sadness is in store for me, no doubt; but the light is all bright and beautiful within. I feel somewhat as Luther in the sad period of his life. Few would mourn at my departure. Some few souls who know me as I am would find a few tears in their eye, but wipe them soon (such is the nature of man); others, who have heard my word with joy, would look for another; but the many to whom my name has come would rejoice at my fall, that the churches might have rest for a season. Why am I spared? I know not. Not for what I enjoy. I asked but little from Heaven: that little I have not. I am disappointed, but not soured; still cheerful. My smiles are few, but heartfelt. Let me but finish the work now in my hand, that my past life may have its fruit on earth, I will embrace death. I know not wherefore I am spared. There are some living that I cling to as to angels: these it were sad to leave."

The reader has previously been told how deeply the death of Dr.

Channing was felt by Parker: it occurred amidst the troubles of this time. To a friend he wrote of it:—"I feel that I have lost one of the most valuable friends I have ever had. I have known him well, and have been blessed by his counsels and liberal sympathy. His mind was wide, and his heart was wider yet. I know not what we shall do without him. But there are good men still left; though never, it seems to me, could he be so ill spared. Well, he has done a good work. I am glad that he has lived thus long, and glad that he has come to his reward." On the day of the funeral the journal receives the following entry:—"To-day was the funeral of Dr. Channing. There was a strange combination of men to perform the services of the burial—two of them bitter enemies, two of them differing heaven-wide from the Doctor. It made me feel disagreeably to see them in that pulpit to speak of Dr. Channing—men whom I have heard mock at and deride that excellent man. But strange things meet in this world."

He continued to fall back on his old consolers—God and work. He had nature, full of God, new to him each year; his studies; the prospect of usefulness; endeavours to promote the public virtue. We have spoken of the great labour he bestowed upon his lectures, and the grand book he made from them. The toil on DeWette's "Introduction to the Books of the Old Testament"—began when he was a candidate at Barnstable—was not ended till the summer of 1843, when, after the immense labour, and the sacrifice of more time and money than he could afford, it was published. However willing he may have been to die in his times of deep dejection, the teeming literary projects which filled his mind, and the plans of future work which fill the pages of his journal, show that in his times of better hope he had anything but a

desire to close his industrious career. Primitive Christianity, church history, development of doctrine, the dynasties of Egypt, Persian, Semitic, and Christian mythology, philosophy as developed in Bacon, Leibnitz, and Plato, formed the severer studies of those trial days. For relief he sought through the pages of the Grecian poets—Tyrtaeus, Anacreon, Sappho, Orpheus, and Pindar. In hours of devotional mood, La Motte, Fénelon, Madame Guyon, and John Woolman, the Quaker, were the writers in whose piety his troubled soul found help and solace. His engaging in translating mystic German hymns shows his soul's longing to find yet more its centre in God. And the calmness of his inner life, amidst all the storms of the outer, shows how well he succeeded.

A man of less strength of soul, and less depth of conviction, would have allowed himself to be driven by all this persecution and Sadducean sympathy further and further from the position of those who thus treated him—further in the opposite direction than he otherwise would have gone. The world has had many such instances. But Parker stood to his convictions just the same as if he had received the widest tolerance. At the very time when he was freely charged with being a pantheist, he was writing to a friend:—"I am no pantheist, or ever was. I am no more troubled by pantheism or by anthropomorphism than at noonday the evening and morning twilight trouble me. The whole difficulty comes of attempting to get a logical and definite conception of God; but neither the head nor the heart will subsist on abstractions." At the very time when he was under the ban of depreciating Jesus, he was writing:—"It seems to me that, if we always obeyed the law God has written on our hearts, the decisions of reason, of conscience, and of faith would be as

infallible in their action as the instinct of the bee and the law of gravitation now are. But no man is in this state. We are not one with God as Christ was: so we are in doubt and fear. The best and wisest now feel this the most deeply. *Jesus alone felt none of it.*" At the time he was called an enemy to Christianity, he was entering in his journal:—"Christianity is a field on which may be raised the strangest crops—wood, hay, and stubble, wheat and beans. The soil remains, the crop varies. The time is coming when men will wonder quite as much at the Christianity of the nineteenth century as we wonder at that of the ninth century. Christianity is progressive, because it is not *positive*, but natural: therefore Christianity is the hope of the world, the desire of all nations." At the time he was charged with being too hasty in his generalisations, he was pondering month after month upon questions which most men would have answered almost off-hand, to say nothing of the conscientious laboriousness with which he verified all that he published. He was charged with being rash in discarding the Scriptural miracles, but we have seen how slowly he gave these up; and there is the fact that since his time men like Dr. James Martineau, and a majority of the highest thinkers, have followed exactly in his course. And as to the charge, freely brought against him, that he was Thomas Paine's disciple and successor, we have seen already how little deserving he was of that. The great desire the Unitarians now show to hold him up as one of their noblest prophets shows how completely in the wrong were those who so inconsiderately ill-treated him thirty years ago.

In the autumn of 1843 he found himself so wearied and exhausted by the extraordinary trials and labours of the two previous years that he gladly availed himself of a monetary

gift which enabled him to carry out a long-cherished desire to make a tour of Europe. His purpose was to spend a year in recovery, observation, and thought. He wished to study nations he had previously known only by their literature and by other men's words; to see the effect which despotic, monarchic, and aristocratic institutions have on multitudes of men who from generation to generation had lived under them; to study the effect of those forms of religion which are enforced by the inquisitor or the constable; and, in many forms, to see the difference between freedom and bondage. Also to learn what warning and what guidance the Old World had to offer to the New; to converse with eminent men, and to compare their schemes for improving mankind with his own. Still more, he wanted an entire year, free from all practical duties, for revising his own philosophy and theology, and laying out plans for future work.

The Sunday before he left, he preached a discourse to his little West Roxbury congregation from the text, "I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." In it he pointed out the danger which besets a minister—the danger of becoming too self-confident on the one side, or allowing himself to become a mere instrument in the hands of his sect and social circumstances on the other. Following this he recapitulated what he had sought to teach them, and referred to the kind of treatment he had received from his ministerial brethren. It was as follows that he concluded:—"I knew my hands could win my bread, for they could toil at numerous crafts, and were perhaps better educated than my head. I never thought of being silenced. The fact that a truth was unpopular

was the reason why it should be spoken with a thousand tongues. . . . But I must bring all this to a close. What shall I say? Has my ministry thus far been a faithful one? I cannot judge myself. In some things it has surpassed my expectations: in others fallen far short of it. You shall say whether or not I have done good to your hearts, and thereby made your lives better. If I have deepened your love of truth, if I have helped you to a clearer knowledge of duty, if I have enabled you to bear better the burdens of life, to love man and God, to obey His laws, meekly and reverently to trust therein with a calmness which the world cannot disturb; if I have persuaded or helped any of you to aspire after a manly character and a divine life, then I feel that I have not laboured in vain. We have discoursed on the loftiest themes; for six years our prayers have been mingled together. Here we have assembled for a closer remembrance of one so dear to our heart and the world's heart. The recollection of these modest walls, of these familiar faces, while they bring tears to my eyes, will bring not less joy to my heart. May God bless you and keep you, and lift the light of His countenance upon you; may reason guide you; may religion be your daily life, your hope, and your portion for ever and ever. Farewell."

On the 9th of September, 1843, he set sail in the ship *Ashburton* for England. He had just before inscribed in his journal:—"It has long been a day-dream with me to visit Europe; it now approaches fulfilment. A friend kindly furnishes me the means."

Before concluding the story of his conflict with the American Unitarians, we will follow him on his tour to England and the Continent.

## CHAPTER X.

## TWELVE MONTHS IN EUROPE.

"Me other cares in other climes engage,  
 Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;  
 In various Knowledge to improve my youth,  
 And conquer Prejudice, worst foe to Truth;  
 By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,  
 Enlarge my notions and my views extend;  
 The useful science of the World to know,  
 Which books can never teach, or pedants show."

LORD LYTTETLTON.

THEODORE PARKER'S visit to Europe was one for study rather than pleasure. During its continuance he made books of the men, women, institutions, various things, he came in contact with. He came forth from his little study at West Roxbury in order that he might occupy for a time the vast and novel one which Europe itself affords to the thinking and observant American. This was the main object he gratified in his tour; the others—pleasure and recovery—were made into incidentals.

For some time before he left home he had been making memoranda of matters to be studied, and men and things to be seen. In England he was going to attend to matters relating to his own and his wife's ancestors; to look up points in New England history and biography at the Heralds' Office; to examine the Cudworth Papers in the British Museum; to see Lord Howe's monument in Westminster Abbey; the houses of Johnson, Franklin, Milton, and Newton in London; the London University; Hallam and Hennell; to ask Dickens about the writer on American Newspapers in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, &c. &c. In Germany, he was going to examine the schools in Saxony and Prussia; the Hernhütter Establishment; in Switzerland, ascend Mont Blanc, &c. &c. Similarly he had provisionally noted of the other countries and places he intended to visit.

He was detained for three days at New York, owing to the vessel waiting for a wind. This time he occupied in visits to Lydia Maria Child, Isaac T. Hopper, and others, and in examination of the institutions and wicked haunts of the city. When Mrs. Parker and he went on board they were accompanied by a number of intimate friends, who left behind them a fragrant present of peaches and flowers. By sunset the shore of America was beginning to disappear, upon observing which our tourist made this entry in the journal:—"My friends are behind; but ONE is with me to whom my mortal weal and woe are united. I often think I ought never to return, yet, perhaps, I shall. Be this as Heaven appoints."

He soon discovered that his sea-going qualities were not *AI*. For five or six of the first days he was severely afflicted with sea sickness, and during no part of the twenty-five of the voyage does he appear to have been well. But this did not prevent him from at least striving to work. Sick men are proverbially selfish, and Parker in one of his sermons said this of himself, but on board the *Ashburton*, notwithstanding his own sickness, the first matters that exercised his thoughts were those pertaining to the general welfare. First he was troubled about the condition and relationship of the human beings on board the vessel. "There is one thing that disturbs me much at sea;

that is, the awful difference between the cabin and the steerage, or the fore-castle. If I were in the fore-castle, perhaps it would not appear so bad; I might think the men in the cabin deserved their pre-eminence of ease and comfort. Now, I *know* it is not so. Here are one hundred and sixty poor wretches in the steerage, with almost no comforts, while the thirty in the cabin live in luxury. As the lion in the wilderness eateth up the wild ass, so the rich eat up the poor. Alas! this truth is told us often enough; in great cities it is thundered in our ears each moment, but in that little despotism, a ship, you see the whole thing more clearly, because more compendiously. There must be a cure for this terrible evil. What is it?" He then goes on to notice several courses which, if followed, he thinks might be palliatives for the evil, but records his conviction that so deep is it he can look for relief only gradually, by applying good sense to religion, and religion to life. Next, in anything but the spirit of a sick and selfish man, he writes down in the journal:—"I am now to spend a year in foreign travel. In this year I shall earn nothing; neither my food, my clothes, nor even the paper I write on. Of course I shall increase my debt to the world by every potato I eat, and each mile I travel. How shall I repay the debt? Only by extraordinary efforts after I return. I hope to continue my present plans in this way. A. *Practical*. 1. To work in behalf of temperance, education, a change in the social fabric, so that the weak shall not be the slaves of the strong. 2. To show that religion belongs to man's nature, that it demands piety and morality (the inward sentiment and outward action), and theology (the mediator between the two). B. *Speculative*. 1. To write an introduction to the New Testament. 2. To write a historical development of

religion in the history of man. [He subsequently gathered a great amount of material under appropriate heads—enough for two volumes—and wrote a portion of this projected work, but did not live to finish it.] 3. Such other works as may become necessary, *e.g.*, a popular introduction to the Old Testament, in 12mo. In this way I hope to work out my debt." His sickness being unfavourable to reading, he turned to planning sermons—laying out thirty-seven subjects in all; one on the Italian proverb, "The devil's wheat grinds all to bran."

Landed at Liverpool, he began to visit and observe almost everything, and make notes thereof in his diary. The warehouses, enormous docks, monuments, beggars in the street, the markets, with the prices of the meat and vegetables, "clean men-servants, looking like Methodist ministers," costly churches. Anent the latter he indited:—"I have thought there are two ways of honouring God, one in stone and mortar, and the other in benevolence and daily duty. I love the beautiful like a poet; but potatoes first and paintings afterwards is my rule." This view he further emphasised subsequently when at Rome, by saying he would rather be Benjamin Franklin than Michael Angelo, and that he thought that a George Stephenson who organised use was better than a Rubens who merely copied beauty.

From Liverpool he proceeded to Manchester. Here the factories, machines, men, colleges, curiosities, all gave him interest. In a letter home he thus described a visit to the "Old Church," or Cathedral:—"When we were at Manchester we went into a very old church, the newest part of it built in 1422. It was very beautiful. We saw where Cromwell's soldiers—for they made barracks of the church—'broke down the carved work.' I felt the natural



emotions of reverence at treading such ancient aisles, consecrated by the prayers and remembrances of four hundred years; and felt, too, a sort of hatred towards 'old Noll' who did such things. But the next day I went to worship in the old church. The organ gave out its beautiful tones; the sexton, arrayed in a surplice, showed us into a handsome pew, but sent an old, tottering, venerable man into a little dirty box. Presently the dean and canons came in, in their robes, preceded by an usher. The dean has a salary of about 25,000 dollars per annum. A fat chough, with a face like George III., got into the reading desk, and 'galloped like a hunter over his prayers;' and another preached a most stupid and arrogant sermon. I could not but think Cromwell did only half his work, and when I was at Oxford I wondered why he never went there with his breaching cannon."

He met with the Rev. W. Gaskell, the minister of the Cross Street Unitarian Chapel, and was much in his company. Mr. Gaskell wished him to preach for him—thus having the honour of being the first minister in England to give him such an invitation; but, as the Sunday approached, Parker felt too unwell to comply. He also went several times to the residence of Professor F. W. Newman, who was at that time in Manchester; and, at dinner at the Rev. John James Tayler's, Parker, Newman, and the host formed the party. The reader will be interested to read what Parker has recorded of so interesting a meeting. "We talked about various matters of scholarship. He (Professor Newman) thought Xenophon gave the truer account of Socrates—so thought Tayler. I stood out for Plato's account—of course somewhat idealised, else we could not explain the hostility of the Athenians (excited by the orators, who were all sophists), nor for the in-

fluence he exerted on the world, then and since then. Professor Newman did not like Plato; he thought he never did the sophists justice; that Protagoras was not so bad as Plato made him. This led to a long discussion of the *functions* of the sophists, and the cause of their origin at that period. Newman thought they were a sort of private tutor, and not so black as they were often painted. I added that the state of theology naturally helped form this race of men. Then we came upon the 'Republic.' Mr. N. thought it foolish to attempt such a work, which must necessarily be vain. I defended the scheme as a method of putting forth great thoughts. This led to a talk about the truths which lay at the bottom of the treatise. Then we spoke about Aristotle; his better method of giving an account of the actual. Professor Newman surprises me. I know many that I think have more native power than he; but few of our scholars show such accurate and varied learning—such accomplished scholarship." It was a remarkable occurrence, this: the young man, who fifteen years before was digging and ploughing on a farm, meeting college-bred Professors on their own ground, and holding his own in the discussion.

His next remove was to Derbyshire to visit the Duke of Devonshire's famous residence at Chatsworth, and where he noticed the original "Christus Consolator," from which the familiar print is taken. Then he made his way to Kenilworth to visit the ruins of Leicester's famous castle; next to Warwick, where he much admired the Vandykes and Holbeins, the picture of Charles I. on horseback, the portraits of Strafford, Ignatius Loyola, John Locke, &c., displayed in the ancient and picturesque castle of the Earls of Warwick. Then the eight miles further to Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birth-place, where he copied many of the

curious inscriptions on the tombs and church walls. He wrote home soon after:—"I have been to Kenilworth, to Warwick Castle; have been in the room where Shakespeare was born, and have stood over his grave—you may judge with what feelings."

At Oxford—to which he next proceeded—the venerable buildings, the halls, pictures, and, above all, the books, afforded him great wonder and enjoyment. In the Bodleian Library he found many books not to be seen in America, which he had long been anxious to see; and, accordingly, he seized the opportunity to examine them. His visit was just about the time of the Puseyite agitation, and he wrote to Dr. Francis, from Oxford, under date of October 18, 1843:—"Puseyism is getting forward rapidly; it has already embraced the greater part of the piety, and the learning, too, of the Church; and men look forward to the time when the Puseyites will all secede in a body as not far distant. Really the rise of this party in the Church is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. The Old Church is not so dead as men fancied; some are found who say to the fat bishops and easy deans, 'Go to the devil with your livings and your rents—your tithes and your distrainings; let us put life into these old forms which you are humbugging the people withal. We want a revival of Christianity—primitive Christianity, and will *believe* anything, and sacrifice all things, but we will have it.' Here is Dr. Newman—gives up a rich living out of conscientious scruples! Dr. Pusey, born of one of the oldest families in the kingdom, who, at Pusey Hall, keeps a horn of gold given them by Canute—a man bred in all tenderness—rides on the outside of coaches, and submits to all manner of hard fare, to save money to give to the poor and promote education, Christianity, and the like of that! He says a man in good

circumstances ought to give up a fourth part of his income for benevolent purposes—and does it!"

Passing on to London, he saw Thomas Carlyle twice, taking tea with him at one of the visits. He breakfasted with Babbage, the eminent mathematician, "had a fine visit; saw his wonders and heard his wonders." Soon he left England for Paris. Here he visited the Sorbonne to present a letter to Victor Cousin; the Opera Comique; the ancient churches, Notre Dame, the Pantheon, St. Sulpice, St. Etienne du Mont; the Morgue; the gallery of the Louvre; Hôtel de Cluny; Porcelain Factory at Sèvres; Musée d'Artillerie; Palais de Justice; Hôtel de Ville; Hôtel des Invalides; Bibliothèque Royal; the Gobelin tapestry; St. Germain des Prés; Palais des Beaux Arts; Ecole des Beaux Arts, St. Denis, Versailles, &c. He noticed the non-observance of the Sabbath—so different from New England; marked the strange names given to streets; rambled among the old book-stalls on the quays. The impressions he formed of the French, and wherein he thought they differ from the English, are thus quaintly given:—"They are always gay; gay in their business, gay in their religion; their churches even have a style that is peculiarly French—at least, since the time of Delorme all their architecture has been gay. The Frenchman would 'dance before the Lord.' Now, John Bull all the week long is spinning cotton, raising potatoes, fattening oxen, and sending ships to the end of the world. He has managed matters so that the income of his Church is 44,000*l.* more than the income of all the other Churches of Europe put together, and so that six per cent. of his whole population receives support from the public purse. All the week long he never thinks of God, nor cares for truth and righteousness; but Sunday comes,

and then John is mighty religious all at once." He went to hear lectures on all kinds of learned subjects: Arabic, Corneille, Cicero, philosophy of Gassendi and Descartes, law of nature and nations, ancient history, mysticism of the Alexandrine school, unity of the human race, and Italian literature, and made notes of them. The lecture on Mysticism was by M. Jules Simon, and in view of the eminence the learned Frenchman has since attained, the reader will be interested in Parker's references to him. "Jules Simon is not twenty-six years old. I went to his *salle* half an hour before the time; it was half full then. By-and-by I heard a step at the private door, and the audience clapped their hands. Then entered a finely formed young man, elegantly dressed, with one of the finest countenances I ever saw—pale, with deep, dark eyes; he looks religious, mystic, and philosophic. He lectured on Proclus and his school, on the mysticism of Proclus, its origin and effects. He had no notes, but leaned back in his chair, looked up towards the ceiling, then at the audience, then began. His words were musical, his manner perfect; it was the *beau idéal* of lecturing. He did not quite do justice to Plato, for he went back to Plato to trace the mystical elements in Proclus. I never heard or read a *neater* exposition of doctrines than his of Plato's notions of God, though I think them a little erroneous." At the Jardin des Plantes he heard St. Hilaire lecture on "Vultures," and carried classification, habits, anecdotes all away in his notes. He took lessons in French, and practised writing the language by making notes at lectures and writing descriptions of places of interest in it. He also gave considerable thought and research to the past history of Paris, and got at the curious fact that Notre Dame stands on the ruins of an old Roman temple

with an inscription still on the stones. After twenty-six days of this hard, busy work, he went on from Paris to Lyons.

In this "city of massacres" he went into the cellar where Polycarp "preached the Gospel of Christianity when it cost something to be a Christian;" stood upon the grave of Irenæus; saw the bones of Christian martyrs piled up in a large vault, and in sight thereof thought how little, in comparison with those of former ages, men had now to give for their religious faith.

At Avignon he stood (the reader may judge with what feelings) in the secret chambers of the Inquisition; saw the holes where the instruments of torture were put up, the fireplace for heating pincers, the dungeon where heretics were starved to death. This was at the *Palais des Papes*, formerly the residence of the Popes of Rome, and it caused him to remark in a letter home:—"Here everything differs so much from home, and I depart so much from my common way of life, that I sometimes doubt if I am the same Theodore Parker that used to live at West Roxbury. I am half inclined to believe that he is a mythological person, and has no real historical existence. But when I come to a college, a book-store, or a Roman temple, and above all to the *Palais des Papes* at Avignon, I believe that I am my old self, not a whit changed."

He next visited Arles, Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa. Florence and its many wonders and beauties fairly transported him. He noted of the Church of Santa Croce:—"This is the great burial-place of the illustrious departed of Florence; here sleep in peace the men that were persecuted when living, and driven from their native land. It is a little curious that Galileo should be buried in *this* church, and have such a monument *here*, for the tribunal that per-

secuted him had its residence in this very cloister. So the world goes. The conventuals of St. Francis, to whom Urban IV. entrusted the Inquisitorial power in Tuscany, meet in the cloister of Santa Croce. Now the Grand Duke of Tuscany is curious to preserve every relic of Galileo, even his finger, kept in the Laurentian Library." Then follow his impressions of the art treasures of Florence. "I have now visited most of the wonders of this charming place. Let me say that the great paintings of Raphael—the Madonna Della Seggiola, the Julius II., the Leo X., the Fornarina—affect me more than I had ever dreamed of. The first time I went to the Pitti Palace I did not know what I was to see; all at once my eye fell on the Madonna. What a painting! God in heaven, what a painting! What a genius! I must say the same of the great works of Titian—the Magdalen, and both the Venuses; but the Laocoon, the Venus de Medici, and the Apollo did not fill my mind as I had expected. The statues in general have fallen a little below my imagination; the paintings (I mean the great ones, which I knew well by engravings before) have risen above it far; so have the public buildings." Possibly he liked the paintings best because they better represent life and movement than statuary. He went into the convent attached to the chapel of St. Antonin, and saw the cell in which Savonarola used to live. "It is like all the rest, small, ten feet square, perhaps, and ten feet high. There is a fresco of Beato Angelico, representing the coronation of the Virgin. Here lived that dauntless soul, who feared nothing *but wrong and fear*; a soul of fire was in him."

He left Florence "with sorrow," returned to Leghorn, and sailed to Naples. From thence he ascended Mount Vesuvius, and went so near the crater that he was in danger from the

masses of melted stone which fall continually, a few of the smaller pieces actually hitting him on the shoulder. He visited Puteoli, Baiæ, Pozzuolo, "classic ground," "but what a difference between the ancient tenants and these their successors! Here those old Romans revelled in their Titanic lust, here they poisoned one another, here they framed plans and conspiracies which affected the welfare of a world." He visited also the places where Cicero, Horace, Pollio lived, and Virgil, by tradition, was buried. "Italy," wrote he, "is the land of artistic elegance and social deformity." Accordingly he studied the condition of the people, the taxes, cost of living, statistics of trade, &c., the humanity of Italy, not less than its art.

After visiting and making diagrams of Herculaneum and Pompeii, he proceeded from Naples by diligence to Rome. "Oh, what thoughts it awoke in my heart when first I saw its domes, and rode down the Via Appia. There is no city, except Athens and Jerusalem, so full of recollections to me as Rome. Twice it has been the capital of the world—once of the Pagan, by physical violence; once of the Christian, by spiritual violence. She has made a desert about her twice. The memorials of the arts, however, came from the times of the Emperors, scarce any from that of the republic. I love to walk about the streets, or sit in the Forum, and think of the armies that marched out of this little city—the influences that went forth to conquer the world. What traces of these stern giants are written all over the earth. One might, in travelling in the land of giants, come all at once on the footprints of one in the sand ten feet long—and from that judge of the race. So it is with the Romans, but you meet their footprints everywhere. Yet they *invented* nothing, not even the arch. They borrowed their literature, their art, their religion, but their *arms* they made. But, alas, what a con-

trast, as one sits in the Forum, and looks on the crowd of beggars and of blackguards. Oh, city of crime from the days of Romulus till these days! Thou that stonest the prophets! The blood of martyrs is upon thee from thy earliest to thy latest days." He stayed a few weeks in the Eternal City, and soon found wonders he was not looking for. In the Church of St. Mary Magiore he was shown some fragments of Christ's cradle! "In St. John of Lateran is the table on which the Twelve took the Last Supper—the heads of St. Paul and St. Peter—the actual Well of Samaria, between two pillars from Pilate's house at Jerusalem—the stone on which the soldiers cast lots for Christ's vesture—the pillars between which Pilate stood when he told the people to take Christ and crucify him—the column that split asunder at his Crucifixion (very neatly done)—and four columns supporting a slab which shows the exact height of Jesus—*just six feet!* and not far off is the Santa Scala, a flight of twenty-eight marble steps, which Jesus descended when he went to be crucified. It is not lawful for anyone to walk up them: penitents ascend on their knees. We saw several going up, but they are poor folk for the most part. At the head of the stairs is a chapel, containing a picture of Jesus when twelve years old, painted by St. Luke, the only one from that artist! Here, too, I saw a hole in an altar—through the marble slab—made in this way: a priest did not believe in Transubstantiation; so, one day when he was celebrating mass, the wafer whipped through the slab of marble, and left a great spot of blood on the column beneath which supported it. The red spot is still faintly visible. The hole is an inch and a half in diameter. Really, I think I shall turn Catholic, and be baptized on Easter Day in the baptistery of Constantine, where Rienzi bathed, and where all converted Jews and infidels are baptized."

Interspersing his studies of the ecclesiastical, historical, and artistic features of Rome, he remembered St. Paul's residence and suffering here, and sought out the associations of "the chiefest of Apostles." When visiting "St. Paul in the Corso," he thus reflected:—"Perhaps Paul actually lived here and died here! It is something to stand on the spot where Paul once stood. I should like to sit here and read his Epistles. Oh, the soul-stirring man! It is easy to build churches to his memory." At the Mamertine Prison, where Jugurtha died, and the conspirators that were with Catiline:—"Yes, here was Paul a prisoner! The custode shows a spring that spouted up for St. Peter (who was here nine months with Paul), in which he baptized forty-nine soldiers, all of whom became martyrs. There is a stone which records the same event. I drank some of the water. But, all nonsense apart, it is something to sit down in the dungeon where Paul was a prisoner!" Another reference to Paul is contained in the following "mem," called forth from what they saw at the Carnival, after taking a coach and riding round "to see the nonsense." "Notice the beggars in the midst of this festivity, and their hideous deformity. They are sad enough objects at all times—on a festal day what shall we think of them? Men throw flour at each other, and the rich spoil the coats of the rich with what would have gladdened the heart of the beggars! 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you —' Ah, this is the city where Paul was crucified. They would crucify Christ if he were to come here or to Boston. God bless men! —they can't crucify Christianity."

Along with a party of other Americans, Parker and his wife were one Sunday presented to the Pope. "He stood in the simple dress of a monk, with his back against a sort of a table, and talked with Mr. Greene,



who had introduced us. He blessed some rosaries which the Americans had brought. We stayed about twenty minutes. He has a benevolent face, and looked kindly upon us. Talked about the state of Rome—about the English language in America—about the famous polyglot Cardinal at the Propaganda—made a sign, and we withdrew."

Of course, the Coliseum was visited. It called forth the following impressions: "It is more perfect than I feared. It has now been consecrated, to keep it from the devastations of modern Rome. At the entrance is a cross, with a sign-board which promises forty days' indulgence to all who will kiss the cross. In the very centre of the amphitheatre is another cross with another direction—that he who kisses that shall have plenary indulgence for two hundred days. If Seneca or Cicero were to come back, he would think the world had made little progress in the theory of religion, whatever had been done in the practice of it. Sometimes a monk preaches here. What recollections come up! The gladiators, the wild beasts, the Christians, the emperors, the armies; Rome fallen; the new Rome—and that, too, fallen. Oh! one could move the stones by preaching here. I could not help looking at the place professionally, and thinking it would be a fine place to preach *Parkerism* in."

When visiting St. Peter's—the cupola, the ball, and all that is commonly seen there—he had a conversation with the guide about the Inquisition, near by. The guide told him there were four or five hundred inmates incarcerated therein; but they were no longer put to torture. They never came out again, and were never seen any more or heard of.

He makes the following allusion in his journal to a visit paid by him to the Catacombs: "Went to the Catacombs in the vicinity of St. Ignese, a

little way out of the city. Entered the chapels with the little caves on each side, each large enough for a single body. These once contained the ashes of the martyrs. In some of the chapels the ceiling was covered entirely with paintings. There was the *Good Shepherd*; here Christ preaching, though but a child; here the *Hebrew Youths in the Flames*; here *Daniel in the Lions' den*; here the whole *Story of Jonah*, emblematic of the death and resurrection of Christ; and here the *Miracle at Cana*, the symbol of transubstantiation; and many more. I am confirmed in my opinion that, long before Constantine, the Church had departed from the ideal simplicity of the primitive state, so often contended for by Protestants. Indeed, I am now more than ever persuaded that, as Christ gave no form, the first one used by the apostolic churches was much less simple than we fancy. I shall never forget the impression left on my mind by this visit. I should like to come and sit here all night and read the Fathers—Origen's cohortation to his young converts, urging them to be martyrs, or something of Cyprian or Tertullian, or the lives of the martyrs themselves. No wonder the Catholic Church has such a hold on the hearts of the world, while she keeps in her bosom the relics of the sainted dead! Yet, as I walked about here, I could not but think how easy it must have seemed, and have been too, to bear the cross of martyrdom; the recollection of Christ, of the apostles, the certainty of the prayers and best wishes of men on earth, the expectations of heavenly satisfaction—all would conspire to sustain the spirit, and make the man court and not shun the martyr's death. Father Marchi, a priest who has devoted his life to the study of the Catacombs, went with us, and explained everything; showed us curiosities without stint relating to the early Christians; bottles of dried



blood of the martyrs ; instruments of torture ; images of Christ, of the Virgin, &c. I saw proofs enough that some of the alleged 'corruptions of Christianity' date back to 107 A.D. The worship of the Virgin can be traced nearly as far ; that of the invocation of saints for the dead, quite to that very year. I think you find the ceremony of saying mass, as at present, pretty distinctly traced back to the beginning of the second century. In the chapels of the Catacombs are frescoes, painted in the second century (at the latest, in the early part of it), representing the miracle of Cana in such conjunction with the saying of mass that it shows a distinct allusion to the transformation of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ ; at least they say so."

Happening to be in Rome on Ash Wednesday, when the Pope is accustomed to celebrate mass in the Sistine Chapel, in the presence of the cardinals and other Church dignitaries, Parker attended the service. "The music was fine. The ceremony did not impress me at all. It brought to my recollection him of Nazareth, whose picture hangs over the altar. I remembered what he said of the temple, of the chief priests, &c. The whole filled me with compassion, and drew tears from my eyes. Is it always to be so, and in Christian Rome, by the head of the Church? The ceremony of kissing the Pope's hand or foot, the kneeling before him and burning incense, and all in the name of the *carpenter's son* at Nazareth—it is quite too bad. I honour the learning, the zeal, the devotion, the humanity, there is in the Catholic Church ; but this nonsense is too much for me. As if God laughed at the whole, there was the awful fresco of Michel Angelo representing the Last Judgment ; and here, too, was Aaron with the Hebrews worshipping the golden calf ; and Moses in indig-

nation breaking the tables he had just received ! There is no irony like that of Nature." It is evidently with him at Rome as he had already written home from Florence, "I love the music and architecture of Catholicism ; its doctrines, its rites, and its general effect, I must say, I hate all the more in Europe than I hated at home."

Not but what he is anxious to see the good side of Romanism. This reflection, for instance, made after attending vespers at St. Peter's, cannot have come from an altogether hostile heart. "The perfection of music—it would stir the heart of a statue to hear it. The children were gathered together (*i.e. a few children*) to be instructed. Half a loaf is better than no bread ; and I make no doubt the essentials of Christianity are inculcated." He also took every opportunity of trying to get to know the Roman Religion as its own most eminent advocates represent it. In order that he might better do this, he procured a letter of introduction to a young American Catholic in Rome, who in turn introduced him to several Catholics, eminent men and capital scholars, to a D.D., a Bishop, and a Cardinal. "I have talked a good deal with them about their *faith* ; though I have not disputed, but only questioned. I feared that I might have sometimes done them injustice, but I think I have not. I have found them universally kind, perfectly free from cant ; they don't draw down the corners of their mouth, nor talk through their nose, nor roll up the whites of their eyes, and say, 'O-ô-ô-ô !' There is much about the Catholic Church that I always liked—its music, architecture, paintings, statues. Besides, there is a long list of saints, whom I truly reverence, enrolled on its calendar. The Church is democratic (in the good sense) in appointing its saints. None are made saints except for

personal qualities ; not for wealth, or birth, or power—but goodness. What if they do pray to the saints, as the Protestants say, or through them, as they say? The true God, I take it, would as lief be called St. Cecilia as Jehovah ; and a true prayer must be acceptable to the true God. I told a Jesuit Father so, the other day ; but he said that was an *odious doctrine*—it justified idolatry. The Catholic Church practically, I think, cultivates the feelings of reverence, of faith, of gentleness, better than the Protestant Churches ; but I can't think it affects the conscience so powerfully, and I know that at present it does not appeal to the reason or practical good sense. While Bishop B. says, *‘ Out of the Catholic Church is no salvation, ’* he adds, *‘ but none is damned except for his own fault, and many may be in the Soul of the Catholic Church who are not in its Body. ’* God only knows who ! I wish I could think better of the priests here.

“It is difficult to say what is the present condition of the Catholic Church ; they are certainly making great exertions to extend their faith in all parts of the world ; the present Pope is a pious and excellent man, I should judge : one that fears God and loves mankind, believing himself fallible as a man but infallible as Head of the Church, and his character has had an influence on the Church. I should be sorry to see the Catholic Church fall now ; for which of the Protestant sects could take its place? Perhaps it will outlive them all ; for there is a terrible unity in its system, and it holds to its first principles with remorseless fidelity. If I wanted to convert a fop to Christianity, I think I would send him to Rome ; but if I wanted to put a philosopher in the Catholic Church, I would send him anywhere but to Rome.”

Nine days after leaving Rome, he reached Venice. He wrote of it,

“ Venice is a dream of the sea. Occidental science and Oriental fantasy seem to have united to produce it. A Pagan Greek might say that Neptune, drunk with nectar and Amphitrite, slept in the caves of the sea, and dreamed as he slept. Venice is the petrification of his dream. The sun colours curiously the walls of the palaces and churches. It seems as if their wealth had run over and stained the walls. What a history was hers ! What a destiny in the economy of the world ! Who that had lived in the time of the second crusade could ever have fancied her present lot ? ” He next visited Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Innsprück, Munich, Regensburg, Passau, Lintz, Vienna, Prague,—where he did not forget the memorials of Huss and Jerome, and the religious wars ; Dresden—where he saw the ring and drinking-cup of Martin Luther, and the crucifix of John of Bologna.

Arrived at Berlin, he sent to Dr. Francis the following graphic description of it : “ Here I am at Berlin, in the third story of the British Hotel. Do you know what sort of a place Berlin is ? No ? Imagine a sandy plain forty miles square, with one or two nasty rivers trying to get through it, but doubtful all the time that they had taken the right way. In the centre of this plain, and on the banks of the most doubtful of the rivers, imagine a great number of brick houses covered with stucco, and a few churches, &c., of the same material. Then imagine one street, sixty or seventy feet wide and two miles long, with another street, two hundred feet wide and one mile long, having four rows of lime trees in it, a foot-walk in the centre, and two carriage ways, one on each side ; then add some hundreds of other streets, all straight, and you have a *conception* of Berlin. For the moving part of it, imagine 1,000 hackney coaches, the drivers with

cows'-tails on top of their caps, 100 private carriages, 400 drags for beer, 150 carts and waggons for other business, 30,000 soldiers, 1,650 students, 180 professors (it will take a day to imagine them all), a King, Baron Von Humboldt, and 270,000 others. Imagine the King with a belly like Uncle Tom Clarke, the students with mustachios, the professors lecturing on *Dagesh lene*, the King 'counting out his money,' Baron Von Humboldt sleeping on his laurels, and the 270,000 smoking, walking, weaving, making pipes, and getting dinner; and you have an idea of the *personale* of Berlin."

He went to hear all the celebrated professors of the city—Hengstenberg, Twesten, Marheinecke, Vatke, Michelet, Boeckh, Schelling, and Werder—each in his own department of philosophy, history, antiquity, or philology. Hegelianism was the ascendant philosophy of the time, and Parker sent Dr. Francis a characteristic description of a lecture by Werder, a disciple of the system, on *Logik*. "The point at issue was the definite ground or substance of thought. He got into a great passion and a desperate fix with the definite ground, trying, as I dimly gathered, to discover the fundamental foundation. He said in *Bestimmung* there was being and *Réalité*. Hereupon, a fat, chubby student, with cheeks like one of your classmates, evidently his ma's darling, tried hard to conceive the difference, but, after numerous ineffectual attempts, gave it up in despair. Then said the professor, 'In being there is something real, and something else. The something is through and through something, and not the else: else is through and through else, and not the something.' He got into quite a dithyrambic mood upon this: put his finger on the organ of individuality, then laid it alongside of his nose, then flourished it in the air. It

is no easy thing to go down to the profound of Hegelism. You must take off your corporeity, which is all of many men; then lay aside your notions, which is, with most men, like plucking *Æsop's* jay; then take off your conception; then you are far too naked to be ashamed. In short, you are a primitive man—a pure spirit. You have then the proper 'alacrity in sinking'; you go down, down, and learn that *Seyn* is equal to *Nichtseyn*." One concludes, after reading this, that the learned German who is said to have evolved a camel out of his internal consciousness must have been an Hegelian Professor.

The civil and social condition of the state and people of Germany much interested him, and led him into considerable research. He studied the institutions of government, the habits and morals of the people, inspected the schools, collected statistics of education, and had interviews with many of the celebrities. He concluded from the whole that the moral state of the Germans was not high; and the ancient reputation for chastity which Tacitus gave the women, was not, according to his observation, sustained by facts. Then he looked sufficiently below the surface to see that the accounts which superficial travellers bring back to England and America of Continental sobriety were not borne out by facts—at least, with regard to Germans. The statistics of the consumption of beer and ardent spirits proved that intemperance was a prevailing vice—not the intemperance that maddens but the intemperance that muddles. He estimated that, in Prussia alone, from forty to forty-five million gallons of distilled spirits were consumed yearly, while the consumption of beer was something enormous.

The next point in his journey was Wittemberg, a city which in itself he was pleased with, but its associations

with Luther were to him its great attractions. He found the graves of Luther and his illustrious friend Melancthon in the Schlosskirche, and inspected the paintings of the two men hanging close by; also the pulpit in which Luther used sometimes to preach. "We entered the church by the door where Luther put up the ninety-five theses. I bought a copy of them in the church. What a change from then till now! When shall the work end? At night I walked in front of the door to meditate. The evening star looked down. A few persons went and came. The soft air fell upon my head. I felt the spirit of the great Reformer. Three centuries and a quarter, and what a change! Three centuries and a quarter more, and it will be said the Protestant religion did little in comparison with what has since been done. Well, if *this* work be of God!" This evidently refers to the inscription on the pedestal of Luther's statue in the market-place:

"Is it God's work? 'twill always stay;  
Is it man's work? 'twill pass away."

It would also appear to give countenance to the theory which Mr. Frothingham enunciates, that Parker thought himself a second Luther, called to fight against the authority of the Bible and for that of the soul, as the first Luther felt called to fight for the authority of the Bible and against that of the Catholic Church.

He went to Luther's house: "I saw the very room in which he used to write, and think, and work; the stove which he devised himself, with its reliefs representing the four evangelists and other scriptural characters. There was the seat at the window where he sat with Catherine de Bore, and looked at the evening sky; there the table at which he sat with Melancthon and the rest. The books are gone (he never had many), the

papers, the man. I went into another room which served for family purposes, and yet another where he lectured. Here are still curious things of his: his beer-jug; a glass cup given him by the Elector, and broken to pieces by Peter the Great. Here are some embroideries from the hand of Catherine—a face of Luther, worked, perhaps, by her. Here were the impressions of his seal. I bought one. I saw the genealogical tree of his family. Six of his descendants still live at Berlin, Erfurt, Potsdam, and Leipsic, all in humble circumstances. I plucked a few leaves from a linden and a rose-bush that grew in the garden. The guide had great reverence for the reformer, *der heilige* Dr. Luther, as he called him. I had heard 'stout old Martin' often enough, but here I felt nearer to the man than before. God be praised that he has lived! We went out of the walls to the spot where he burned the Pope's Bull. It is railed round, planted with shrubs, &c. A young oak grows now in the midst of it; the old oak under which the thing was done was hewn down in the Seven Years' War. We went to his monument; the pedestal is of *polished* granite. I regretted the polish. Beneath the canopy is a fine brown figure of Luther in his preacher's robes, with his Bible in his arms—a grand figure—large, manly, with the peasant's expression, but full of nobleness and commanding faith."

Proceeding on to Halle, he met Tholuck, and heard him lecture. He heard Erdmann defend Schleiermacher from the charge of pantheism. He also paid a visit to the house and grave of Gesenius, the great Hebrew scholar. After calling at Leipsic, he went to Lützen, where he saw the stone where Gustavus Adolphus died, and the Ruthus where his body lay. At Weimar he saw the outside of Goethe's house, but could not get to

see within. At Erfurt he visited the cloister where Luther, when a monk, used to pace, and the monastery where he took ecclesiastical vows. From Eisenach he went out to Wartburg, where Luther one time lived and hid. "Saw the very room where he toiled in translating the Bible, the table he wrote on, the spot at the wall where he threw the inkstand at the Devil. The blow must have been a hard one, for it knocked off the plaster, and left the ink on the stone itself. But relic-hunters must not be critical. Here is the closet he used, studded all over with thick-headed nails; the chapel where he used to preach 'justification by faith' and 'hatred to the Pope.' This was his Patmos. It is a fine position. You see a great way from the Wartburg."

At Frankfort, he found the Jews split up in two parties—one expecting a Messiah, the other not. "Strange to say, the government, which, of course, has no belief in a Jewish Messiah yet to come, takes the side of the old party and wars against the new school of Jews."

In Heidelberg, he visited all the notable professors—Schlosser, Ullman, Umbreit, Häverník, Delitzsch, Paulus, Creuzer (men whom he already knew from their books), and Gervinus, who subsequently became famous in the philosophy of history, and from that meeting to the end of his life one of Parker's warm friends and admirers.

Carlsruhe and Stuttgart were next visited, and then came scholastic Tübingen. Here he had long talks with Ewald, the great historian of the people of Israel, and Baur, the founder of the historical school of New Testament critics. He also attended lectures by them, as also by Schmidt. Ewald came out and kindly took them into his study. "He is about fifty, with long hair that hangs about his shoulders. He wore a sort of blouse of calico, with no vest or

neckerchief. Has a fine spiritual countenance. He expressed surprise that I in America should know his works; still more that his works upon the Prophets should have fallen into my hands. He complains that the Bible is not studied with freedom; says that the more you study it, and the more freely, the more excellent it appears." He laughed about men fearing for religion lest it failed. I was glad to hear him say that the irreligious tendency of philosophy had received an entire check, and mainly from the higher philosophy itself. He was glad to hear that I had translated De Wette; for, he said, in ten years it would produce a great change in theological affairs." He thought Baur was a prodigy of learning; and in reply to a question as to how many hours a-day he studied, he replied, "Only eighteen." This surpassed even what Parker ever did in his best days, but he had the advantage over the German in being practical as well as studious, in organising his thought to meet the requirements of everyday life.

At Bale he naturally made for the residence of De Wette, whose "Introduction to the Old Testament," as the reader is already aware, he had translated. He described De Wette as a compact little man, with a rather dry face, a little irritable, perhaps, soured by his long disasters. Parker was with him a good deal, walked with him, dined with him, visited under his guidance the curiosities of the place, heard him lecture, &c.

When he reached Berne he had his first view of the Alps. "The solid mountains seemed clouds, not at all to belong to the earth." At Lausanne he went to see the house in which Gibbon, the historian, formerly resided. At Geneva he remembered the former association of Calvin and Servetus, Rousseau and Voltaire, with the place. "Went into Voltaire's house: saw his study, sleeping-room,



all just as he left it. From this little room he made kings and popes tremble." After the lovely Swiss mountain district came Zurich. Here he heard Hitzig and Oken lecture, and at Schaffhausen he called on Schenkel. At Strasbourg, which he next visited, he mounted the spire of the fine cathedral, as high as the police would permit. Mayence, Wiesbaden, Biberich, Ems, Coblenz, were passed through. At Bonn he failed to see Bleek through him being away from home, and Nitsch—whom he saw—was surprised to learn that the Unitarians existed without a creed. At Cologne, the cathedral called forth his admiration; but he would not have any money wasted upon its completion. "The day of building grand churches is over. Ours is not a believing age, but an investigating one. Better days will come, when a nobler civilisation shall incarnate its thoughts, and, without oppressing the poor, raise temples to God most high." After visiting Antwerp, where he was disappointed in Rubens' pictures, Liege, and Aix-la-Chapelle, he took boat, and again reached England.

In London he again saw Carlyle, also John Sterling, then "near the skies—a consumption shortening his life," and whose *Life* Carlyle subsequently wrote; and Hennell, the author of *Christian Theism*, whom Parker described as being more negative than positive in his religious views. He saw also other men of eminence, and tried, unsuccessfully, to get a publisher in England for his translation of De Wette. He went to South Place Chapel to hear W. J. Fox preach about the Jews, and was introduced to him after the sermon. "He may be the best man in London, but his face is unfortunate." Next he visited Cambridge, but found little there to record. He also made brief trips to other places not recorded in the journal. At one place he met

a Church of England clergyman, with whom he entered into conversation. Parker asked him if it was not possible for all classes of Christians to agree to differ about their theological symbols, ceremonies, disciplines, modes, and the like, while they fell back on the great principles of religion and morality: in a word, on religion and morality themselves; and told him that he had aimed in his humble way to bring this about. The clergyman said he liked the plan much, and did not see why all could not unite on these principles as they were expressed in the Thirty-nine Articles!

At Liverpool, he made his way to the residence of the Rev. James Martineau, whom he found at home, and talked with him—so Parker writes in the journal—about "promiscuous things." By Dr. Martineau himself we have been kindly furnished with the following details, which we are sure will be read with interest. "In August, 1844, he found me just removed into the barely finished house which I had built in the Prince's Park, Liverpool; and, with one of my children in my arms, I met him, balancing himself on a plank over an area, which gave the only approach to my front door: and this precarious reception was the subject of not a little fun afterwards between ourselves and among the children. I was too unsettled to ask him to take up his abode with me; but saw him as frequently as a two miles distance and the shortness of his time at Liverpool permitted. His frank and hearty manners, his eager and racy talk, lighted up with flashes of genial humour, and somewhat hot extravagance, made all reserve with him impossible, and set me at ease with him at once; and when he had gone I had the delightful consciousness of a new and rare friendship with a man of truly noble and lofty nature. I remember comparing my fresh per-



sonal impression of him with the previous literary one, and coming to the conclusion that his stature was higher as a *practical reformer* than as a *great thinker*. The particular conversations which led me to this estimate, I cannot recall; but I gained from him rather less than I had expected in speculative matter, and vastly more in relation to social and moral questions. In the pulpit everyone felt him to be the same as in private—manly, simple, direct, even in the moments of highest elevation: so much so that, instead of carrying his manner beyond his matter, he hardly rose to the level of his rich and kindling style. His delivery of even the most fervid and poetic thoughts was less that of the possessed idealist than of the earnest realist whose dealings were with the men he was addressing.”

On the Sunday he preached in Liverpool twice—in the morning before Dr. Martineau’s congregation at Paradise Street Chapel; and in the afternoon to the congregation of the Rev. J. H. Thom, at Renshaw Street Chapel. The only other Unitarian Minister then in Liverpool—the Rev. John Robberds—was in the congregation in the afternoon at Renshaw Street, and was anxious to have had Parker to preach for him at the Toxteth Park Chapel, if his stay would have allowed.

What a difference there is in the treatment of Parker by the Unitarian Ministers of Liverpool when compared with that shown him by those of America! From the earliest, Dr. Martineau enrolled him amongst the prophets; and Mr. Thom—one of the noblest and most respected Unitarian Ministers in England—has declared that he “should feel it a deep sorrow to have been at any time of his life one of Parker’s repudiators.” Mr. Thom has also given the following interesting particulars of Parker’s second visit to Liverpool:—“On his

arrival, I was writing in my study on a Saturday evening when a card was brought to me, on which was written ‘Theodore Parker.’ His face, indeed his whole body, was at all times full of expression; and it pained me to observe that he entered the room like a man who was doubtful of his welcome, and was evidently surprised by the warmth of his reception. After a little, I said, ‘You will preach for me to-morrow.’ Even then he was not quite assured, so sorely had he been wounded by distrust, and slowly and sadly spoke the words, ‘Are you fully aware of what you are doing?’ I laughed, and said, ‘Oh, yes; I know all about you, and all your relations to your brethren in America, as far as they have been made public.’ He did preach for me the next day, a considerable part of his morning congregation at Paradise Street Chapel following him to Renshaw Street Chapel in the afternoon. After the service, the late Mr. Thornely came to me and said, ‘That is a man of piety.’

“Mr. Martineau was from home at the time; if he had been preaching in the evening, Parker would have been present to hear him. As it was, he spent the evening with me and mine in the country, in company with my father-in-law, Mr. Rathbone, who, though not given himself to any scepticisms, and looking on them perhaps when not of a moral nature as rather a waste of working energy, was troubled or alienated by no man’s speculations in whom he recognized the ‘full heart’ of a Christian. It is delightful to me now to recall how instantly the two men found out one another. They were both of a noble countenance; I can still see the light that was on their faces. Parker declared that evening that he considered his *controversial* work as over, and that he intended to devote the rest of his days to affirmative religion, and to writing the history of Chris-

tianity. But one who must take the nearest duty, and fight on the side of righteousness in every great conflict of his day, could not thus forecast his own life."

Dr. Martineau has, in a letter to the *Inquirer*, also informed the world with what great delight Parker was heard upon the occasion of his preaching at Liverpool.

The next we hear of the temporary roamer, he is at home at West Roxbury. "*Sept. 1, 1844, Sunday.*—After a most prosperous and felicitous

voyage of twelve days, completing the quickest passage ever made, I reached *home*—saw the household, and the blessed Russells, all the four little and live plants in bed. Who shall tell my joy at returning, who the rapture with which I saw old friends!" Parker evidently at this time felt the truth of those words of Shenstone,—“The proper means of increasing the love we bear our native country, is to reside some time in a foreign one.”

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE UNITARIAN CONTROVERSY RENEWED.

“The religion which the tyrant persecutes makes the victim stronger than the victor ; then it steals into the heart of the people, and, as the wind scatters the martyr’s ashes far and wide, so the spectacle or the fame of his fidelity spreads abroad the sentiment of that religion which made him strong.”—THEODORE PARKER.

THEODORE PARKER returned to America more determined than ever to preach and promulgate those high views of God, duty, and immortality, in which he so firmly believed and for which he had previously been so much persecuted. When at Florence he had written home to Dr. Francis, “I have now had five months’ leisure to consider my own position. I feel all its melancholiness, the severity of the task laid on me ; but I feel, too, that I must *on, on* : that the time of rest will never come in my day, and for me ; but, so long as I live, that I must war against the false gods and their priests as false. I have done little hitherto ; if health continues I may, perhaps, do somewhat. I am grateful for this opportunity to pause in the middle of my course and see where I am going. I have done wrong things, no doubt ; but, the more I think of it, the more the general tendency of my path

seems to me the true one, and the less do I feel an inclination to turn away or to stand still.” The seven months of subsequent travel still further confirmed him in this position. After examining his views in all kinds of lights and with all manner of aids, after personally investigating the state of theology and religion all over Europe, he was more than ever convinced that there was need for a New Reformation, and that in so far as it in him lay it was his duty to be its Prophet and Confessor.

The reader has seen with what delight he once more found himself at West Roxbury. With equal joy he was received by his congregation. They sent him an address of greeting and welcome, and made him a present of a valuable pen, which, in a note he wrote them, he thus acknowledged :—“I thank you heartily for the cordial greeting with which you welcome me back to my home ; for

your expressions respecting my past labours, and your generous hopes for my future works. The pen you are so good as to send me is almost too beautiful to be used. I shall always prize it highly for the associations connected with it, and as a token of your esteem and friendship. I trust I shall never use it badly, nor in a bad cause." In itself this was a small incident, but quite large enough to show the excellent relationship subsisting between the persecuted man and his own people. As one result of his travel, and consequent increased knowledge and experience, the sermons he now preached to his little congregation were charged with positive faith, larger, broader, more earnest, than had come from him before. If he pulled down the false, it was only that he might be enabled to build up the true. If he cut out cancers from the body of the popular Religion, it was with a reverent desire to make her constitution thoroughly sound and whole. No one knew better than he that all pulling down, all surgery, will not do, and that it is upon affirmations—not upon negations—that men have to live. Indeed, it was because he so firmly believed in the affirmations of true religion that he was so anxious to rid the world of the superstitions and excrescences which do so much to negate them. He himself tersely, if quaintly, put this point a short time afterwards:—"I never regarded my function as negative except in a small degree. I would pull up the weeds and give them to the pigs; then plant the corn for men and pigs too."

The first extra-ministerial work he performed after his return home was the preparation and delivery of three lectures. One was upon "The Signs of the Times," and, being filled with warm anticipations and most outspoken criticism, it excited afresh the public interest in him. It also awoke the opposition against him, for it soon

became evident that this had only been sleeping because of his personal absence. His unwise enemies little thought of what they were doing for him by all this; for, more than by what his friends did, more, perhaps, than by what he did for himself, they helped him to the position of fame and influence which he subsequently occupied. It is thus that persecution, like

"Vaulting ambition o'er leaps itself,  
And falls on t'other side."

Amongst the earliest entries in his journal after his return was this: "I have now-a-days some few struggles with myself to repress indignation at insults, real or fanciful; I must outgrow this." That will indicate what he was being made to feel in private life. In little over two months after his return, the same miserable spirit of narrowness and bitterness once more affected him in more public ways.

The first exhibition of it came forth when, in November, 1844, the Rev. John Turner Sargent, minister of the Suffolk Street Chapel in Boston, invited Parker to exchange pulpits with him. Mr. Sargent's was a mission chapel, supported by the Boston Benevolent Fraternity of (Unitarian) Churches, and they would not tolerate Parker being allowed to preach in one of their chapels. The Executive Committee accordingly called a meeting, deliberated, passed resolutions, and framed a remonstrance against Parker being allowed to preach, which was sent to all their missionary-ministers, and wrote a warm letter to the particular offender. But Mr. Sargent was too noble and too well-circumstanced to be coerced into joining in what he could not help but feel was religious persecution. He did not agree with Parker's views, but he felt he was unjustly ostracised. Fortunately for his (Mr. Sargent's) independence, he was not an ordinary

missionary-minister, depending upon the small pittance generally paid such men for his livelihood. He had means of his own, and spent largely of them upon the poor and outcast he came in contact with ; and the chapel where he preached had been erected and embellished chiefly by his own family. Out of the deep benevolence of his nature he had devoted himself to the work of humanizing and blessing the residuum of one of the lowest districts in Boston, and had succeeded in gathering together a congregation of those who loved him dearly. These "common people heard" Theodore Parker "gladly," for he had preached to them before he was ostracised for heresy. Mr. Sargent felt it was right that they should go on being allowed to hear him ; defended his action in exchanging with him, and, rather than promise not to do so, he sent in his resignation to the Committee. This miserable intolerance—this complete departure from Unitarian principles—thus drove from the ministry to the poor one of the best men it ever had ; and the poor had thereby to become incalculable sufferers. Of course, the matter made a great noise in Boston. On both sides, newspaper letters and pamphlets were numerous. The Trinitarians pointed to the case as one showing that, notwithstanding all the Unitarians said about creeds and confessions, they were just as much unwilling to allow divergence from their track as were the "orthodox" from theirs. While the secular papers caustically asked if this was the "liberty" of their ministers, of which the Unitarians so loudly boasted ?

A month or so afterwards, when the excitement arising from Mr. Sargent's case was still at its height, another bright example of how Boston Unitarians favoured free thought and free expression was afforded. There existed at the time what was called "The Great and Thursday Lecture,"

an ancient institution inaugurated by one of the earliest ministers of the venerable First Church, in Chauncy Place, who, beginning by preaching it himself, had afterwards got the whole of the Unitarian ministers of the city and district to take turns with him ; and it had at this time got under the conduct of the Boston Association of Ministers, each of the members of which was expected to take it in rotation. But, from having been originally, for many years, a famous and flourishing weekly service, "The Great and Thursday Lecture" had fallen away to a very low condition thirty years ago. A poor attendance—made up mostly of venerable women and stray country ministers, poor singing, and a poor service, was the usual order of things ; and it is not surprising to find that the ministers forming the Association were often anxious to escape the ordeal of having to take the service, or that supplies and substitutes were difficult to secure. But when Parker preached the Thursday lecture, on December 26th, 1844, there was a much different state of things. The church was crowded, even to the pulpit stairs, the service was a living one from beginning to end, and the utterances of the preacher were listened for as those from the lips of an oracle.

His subject was, "The Relation of Jesus to his Age and the Ages," and the text used was, "Have any of the rulers, or of the Pharisees, believed on him ?" The printed sermon lies before us as we write. It opens with a reference to what constitutes a great man, and what great men do for humanity. "When Jesus arose—as in the case of all great men—he was doubted, because conventionalists prefer past dead men to those newly arising ; sick men like to be healed by the medicine which helped them the last time ; at least by the customary drugs which are popular." "Neither of the three

parties of the time—the Pharisees, the Sadducees, or the Essenes—would accept, acknowledge, or even perceive the greatness of Jesus of Nazareth. All three expected a different kind of man.” “It is so now. Some seem to think that if Jesus were to come back to the earth, he would preach Unitarian sermons from a text out of the Bible, and prove his divine mission and the everlasting truths, the truths of necessity that he taught, in the Unitarian way, by telling of the miracles he wrought eighteen hundred years ago; that he would prove the immortality of the soul by the fact of his own corporeal resurrection. Others seem to think that he would deliver homilies of a severer character; would rate men soundly about total depravity, and tell of unconditional election, salvation without works, and imputed righteousness, and talk of hell till the women and children fainted, and the knees of men smote together for trembling. Perhaps both would be mistaken.” “It was so then; Jesus spoke not for the prejudices of such, and so they rejected him. But he was rejected by those outside the sects, those who were weary of absurdities, thirsting for the truth, sick they knew not why, and waiting for the angel who should come and heal them, though by troubled waters and remedies unknown. It was not the publicans and harlots who laid their hands upon the place where their hearts should be, saying, ‘you hurt our feelings,’ and ‘we can’t bear you.’ It was because he spoke for all mankind and not for any of the sects that his truths ride on the wings of time, and are welcome, beautiful, and blessing wherever man is found, and so must be till man and time shall cease. He met with opposition, enough of it.” “The Sec-tarians cursed him; cursed him by their gods: rejected him, abused him, persecuted him, sought his life. Yes, they condemned him in the name of

God. All evil, says the proverb, begins in that name; much continues to claim it.” “Jesus looked to God for his truth, his great doctrines—not his own private personal ones, depending on his idiosyncrasies and therefore only subjectively true, but God’s—universal, everlasting, the absolute religion. I do not know that he did not teach some errors also, along with it. I care not if he did. It is by his truths that I know him.” “No wonder, then, that men soon learned to honour Jesus as a God, and then as God himself. Apostolical and other legends, &c., believe men of these things as they will. To me they are not truth and fact, but mythic symbols and poetry; the psalm of praise with which the world’s rude heart extols and magnifies its King.” “That God has yet greater men in store, I doubt not; to say this is not to detract from the majestic character of Christ, but to affirm the omnipotence of God. When they come, the old contest will be renewed, the living prophet stoned—the dead one worshipped.”

In the foregoing bald outline we have quoted about the strongest sentences which the sermon contained; yet what a clamour it raised! Even his daring to have praised Jesus in the manner he did, was an offence in him in the eyes of some. Heated controversies took place on various hands. The Unitarian ministers were more than ever decided that he should be got out of the Association, but the problem was how had it to be done. They dared not expel him openly, and he refused to voluntarily withdraw. After much discussion and deliberation, the device was hit upon of handing back the power to invite ministers to deliver “the Great and Thursday Lecture,” to the minister of the First Church. The latter fell in with the device: re-invited all the ministers to join him in it, except Parker, and thus the Association’s



difficulty about him taking his turn at the Lecture was acutely managed. There were certain plain, blunt people in Boston who did not hesitate to call this an unhandsome juggle, and certainly it does appear open to that construction. There was, however, a sort of poetic justice came soon after, for "the Great and Thursday Lecture" failed entirely and had to be given up.

The next movement in the conflict took place about another month later. It is indicated by the following entry in Parker's journal:—"January 17, 1845.—Two members of J. F. Clarke's Society came here this afternoon to state to me that in the Church of the Disciples there was a strong feeling about my exchanging with their minister. They came with the kindest intentions to notify me of the fact—to state, furthermore, that some of the society would abandon the church if I came. But I think the principle in virtue of which Clarke asked an exchange is true. I feel inclined to live out this principle." The circumstance was this: Mr. Clarke had given notice to his congregation that, while he had no sympathy with Parker's heresies, he thought it wrong to allow differences of opinion about theology to hinder the duty of Christian fellowship, and that it was his intention to exchange with him the following Sunday. Some members of the congregation were wild at the announcement, and two, after doing all they could to dissuade Mr. Clarke, decided upon attempting to persuade Parker not to come—as recorded, and with what success, above. When Parker came the place was crowded, notwithstanding that several of the more rabid ordinary attendants further protested by staying away. He gave them his beautiful, and certainly innocent, sermon on the "Excellency of Goodness," but this did not serve to allay the prejudice which had been formed against him. Amazing as it may seem,

a number of Mr. Clarke's members seceded from him because of this act of ministerial fellowship, and helped a missionary-minister, who had distinguished himself in condemning the conduct of Mr. Sargent, from his humble mission chapel to a fine one in another district. But, like all passionate freaks, this soon ended. The quondam missionary-minister's new society soon diminished and disappeared. It may have been that the better sense of people was with the stigmatised man after all.

It was now clear that, whatever message from God Theodore Parker might have, the Unitarian ministers were determined it should not have a chance of being heard in their churches. There were, however, not wanting a few earnest men in Boston, who saw that in all this the great principle of religious freedom was in danger. "It was ecclesiastically repudiated, and that, too, with scorn and hissing by the Unitarians—the 'liberal Christians!' the 'party of progress'—not less than by the orthodox." A number of these earnest men came together, privately first and afterwards in public, to look matters in the face, and decide what should be done. And at a meeting held January 22nd, 1845, this resolution was adopted—"Resolved. That the Rev. Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston." Measures were soon taken to make the resolution an event. But so great was the prejudice against Parker, that though payment was offered in advance in turn for all the unoccupied halls in Boston, only one, the Melodeon, could be hired for the purpose. But this, though it had the disadvantage of being a music hall, and often on a Sunday morning displayed remnants of the theatrical paraphernalia in use the previous night, was the largest and most central. In writing to his congregation at the close of life, he himself thus refers to the commencement of the



new movement. "One rainy Sunday, the streets full of snow, on the 16th of February, 1845, for the first time I stood before you to preach and pray: we were strangers then! I spoke of the 'Indispensableness of True Religion for Man's Welfare in his Individual and his Social Life.' I came to build up piety and morality, to pull down only what cumbered the ground. I was then in my thirty-fifth year, and had some knowledge of the historical development of religion in the Christian world. I knew that I came to a 'thirty years' war,' and I had enlisted for the whole, should life hold out so long. I knew well what we had to expect at first; for we were committing the sin which all the great world-sects have held unpardonable—attempting to correct the errors of theory and the vices of practice in the Church. No offence could ecclesiastically be greater; the Inquisition was built to punish such; to that end blazed the faggots at Smithfield, and the cross was set up on Calvary. Truth has her cradle near Golgotha. You knew my spirit and tendency better than my special opinions, which you then gave a 'chance to be heard' in Boston." But I knew that I had thoroughly broken with the ecclesiastical authority of Christendom; its God was not my God, nor its Scriptures my Word of God, nor its Christ my Saviour; for I preferred the Jesus of historic fact to the Christ of theologic fancy. Its narrow, partial, and unnatural heaven I did not wish to enter on the terms proposed; nor did I fear, since earliest youth, its mythic, roomy hell, wherein the triune God, with his pack of devils to aid, tore the human race in pieces for ever and ever. I came to preach 'another Gospel,' sentiments, ideas, actions, quite unlike what belonged to the theology of the Christian Church. Though severely in earnest, I came to educate men in true

religion as well as I could. I knew I should be accounted the worst of men, ranked among triflers, mockers, infidels, and atheists. But I did not know all the public had to offer me, of good or ill; nay, I did not know what was latent in myself, nor foresee all the doctrines which then were hid in my own first principles—what embryo fruit and flowers lay sheathed in the obvious bud. But at the beginning I warned you that if you came, Sunday after Sunday, you would soon think very much as I did on the great matters you asked me to teach—because I had drawn my doctrine from the same human nature which was in you, and that would recognise and own its child."

The first arrangement he made with the Boston committee was to preach two Sundays, and if possible to continue to preach for them every Sunday morning for a year. Parker had no desire, at the time, to leave his "Patmos at West Roxbury," and he arranged to continue there, preaching himself on the Sunday evening and furnishing a substitute for the morning. On the night of the Sunday of his first service at the Melodeon he thus expressed his feelings in the journal:—"To-day I have preached at the Melodeon for the first time. The weather was highly unfavourable—rainy, and the snow deep—the streets passable only with difficulty. Still, there was a large audience, mostly of men, unlike most of my audiences. I felt the greatness of the occasion; but I felt it too much to do justice, perhaps, to myself. I felt not at ease in my service. I felt as one that is with some friends, with some foes, with many strangers. It has been a day of struggles. A long, long warfare opens before me! Shall I prove worthy? How much can I do? How much can I bear? I know not. I look only to the soul of my soul, not with over-confidence in myself,

but with an adamantine faith in God." It will be seen from this that the new campaign was opened in a noble and reverent spirit—a spirit well—deserving the great success which attended it during the fourteen subsequent years.

There was, after this, another conference between him and a committee of the Boston Association of Ministers touching their differences; but, though kindly in spirit, it failed to show a common ground on which they could henceforth work professionally together. Just about the time he commenced to preach at Boston he published a long *brochure*, entitled "A Letter to the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers, touching certain matters of their Theology." In a sermon preached by him to his West Roxbury congregation he explained that his object was "to relieve the brethren from the embarrassment of being held answerable for my opinions while they had no opportunity of showing men how much they differed from me. Now, only two possible courses can be conceived: 1. To reply to all the questions. This, I knew, they could not do, for there was the greatest diversity of opinions amongst themselves. They could not agree. 2. Such being the case, they could state to me and the public that they could not answer my letter point for point, *because they were not agreed.*" Of course, the logical inference would thus be plain to all:—Here are men turning a man out for not agreeing with them, who do not agree amongst themselves! The letter is one of the ablest productions we ever read. It so manifestly shows the absurdity and inconsistency of the Boston Ministers that we would fain insert it bodily here; but as that is impractical we give a considerable portion of it.

After devoting several pages to expressing the respect he feels for many of the ministers of the Association,

their treatment of him in the cases of Rev. J. T. Sargent, Rev. John Pierpont, and similar matters, Parker goes on to write:—"The Unitarians have no recognised and public creed. It used to be their glory. At the Theological School in Cambridge I subscribed to no symbolical books; at my ordination I assented to no forms of doctrine, neither church nor council requesting it. When I became a member of your learned body, no one asked me of my opinions, whether orthodox or heterodox. No one even demanded a promise that I should never change an opinion or discover a new truth! I know, gentlemen, that I differ, and that very widely, from the systems of theology which are taught, and from the philosophy which underlies these systems. I have no wish to disguise my theology, or to shelter it beneath the authority of your association: let it stand or fall by itself. But still I do not know that I have transgressed the limits of Unitarianism; for I do not know what those limits are. It is a great glory to a liberal association to have no symbolical books, but a great inconvenience that a sect becoming exclusive should not declare its creed. I cannot utter the *shibboleth* of a party till I first hear it pronounced in the orthodox way. I shall presently proceed to beg you to point out the limits of scientific freedom, and tell the *maximum* of theological belief which distinguishes you from the 'orthodox,' on the one side, and the *minimum* thereof which distinguishes you from the 'infidels,' on the other side. . . . I must beg of you to tell me what is *orthodoxy* according to the Boston Association. The orthodoxy of the Catholic Church I know very well. I am not wholly ignorant of what is called orthodox by the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches; but the ORTHODOXY of the Boston Association of Ministers is not a thing so easy to come at.

As I try to comprehend it, I feel that I am looking at something dim and undefined. It changes colour and it changes shape: now it seems a mountain; then it looks like a cloud. You will excuse me, gentlemen, but, though I have been more than seven years a member of your reverend body, I do not altogether comprehend your theology, nor know what is orthodox. You will do a great service if you will publish your symbolical books, and let the world know what is the true doctrine according to the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers. I have defined my own position as well as I could, and will presently beg you to reply, distinctly, categorically, and unequivocally, to the following questions. Gentlemen, you are theologians; men of leisure and learning; mighty in the Scriptures. Some of you have grown grey in teaching the world; most of you, I think, make no scruple of passing judgment, public and private, on my opinions and myself. It is therefore to be supposed that you have examined things at large, and been curious in particulars; have searched into mysteries of things, deciding what is true, what false, what Christian and what not; and so have determined upon a standard of doctrines which is to you well known, accessible, and acknowledged by all. Some of you can sling stones at a hair's-breadth in the arena of theology. You are many, and I am standing alone. Of course I shall take it for granted that you have, each and all, thoroughly, carefully, and profoundly examined the matters at issue between us; that you have made up your minds thereon, and are all entirely agreed in your conclusions, and that on all points: for sure it were not charitable to suppose, without good and sufficient proof, that a body of Christian ministers—conscientious men, learned, and aware of the difficulties of the

case—would censure and virtually condemn one of their number for heresy, unless they had made personal investigation of the whole matter, had themselves agreed on their standard of orthodoxy, and were quite ready to place that standard before the eyes of the whole people. I beg that this standard of Unitarian orthodoxy, as it is agreed upon and established by the authority of the Boston Association, may be set before my eyes and those of the public: at the same time, and therefore, gentlemen, I propose to you the following

#### “QUESTIONS.

“*Class I.*—Scholastic questions, relating to the definition of terms frequently used in theology:—

“What do you mean by—(1) ‘salvation;’ (2) ‘a miracle;’ (3) ‘inspiration;’ (4) ‘revelation;’?”

“*Class II.*—Dogmatic questions, relating to certain doctrines of theology:—

5. In questions of theology, to what shall a man appeal? and what is the criterion by which he is to test theological, moral, and religious doctrines? Are there limits to theological inquiry? and if so, what are those limits? Is truth to be accepted because it is true, and right to be followed because it is right, or for some other reason?

“6. What are the conditions of salvation, both theoretical and practical? and how are they to be known?”

“7. What do you consider the essential doctrines of Christianity? What moral and religious truth is taught by Christianity that was wholly unknown to the human race before the time of Christ? and is there any doctrine of Christianity that is not a part also of natural religion?”

“8. Do you believe all the books in the Bible came from the persons to whom they are, in our common version thereof, ascribed? or what

are genuine and canonical Scriptures?

"9. Do you believe that all or any of the authors of the Old Testament were miraculously inspired, so that all or any of their language can properly be called the *Word of God*, and their writings constitute a miraculous revelation? or are those writings to be judged of, as other writings, by their own merits, and so made to pass for what they are worth? In short, what is the authority of the Old Testament? and what relation does it bear to man—that of master, or servant?

"10. Do you believe the law contained in the Pentateuch, in all parts and particulars, is miraculously inspired or revealed to man? or is it, like the laws of Massachusetts, a human work, in whole or in part?

"11. Do you believe the miracles related in the Old Testament?—for example, that God appeared in a human form, spoke in human speech, walked in the Garden of Eden, ate and drank; that he commanded Abraham to sacrifice Isaac, and made the verbal declarations so often attributed to Him in the Old and New Testaments; that Moses spoke with Him 'as a man speaketh with his friend;' that the miracles alleged to have been wrought for the sake of the Hebrews in Egypt, the Red Sea, Arabia, and Palestine, and recorded in the Bible, were actual facts; that the births of Isaac, Samson, and Samuel were miraculous; that Balaam's ass spoke the Hebrew words put into his mouth; that God did give to Moses, and others mentioned in the Old Testament, the commands there ascribed to Him; that the sun stood still as related in the Book of Joshua; that Jonah was swallowed by a large fish, and while within the fish composed the ode ascribed to him? And do you believe all the miracles related in the Books of Job, Daniel, and elsewhere in the Old Testament?

"12. Do you believe that any prophet of the Old Testament, solely through a miraculous revelation made to him by God, did distinctly and unequivocally foretell any distant and future event which has since come to pass? and, in special, that any prophet of the Old Testament did thereby, and in manner aforesaid, distinctly and unequivocally foretell the birth, life, sufferings, death and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth, so that Jesus was, in the proper and exclusive sense of the word, the *Messiah* predicted by the prophets and expected by the Jews?

"13. What do you think is the meaning of the phrase, 'Thus saith the Lord,' with its kindred expressions in the Old Testament?

"14. Do you believe that all or any of the authors of the New Testament were miraculously inspired, so that all or any of their language can properly be called the *Word of God*, and that their writings constitute a miraculous revelation? or are those writings to be judged of, as other writings, by their own merits, and so made to pass for what they are worth? In short, what is the authority of the New Testament? and what relation does it bear to man—that of master, or servant?

"15. Do you believe the Christian Apostles were miraculously inspired to teach, write, or act, with such a *mode, kind, or degree* of inspiration as is not granted by God in all time to other men equally wise, moral, and pious? Do you think the Apostles were so informed by miraculous inspiration as never to need the exercise of the common faculties of man, and never to fall into any errors of fact and doctrine? or are we to suppose that the Apostles were mistaken in their announcements of the speedy destruction of the world, of the resurrection of the body, &c.?

"16. What do you think is the nature of Jesus of Nazareth? Was he

*God, man, or a being neither God nor man?* And how does he affect the salvation of mankind? In what sense is he the Saviour, Mediator, and Redeemer?

“17. Do you believe that Jesus of Nazareth was miraculously born, as it is related in two of the Gospels, with but one human parent; that he was tempted by the devil, and transfigured, talking actually with Moses and Elias; that he actually transformed the substance of water into the substance of wine; fed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes; that he walked on the waters; miraculously stilled a tempest; sent demons out of men into a herd of swine; and that he restored to life persons wholly and entirely dead?

“18. Do you believe that Jesus had a miraculous and infallible inspiration different in *kind* or *mode* to that granted to other wise, good, and pious men, informing him to such a degree that he never made a mistake in matters pertaining to religion, to theology, to philosophy, or to any other department of human concern; and that therefore he teaches with an authority superior to reason, conscience, and the religious sentiment in the individual man?

“19. Do you believe that it is impossible for God to create a being with the same moral and religious excellence that Jesus had, but also more and greater intellectual and other faculties, and send him into the world as a man? or has Jesus exhausted either or both the *capacity* of man, or the *capability* of God?

“20. Do you believe that, from a state of entire and perfect death, Jesus returned to a state of entire and perfect physical life; that he did all the works and uttered all the words attributed to him in the concluding parts of the Gospels after the resurrection; and was subsequently taken up into heaven bodily and visible, as mentioned in the book of Acts?

“21. Do you believe that, at the death of Jesus, the earth quaked, the rocks were rent; that darkness prevailed over the land for three hours; that the graves were opened, and many bodies of saints that slept arose and appeared to many?

“22. Do you believe that Jesus, or any of the writers of the New Testament, believed in and taught the existence of a personal devil, of angels good or bad, of demons who possessed the bodies of men? and do you yourselves believe the existence of a personal devil, of such angels and demons? In special, do you believe that the angel Gabriel appeared to Zacharias, and to the Virgin Mary, and uttered exactly those words ascribed to him in the third Gospel?

“23. Do you believe that the writers of the four Gospels and the book of Acts never mingled mythical, poetical, or legendary matter in their compositions; that they never made a mistake in matter of fact; and that they have, in all cases, reported the words and actions of Jesus with entire and perfect accuracy?

“24. Do you believe the miracles related in the book of Acts?—for example, the miraculous inspiration of the Apostles at Pentecost; the cures effected by Peter, his vision, his miraculous deliverance from prison ‘by the angel of the Lord;’ the miraculous death of Ananias and Sapphira; the miraculous conversion of Paul; that diseased persons were cured by handkerchiefs and aprons brought to them from Paul; and that he and Stephen actually, and with the body’s eye, saw Jesus Christ, an actual object exterior to themselves?

“25. Do you believe that Peter, in the Acts, correctly explains certain passages of the Old Testament as referring to Jesus of Nazareth, his sufferings, death, and resurrection? that Jesus himself—if the Gospels truly represent his words—in all cases applies the language of the Old



Testament to himself, in its proper and legitimate meaning? Was he never mistaken in this matter? or have the passages of the Old Testament many meanings?

"26. Do you think that a belief in the miraculous inspiration of all or any of the writers of the Old Testament or New Testament—that a belief in all or any of the miracles therein mentioned; that a belief in the miraculous birth, life, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus; that a belief in his miraculous, universal, and infallible inspiration—is essential to a perfect Christian character, to salvation and acceptance with God, or even to participation in the Christian name? and if so, what doctrine of morality or religion really or necessarily rests, in whole or in part, on such a belief?

"27. Do you believe that the two ordinances—Baptism and the Lord's Supper—are, in themselves, essential, necessary, and of primary importance as ends, valuable for their own sakes? or that they are helps and means for the formation of the Christian character, and therefore valuable only so far as they help to form that character?

"28. Do you think it wrong and unchristian in another to abandon what he deems to be a popular error, or to embrace and proclaim an unpopular truth? Do you count yourselves, theoretically, to have attained all religious and theological truth, and to have retained no error in your own creed, so that it is wholly unnecessary for you, on the one hand, to re-examine your own opinions, or, on the other, to search further for light and truth? or do you think yourselves competent, without such search or such examination, to pronounce a man an infidel, and no Christian, solely because he believes many things in theology which you reject, and rejects some things which you believe?"

The letter thus concluded:—"Gentlemen, you are men of leisure, and

I am busied with numerous cares; you are safe in your multitude of counsel, while I have comparatively none to advise with. But notwithstanding these advantages, so eminently on your side, I have not feared to descend into the arena, and, looking only for the truth, to write you this letter. I shall pause, impatient for your reply; and with hearty wishes for your continued prosperity, your increased usefulness, and growth alike in all Christian virtues and every manly grace, I remain, gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,

"THEODORE PARKER.

"West Roxbury, March 20, 1845."

This masterly letter remained a standing challenge to the Unitarian Ministers and Churches. It was never answered, never even fairly taken up. It effectually terminated the controversy which had so long raged; and Parker's connection with the Unitarian communion henceforth ceased. The truth is he was too religious a man for men who were making theology into religion, who were caring far more for how people cried "Lord, Lord," than for how they were doing "the will of the Father." The American Unitarians of thirty years ago were all for respectability and propriety; Parker was all for improvement and advancement, and no wonder he lost faith in them. "The Unitarians are getting shockingly bigoted and little; their late meetings were windy, and they meet to ventilate their narrowness; yet how contemptible must be a sect who only *deny the divinity of Christ*, affirming a denial, their life the *development of a negation*. Anniversary Week had painfully little of the Channing, much of the Norton, bating his scholarship, more of the —, cunning, specious, superficial, and worldly. The Universalists are more human than they; they declare the *fatherhood of God*, and do not stick at the consequences, everlasting hap-



piness to all men. I think they are the most *human* sect in the land. They had an address on temperance, one on slavery, one on war, delivered before their ministers on Anniversary Week."

But though none of those who treated Parker so severely for his views dared to enter into controversy with him on the points at issue, to the end of his life they seldom failed to avail themselves of any opportunity offered to annoy and insult him. As samples thereof we will give two incidents which occurred, both in connection with Harvard University—which is in the hands of the Unitarian body. The first illustration of preserved Unitarian ill-will was afforded about three years before his death, when his health was already fast giving way. The Senior Class in the Cambridge Divinity School invited him to deliver the customary address before them and the public, the Sunday before their graduation. But the theological faculty, consisting of three Unitarian Doctors of Divinity, interposed their veto, and forbade him being allowed to speak there! Such a prohibition had not been known before. These doctors were men none of whom "was ever accused of believing too much," yet they saw fit to offer Parker, because it was he, the greatest ecclesiastical, academical, and personal insult in their professional power, in the most public manner, and that, too, at a time when he was just recovering from severe illness, and fluttering 'twixt life and death—his physician telling him the chances were equally divided between the two; and when, if he stood in the pulpit to preach, he could only do so by holding on to the desk with one hand while he lifted the other up! The other case occurred in July, 1859—about eleven months before his death—and when inherited consumption left only one chance in ten for his recovery. Mr. M. D.

Conway, now minister of South Place Chapel, London, was then a student at Cambridge (U. S.) Theological School, and at a meeting of the Alumni he proposed the following resolution:—"That the Association has heard with deep regret of the failure, during the past year, of the health of the Rev. Theodore Parker; and we hereby extend to him our heartfelt sympathy, and express our earnest hope and prayer for his return, with renewed strength, and heart unabated, to the post of duty which he has so long filled with ability and zeal." The motion was supported by the Rev. J. F. Clarke, that year the President of the American Unitarian Association, but the other ministers could not forget their old grudge against the subject of it. Various transparent reasons were offered for not adopting it, and in the end it was avoided by an adjournment. Parker thus wrote about the affair to the Rev. J. F. Clarke:—"What a row you and Conway made at the meeting of Alumni a month ago, or less! You the President of the Unitarian Association! only think of it! I am afraid you are 'raised up' 'for the disturbance of the Br-rotheren' as Dr. — would say. Poor men! So they couldn't say, 'Well, we're sorry you're sick, and hope you'll get well, and come back to your old place, and go to work!' No: they could not say that—how could they? But this mode of treating the matter will damage those men not a little. 'What?' honest men will say, 'couldn't you wish your sick brother might get well, and come back, and work against popular wickedness, in low places and high places? Afraid he'd hurt the word o' God, and knock down the Church o' God! Do you think they're so much in danger that a little consumptive minister in Exeter Place could finish one or the other?' . . . I have been in battle for twenty years,

treated as no other American ever was, and it is not likely I have escaped without many a wrong deed. You have sometimes told me of my faults. God bless you for it ! I took the advice greatly to heart. But a note at Harvard College Chapel won't save a man whose relations all die of consumption soon as that ugly cat puts her claws into their sides. For the ministers' sake, private and public, I should rather they would have passed the resolution which brave, affectionate young Conway presented ; for my own sake it is not of the smallest consequence. At twenty-nine it would move me ; not at forty-nine."

If we may judge from articles—evidently written by Unitarian ministers who were contemporary with Parker—which have appeared lately in the *Boston Christian Register*, the organ of the conservative Unitarians of America, he has not yet, even sixteen years after his death,

been forgiven. But how seldom those who are most in fault towards a man forgive him ! Notwithstanding this latent spirit of bitterness against him, however, his influence grows in America, as in England. "Nobody," writes an American Unitarian Minister, the Rev. A. D. Mayo—"Nobody is surprised to find the books of Parker in every thoughtful man's library, or to hear multitudes of strong men impute their conversion to him." American Unitarians, as English ones, are now insisting that he shall have an official recognition given him, at least as full as that accorded to Dr. Channing. In both countries the advocates of infrenaturalism, who play the part of Mrs. Partington, and with a mop of traditional rags try to mop back the Atlantic ocean of his influence, will most assuredly in the end experience that infatuated old lady's overwhelming defeat.



## CHAPTER XII.

## THE SECOND PASTORATE.—BOSTON.

"A Theologian from the School  
Of Cambridge on the Charles, was there :  
Skilful alike with tongue and pen,  
He preached to all men everywhere  
The Gospel of the golden rule,  
The new commandment given to men  
Thinking the deed, and not the creed  
Would help us in our utmost need.  
With reverent feet the earth he trod,  
Nor banished Nature from his plan,  
But studied still with deep research  
To build the Universal Church,  
Lofty as is the love of God,  
And ample as the wants of man."—LONGFELLOW.

WHEN it is remembered that for seven years Parker had preached at West Roxbury to an audience varying from seventy to one hundred and twenty; that he had frequently been told that he was far more fitted for a scholar than a preacher; that he himself felt how much more he loved meditation and seclusion than mixing with crowds; the reader will not be surprised to hear that his success as a preacher, in the experiment made for a year at the Melodeon, almost as much surprised as it delighted him. The large hall was crowded every Sunday morning with eager, earnest, intelligent listeners, chiefly of the humbler classes, and including many who had not before submitted themselves to the influence of positive religion. It was not at all a rich or fashionable audience, but one of thoughtful, sensitive, humane men—seekers, doubters, reformers—and one such as the preacher himself liked. He felt that it was a wide and noble position that he had been called to. He was an inspiration to the people; they were an inspiration to him. Even those who came out of mere curiosity were led up to reverence and worship by his manly piety, powerful assaults upon the con-

science, and transparent love for man.

The success of the first twelve months proving so great, his Boston friends were anxious for him to leave West Roxbury altogether, and permanently settle with them. Remarking upon this, he wrote in his journal:—"I would gladly, for my own quiet, remain always here; but I shall go to Boston and work, if they need me and wish me. I pray for this only, that I may be greatly good and pious, and thereby greatly useful unto man. If I pass ten years in Boston, labouring at that church, I may do something, it seems to me. If not, why, I have done my best, and will not complain. My chosen walk will be with the humble. I will be the minister of the humble, and, with what of culture and love I have, will I toil for them. I rejoice to see that most of my hearers are from the humbler class of men. If it had been *only* the cultivated and the rich, I should feel that I was wrong somewhere; but when the voice comes up from the ground, I can't refuse to listen to it."

Parker was thus called to his great work, as has been many another Saviour of society, by the "common people"—those from whom almost

every grand ameliorative reform has sprung. The new call was accepted. He resigned his position at West Roxbury in a tenderly-worded letter, and wrote most pathetic sentences about his separation from his dear friends there in the journal. His *desire* was to remain still with them ; his *duty* commanded him to Boston. His installation at the latter place as minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston took place on Sunday, January 4, 1846. There was no ordination in the ordinary sense, only the chairman of the committee making a short statement of the measures taken in forming the society and calling Mr. Parker. But never were there more of the realities of which ordination gives symbols present in such a service ; and, the substance assured, what mattered the shadow ?

Parker's sermon on the occasion was on "The True Idea of a Christian Church ;" and as in it he outlined the work he was then entering upon, a few extracts from it will, no doubt, be acceptable to the reader. For this we avail ourselves of the excellent synopsis made of the discourse by Mr. Frothingham. Taking no text, he began by saying, "We are here to establish a Christian Church ; and a Christian Church, as I understand it, is a body of men and women united together in a common desire of religious excellence, and with a common regard for Jesus of Nazareth, regarding him as the noblest example of morality and religion." "The essential of substance, which makes it a religious body, is the union for the purpose of cultivating love to God and man ; and the essential of form, which makes it a Christian body, is the common regard for Jesus, considered as the highest representative of God that we know. It is not the form, either of ritual or of doctrine, but the spirit which constitutes a Christian Church." "Chris-

tianity, to be perfect and entire, demands a complete manliness ; the development of the whole man, mind, conscience, heart, and soul. It aims not to destroy the sacred peculiarities of individual character ; it cherishes and develops them in their perfection." "A Christian Church should aim to have its members Christians, as Jesus was the Christ ; sons of man as he was, sons of God as much as he." "If Jesus were ever mistaken—as the evangelists make it appear—then it is a part of Christianity to avoid his mistakes, as well as to accept his truths." "It is Christian to receive all the truths of the Bible ; all the truths that are not in the Bible just as much. It is Christian also to reject all the errors that come to us from without the Bible or within the Bible." "It is only free men that can find the truth, love the truth, live the truth. As much freedom as you shut out, so much falsehood do you shut in." "To think truth, is the worship of the head ; to do noble works of usefulness and charity is the worship of the will ; to feel love and trust in man and God is the glad worship of the heart." "Christianity should be represented as human, as man's nature in its true greatness." "The members of a Christian Church should be mindful of one another ; they should bear one another's burdens ; they should advise and admonish one another : the strong should help the weak, the rich the poor." "The Christian Church should have an action on others out of its pale ; should live to see its truth extend ; should be a means of reforming the world after the pattern of Christian ideas ; should bring the sentiments, ideas, actions of the times to be judged by the universal standard ; should measure the sins of commerce, the sins of the state, by conscience and reason, by the everlasting ideas upon which is based the

welfare of the world. A Christian Church should be a society for promoting true sentiments and ideas, for the promotion of good works. It should lead the movement for the public education of the people."

"Here are the needy, who ask for justice more than charity. Every beggar, every pauper, condemns our civilisation. Whence come the tenants of all our almshouses, jails—the victims of vice in all our towns? Why, from the lowest ranks of the people, from the poorest and most ignorant; say, rather, from the most neglected. What have the strong been doing all this while that the weak have come to such a state?"

"Does not Christianity say *the strong should help the weak*? Does not that mean something? Every almshouse in Massachusetts shows that the churches have not done their duty; that the Christians lie when they call Jesus Master, and men brothers. Every jail is a monument, on which it is written in letters of iron that we are still heathens; and the gallows, black and hideous, the embodiment of death, the last argument a 'Christian' State offers to the poor wretches it trained to be criminals—it stands there as a sign of our infamy; and, while it lifts its arm to crush the life out of some miserable man, whose blood cries to God against Cain in the nineteenth century, it lifts the same arm as an index of our shame?"

"Is that all? Oh, no! Did not Jesus say, 'Resist not evil with evil'? Is not war the worst form of that evil? and is there on earth a nation so greedy of war, a nation so reckless of provoking it, one where the war-horse so soon conducts his foolish rider into fame and power? Is that all? Far from it. Did not Christ say, 'Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them;' and are there not three million brothers of

yours and mine in bondage here, the hopeless sufferers of a savage doom; debarred from the civilisation of our age, the barbarians of the nineteenth century; shut out from the pretended religion of Christendom, the heathens of a Christian land; chained down from the liberty inalienable in man, the slaves of a Christian republic? Does not a cry of indignation ring out from every legislature in the North; does not the press war with its million throats, and a voice of indignation go up from East and West, out from the hearts of free-men? Oh, no. There is none of that cry against the mightiest sin of this age. The rock of Plymouth, sanctified by the feet which led a nation's way to freedom's large estate, provokes no more voice than the rottenest stone in all the mountains of the West. The few that speak a manly word for truth and everlasting right are called fanatics; bid be still, lest they spoil the market! Great God! and has it come to this, that men are silent over such a sin? 'Tis even so. Then it *must* be that every Church which dares assume the name of Christ, that dearest name to men, thunders and lightens on this hideous wrong! That is not so. The Church is dumb, while the State is only silent; while the servants of the people are only asleep, 'God's ministers' are dead!" "In the midst of all these wrongs and sins, the crimes of men, society, and the State, amid popular ignorance, pauperism, crime, and war, and slavery, too—is the Church to say nothing, do nothing—nothing for the good of such as feel the wrong, nothing to save them who do the wrong? Men tell us so in word and deed; that way alone is 'safe'! If I thought so, I would never enter the church but once again, and then to bow my shoulders to their manliest work, to heave down its strong pillars, arch and dome, and roof and

wall, steeple and tower, though, like Samson, I buried myself under the ruins of that temple which profaned the worship of God most high, of God most loved. I would do this in the name of man; in the name of Christ I would do it; yes, in the dear and blessed name of God." "The Christian Church should lead the civilisation of the age. It will be in unison with all science; it will not fear philosophy; it will not lack new truth, daring only to quote; nor be obliged to sneak behind the inspired words of old saints as its only fortress, for it will have words just as truly inspired, dropping from the golden mouths of saints and prophets now. A Church truly Christian must lead the way in moral enterprises, in every work which aims directly at the welfare of man. There was a time when the Christian Churches, as a whole, held that rank. Do they now? Oh, no! not even the Quakers, perhaps the last sect that abandoned it. A prophet filled with love of man and love of God is not therein at home. I speak a sad truth, and I say it in sorrow. But look at the churches of this city: do they lead the Christian movements of this city—the temperance movement; the peace movement; the movement for the freedom of man; for education; the movement to make society more just, more wise and good; the great religious movement of these times? Not at all." "Christianity is humanity. Christ is the son of man, and manliest of men; pious and hopeful as a prayer, but brave as man's most daring thought. He has led the world in morals and religion for eighteen hundred years, only because he was the manliest man in it, the humanest and bravest man in it, and therefore the divinest. He may lead it eighteen hundred years more. But the churches do not lead men therein; for they have not his spirit—neither that womanliness that wept over Jeru-

salem, nor that manliness that drew down fire from heaven to light the world's altars for well-nigh two thousand years." "There are many ways in which Christ may be denied: one is that of the bold blasphemer, who, out of a base and haughty heart, mocks, scoffing at the manly man, and spits upon the nobleness of Christ. There are few such deniers: my heart mourns for them. But they do little harm. Religion is so dear to men, no scoffing word can silence that; and the brave soul of this young Nazarene has made itself so deeply felt that scorn and mockery of him are but an icicle held up against the summer's sun. There is another way to deny him: that is to call him Lord, and never do his bidding; to stifle free minds with his words; and, with the authority of his name, to cloak, to mantle, screen, and consecrate the follies, errors, sins of men. From this we have much to fear." "In our day, men have made great advances in science, commerce, manufactures—in all the arts of life. We need, therefore, a development of religion corresponding thereto. Let us have a Church in which religion, goodness towards men, piety towards God, shall be the main thing. Let us have a degree of that suited to the growth and demands of this age. Its prayers will be a lifting up of the hearts in noble men towards God, in search of truth, goodness, piety. Its sacraments will be great works of reform, institutions for the comfort and culture of men. If men were to engage in religion as in politics, commerce, arts, if the absolute religion, the Christianity of Christ, were applied to life with all the might of this age, as the Christianity of the Church was then applied, what a result should we not behold! We should build up a great state with unity in the nation and freedom in the people; a state where there was honourable work for every



hand, bread for all mouths, clothing for all backs, culture for every mind, and love and faith in every heart. Truth would be our sermon, drawn from the oldest of Scriptures, God's writing, there in nature, here in man; works of daily duty would be our sacrament; prophets inspired of God would minister the word; and piety send up her psalm of prayer, sweet in its notes, and joyfully prolonged. The noblest monument to Christ, the fairest trophy of religion, is a noble people, where all are well fed and clad, industrious, free, educated, manly, pious, wise, and good." It was thus he spoke on the day of his installation as minister over the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston. And it was precisely because the noble promises thus held out were so faithfully realised that the ministry and society thus begun soon afterwards became so famous.

How Parker strove to actualize his idea of a Christian Church is faintly indicated by a letter written three years afterwards to Rev. Joseph H. Allen:—"Our Church in Boston," wrote he, "attends a little to the humanities in an ecclesiastical sense; not much, for we are poor. We have a Committee of Benevolent Action who are the Almoners of the Society. Twice a year we take up a collection for the poor. Once a fortnight the committee meet in the season from October to May, and consult about cases, &c. They keep a record of their doings, and are eminently useful. They find places for men, women, and children; and the blessing of such as are ready to perish falls upon them. Besides that, the members of the society are almost all engaged in some of the great reforms, *e.g.*, anti-slavery, temperance, prisons, &c. But we have no organised ecclesiastical action in these matters; I wish we had; but I have no time for all things of that sort. I once hoped to have a committee on

each of these topics, to report annually to the society the condition of each of these reforms. Then such as liked one and not another could work in their own way. But perhaps this is better done as it is; each man connecting himself as he sees fit, without any ecclesiastical organisation about it."

From an interesting letter, written by one of the leading members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, we take the following accounts of the manner in which Parker fulfilled various departments of his pastoral office:—"The subject of a Sunday-school often occupied his thoughts, and he made two different attempts to form one. The first effort was to gather in poor and ignorant children from the streets, and teach them reading and the general principles of morality and religion. But the preponderating influence of the Catholic priests over the foreign population, the only class needing this charity in Boston, rendered all efforts to keep the children together fruitless. Next he attempted a school for the children of the congregation. The young men and women professed themselves perfectly ready to assist him in his plan, but generally incredulous of its value or necessity. He took the superintendence of the school himself, always either making some original remarks or reading a story to the children. But a few months' experiment convinced him that the teachers were right, and that this class of children had sufficient direct instruction from other sources.

"On Saturday afternoons, for several years, he invited the ladies of his congregation to meet at his house for conversation on themes of moral and religious interest. He always considered the culture of women to be of the highest importance, and often said that a body of highly educated women could do more to

elevate a community than any other influence. Nothing can exceed the skill and courtesy with which he conducted these meetings. So thoroughly did he put himself in relation with his pupils, for such they might well be considered, that he often seemed to understand the action of their own minds better than they did themselves. He listened with patient attention to the stammering, diffident expression of thought from any earnest mind, and, placing it in the light of his own vast intelligence, reflected it to her and others in grander proportions and clearer beauty than she had imagined. The subject proposed one winter was the formation of a perfect character, and all the helps to it. Another time it was the gradual development of the religious nature in communities and individuals. Another time it was education in its broader sense. Although he allowed free play to fancy and wit in the illustration of all these themes, he never suffered the conversation to be aimless or profitless and without result; but at its close he gathered up the scattered thoughts of the company, and wove them into a concise and full expression. This wonderful power was still more strikingly displayed at Mr. Alcott's. For two or three hours the stream of thought would seem to flow at its own wayward will, without direction or aim. No other member of the company, perhaps, could have reported more than sparkling fancies, or pithy, orphic sayings; but Parker would surprise all by briefly reviewing the whole course of the conversation, placing the remarks of each speaker in their proper relation to those of all the rest, and giving them the pleasing consciousness of having said far wiser and profounder things than they had dreamed of. Little record of these genial and profitable occasions can be made. Surrounded by loving friends and disciples, he could

here forget something of the stern battle in which he was forced to mingle, and the whole sweetness and warmth of his nature had free play. We remember once, in speaking of the life of Jesus, the stress which he laid on the mental isolation in which he was forced to live. Although the multitude followed him, not one seems even to have attained to a full understanding of the grandeur and loftiness of his idea. We cannot estimate, he said, what he would have accomplished surrounded by those who could fully receive his mission and work with him. Once he said, "It is the greatest of all blessings to a man to meet his superior." Common every-day life, in all its seriousness and profundity, came up at these conversations. "Mr. Parker," said one of the less astute and sensitive of the company one afternoon, "what is that feeling which makes one person so devoted to another that she will cling to him through everything, even drunkenness?" "*I cannot tell you.*" "But you believe in it, do you not?" "*Indeed I do.*" We learn from another source that Parker took great pleasure in these meetings, and when out lecturing would hurry home from long distances in order that he might be present at them.

"His valuable library was always freely open to the use of his congregation, as of all other friends; and the book was always selected for the young borrower with discriminating care, and with words of criticism, or recommendation, which added wonderful interest to the perusal. Yet he lost much fewer books than most who lend them; for they were evidently so dear to him, yet so freely loaned, that the most careless did not like to neglect the trust. It did annoy him to have a book kept a long time, and returned *unread*; but while it was faithfully used he was quite willing to spare it.

"He never forgot individual claims, any more than public duties. His power of consolation was great and never-failing. It is not time, nor occupation, nor forgetfulness, which can console us for a real sorrow. It is only that time and a healthy reaction put the grief in its right place, enable us to see the great eternal truths which a passing cloud obscured, show the wise Providence ordering all things well, when all seemed ill to us. Of this, which we must often slowly and painfully learn, his ever-living, ever-acting faith helped us to consciousness at once. Tender and sympathetic as a mother, he was yet wise and strong, and demanded life and right action from others. Did life seem valueless, because the one who blessed it was gone, he made us feel that all life is one; that this life and eternity are close together, and that we work with those who have passed beyond the veil as truly as if they are here. Trusting wholly in a perfect God, how could he doubt his perfect providence? 'No man ever dies when it is a misfortune to him,' he often said. His scheme of the universe admitted of no accident; an immanent God must order all things well.

"He usually prefaced his remarks at a funeral by a statement of the cardinal doctrines of his faith, the two great truths of religion dear to every human heart, and sufficient to sustain it in all trials—the loving fatherhood of the perfect God, and the immortality of the human soul. Often, when some peculiar circumstances in the life or death of the departed one seemed to render all attempt at consolation but mockery, his clear and full enunciation of these truths, and the beautiful application of them to special circumstances which he never failed to make, seemed to take the sting from death and the victory from the grave.

"Not less impressive and beautiful

was his performance of the marriage service; always a solemn and touching sight to him. His appreciation of the mysterious holiness and blessedness of the conjugal union, and of the joys of the family relation, was so great that his parishioners sometimes complained that he never gave thanks for anything else; and his single friends petitioned that their joys, however inferior, might sometimes be remembered. Yet, perhaps, no one ever did higher justice to the maiden aunt. Speaking of the struggles of earnest young men to gain education and a wider sphere of life, 'it is the maiden aunt, often,' he said, 'who, when father and mother forsake him, like the Lord, has taken him up.' He also had great admiration for, and placed much reliance upon, 'the noble phalanx of old maids' which the congregation included."

Another thing attempted was Sunday afternoon meetings for free discussion of what pertains to religion. Parker hoped much good from this experiment, but it was soon made a vanity and a vexation of spirit by a few outsiders who talked much while they had little or nothing to say; and, as they would not desist by entreaty, and the policeman could not be called in by advocates of free speech, the abuse of freedom killed the attempt to give it.

Next Parker tried lectures on the Bible on Sunday afternoons, which were continued during the winter months several years. He gave six general lectures on the origin and history of the Old and New Testaments, and then turned to the criticism and interpretation of the latter. With Tischendorf's edition of the original text in his hand, he translated the three Synoptic Gospels, the four undoubted Epistles of Paul, the Acts, and the "Johannic" writings—Revelation, Gospel, Epistles—explaining each book, verse, and word as he proceeded. He intended to

treat all the other canonical and apocryphal books of the New and Old Testaments in the same way. But either the matter was too learned, or the manner was too dull, for it did not succeed well, bringing a class of but a few scores of persons. The experiment was abandoned when the Society left the Melodeon, and had no place for an afternoon meeting.

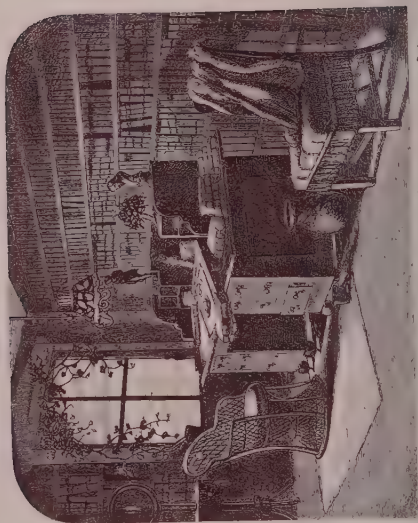
He meditated other schemes which he thought might be made helpful to select classes of young men and women, but failed of the opportunity to carry them into practice. He found, as all ministers do, how much less favourable to the organisation of a society is a city than a village or small town. In the latter, the religious organisation affords almost all the excitement, recreation, and social enjoyment which can be had by serious minds; but in cities there are so many things going on that men are not only attracted, but distracted. Then the organisation of philanthropic societies, Sunday schools, and the like, was not what Parker was invited to Boston for. He was invited as the prophet and preacher of the new reformation, which asserted the supremacy of the human soul over all outward authority. This work he achieved during life with a success unparalleled. All else was above and beyond what he was expected to accomplish, and, therefore, all honourable success.

In the letter to Rev. J. H. Allen, as well as from our references, the reader will have gathered that the society over which Parker was minister was not rich. They had a great deal to do, but little to do it with. The salary they had undertaken to pay Parker was 450*l.* per annum; but he, hearing, the second year of his ministry at Boston, that the society was 90*l.* in debt, wrote a note to the treasurer, bidding him to take that amount off his

salary for the succeeding year, begging him to present this proposal to the rest of the committee as one cheerfully made on his part, at the same time asking them not to mention it to other members of the society. Nor was this the last time he made similar pecuniary sacrifices. Indeed, a reliable authority assures us that Parker's ministry cost him more than it brought him, even in money. Assuredly it was not of such as Theodore Parker that Micah wrote, "The priests teach for hire, and the prophets divine for money, yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us?" Never was there a minister who was less of a self-seeker.

He preached for more than a year at Boston before he went to reside there. He was anxious to remain amid the country scenes at West Roxbury, which had become so dear to him, but the distance—ten miles—and the various new duties which arose for him to attend to in the city, made this impracticable. Accordingly, in January, 1847, he removed to the house in Exeter Place, Boston, which he occupied for thirteen years, until his last sickness took him away never again to return, and where Mrs. Parker continues (1877) still to reside. It is a house of four stories, and when he first went he had the top one, with the exception of a small adjoining room, thrown into one room, and fitted for a study. He had completely lined the walls with plain book-shelves, also large stands full of books placed in the centre of the apartment, and heaps thereof were often piled on the floor and desk. The latter was of the ordinary office pattern—a pedestal, with drawers, knee-hole, and extensive leaves. On the top ledge there stood a Parian head of Christ, and a bronze statue of Spartacus; and there were further decorations in the shape of the wooden and metal bears





PARKER'S STUDY: BOSTON.  
[P. 127.]



lying about—of which more anon. Flowers also usually showed their graceful presence, conveyed there by the hands of those he loved, a vase of them generally standing near the bust of Jesus, and others in the southern windows. Round the frame of the window near his desk there grew two ivy plants, which gracefully intertwined their leaves along the top. These were watered and trained by Parker himself, who used to make this his first work every morning upon entering the room. But if this upper story was his study, it was far from being his library, for by-and-by it took the whole house to be this. Gradually book-shelves came to be fixed all over the walls of the little adjoining room, then carried down stairs, one flight at a time, until three flights had been descended, covering the walls of every room along the way, including the large parlour on the second story, and terminating only at the dining-room, close to the front door. Never surely was there such another residence for books. The attics, the bath-room, the closets, were all turned into receptacles for them. Pamphlets and unbound magazines filled chest after chest of drawers; miscellaneous literature was stored in properly labelled boxes; and cupboards and recesses were also full of printed material. It was only thus he could arrange his 13,000 volumes and his loads of unbound publications.

The house was as hospitable to men as it was to books. The table was always prepared, in the expectancy of guests; the parlours were arranged for social converse, and seldom long out of this use; the spare bedroom was always open for an occupant; and the study is said to have been the scene of more confidential consultations and confessions than ever was priest's confessional. He was invariably courteous to all

who called upon him, and constantly had to devote time and attention to the cares and trials of strangers which he much needed for his own immediate work. Boston being one of the chief American seaports, travellers and exiles from all lands were constantly arriving at it, and these were sure to soon report themselves at the house of Parker, of whose humanity and love of liberty they heard. In the exiles, more especially, he generally found cultivated and enlightened men, who had left their country for patriotic reasons. For many he obtained employment, or relieved them to the extent of his means. But he generally, to some extent, repaid himself by "picking their brains" of some speculation of comparative philology, some piece of information as to the state of religion, some vital statistics, or some new fact in science relating to their respective countries. Sometimes he would have to converse in six or seven different languages in the same company—so various were the nationalities of his guests. In its proper department we shall have to show that at times even slaves escaping from bondage also found a temporary home in Parker's house.

With respect to his domestic habits, he seems to have been accustomed to rise about seven or eight, and after breakfast to read a chapter from the Bible for the family. He then made his way upstairs to his study, thankful if no interruptions came, but most tolerant of them if they did. In study, receiving visitors, going out to pay visits, &c., the day would wear away. Frequently, when downstairs during the day, he would indulge in a bit of rollicking fun with some of the inmates of the house, and this not only with Mrs. Parker or Miss Stevenson—a maiden lady who resided with them—but also with the domestics. For, unlike many masters, he recognised in his servants fellow-

creatures with whom he was called upon to be fatherly and social. At times he would snatch a pleasant hour downstairs in the evening between nine and ten, when he would cut the leaves of a fresh book, while agreeable table-talk was indulged in. But he liked to get the family off to bed by ten o'clock, when he himself would re-ascend to the study, and commune with authors and his own thoughts till the deep starlit hours. He would then retire, but not always to sleep, for he suffered much from sleeplessness.

In a letter he sent Miss Cobbe in Dec., 1857, Parker thus describes his home surroundings in Boston. First he describes himself:—"The *London Times* says of Lord Brougham 'Nature certainly did not make him a handsome man.' I fear the oracle would not be more complimentary to me; but when I get a photograph which is decent, I will certainly send it." He goes on:—"We have a moderate little property, partly my wife's inheritance, partly my earnings, a good house, a large collection of books. Her name was Cabot. Her domestic name is Bear, or Bearsie; and various symbols of 'Beauty and the Beast' appear in the house. As usual, she is nearly the opposite of her husband, except in the matter of philanthropy. A young man of the name of Cabot, one-and-twenty years old, lives with us. We have brought him up from infancy; his mother died when he was five or six. An unmarried lady, a little more than fifty years old—Miss Stevenson—a woman of fine talents and culture, interested in all the literatures and humanities, is with us. These are the permanent family, to which visitors make frequent and welcome additions. You are very dear to us all. I ought to say that my wife is three years younger than I. She is tall, with blue eyes and brown hair, a little white beginning to steal in insidiously. My eyes are also blue,

my head is bald, and my beard grey. I am five feet eight inches high, and weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. All my forebears were great, tall, stout men, six feet without their shoes, weighing two hundred pounds and more. My mother was a slight, delicate woman, with a fine organisation."

To Parker's own description of his personal appearance we will add that given by his friend and biographer, Mr. Frothingham:—"Theodore Parker looked the man he was—sturdy, strong in legs and arms, with a muscular grip of the hand that knit one to him at once, and a planted foot that asserted a whole man's title to stand on the planet. The lower portion of his face was not good—strong and firm, but a little grim in expression. His lip curled easily; and a slightly Socratic nose had possibilities of sarcasm which the stranger might find repellent. The glory of the head was the massive dome, smooth and lofty, which suggested the man of thought; and underneath it the clear, frank, blue eye, that invited confidence, but had in it the gleam of a sword to pierce through hypocrisy and cleave falsehood to the ground. Not a handsome man, seraphic, poetic; not the ideal of the philosopher, the saint, or even the prophet; a man of the people rather; a working-man, to look at him, but a working-man with such tools as prophets, philosophers, and saints use; a true American if there ever was one; the best working plan of an American yet produced."

In the letter to Miss Cobbe, as also in one or two other references, the reader will have marked Parker's playful fancy of calling his wife "Bear," or Bearsie,—the very opposite of what she was in nature and manners. He first applied it to her at Berne, in 1844, because of her delight in Bruin, the tutelar deity of the city, enshrined in his capacious pit. But

it also came from more than a mere passing whim. While he took pleasure in animals of every description, the bear was his especial favourite, and he was never tired of watching its unwieldy movements. He said bears were great humorous children, with a wary Scotch vein in them. His house was full of figures of bears, in plaster and ivory and wood, from Berne, and in seal-metal. Few things gave him greater delight than to be presented with an odder figure of a bear than usual. In the latter part of his life he wore a bear-pin in his scarf, presented him by Miss Cobbe. He was a connoisseur in bears, as some are in *bric-à-brac*. He once collected materials for an article on them, and for the purpose found out and studied all the bears known to be living in the district for miles around. Caricatures of public characters represented as bears were hung upon the walls of his study, his letters sent home frequently describe bears that he came across, and if he got into a zoological garden, leaning over the bear-pit, talking with and feeding Bruin, he could hardly be got home to his dinner!

Recent English travellers to Boston, who visited Parker's house, inform us that Mrs. Parker still keeps the study and house much as it was during her husband's lifetime, bears included.

A dear friend of the writer's, when preparing to devote his life to the philanthropic work of saving drunkards, was advised by another friend to cultivate a love for flowers, because, was the reason given, it will better enable you to love men. No doubt there is a sympathetic connection between love of all kinds, and Parker seems to have instinctively had the feeling in all its ramifications. With him knowledge was surmounted by love. Not more did he surpass most men in his knowledge of flowers than in his love for them. The late George Lawson loved flowers but hated

botany: Parker loved both. In the country, in the city, in the pulpit, on shipboard, everywhere he had the delightful companionship of flowers, and found the deepest joy in considering these beautiful emblems of the love and care of God. Even faded flowers, with their drooping or shrivelled petals falling off to give place to the seed-vessel, had their lesson of Providence to relate, as had those unfolding and ripening into beauty. His discovery that the hepatica grows out of the dead leaves of the past year made it a favourite with him ever after. When he preached, a vase of flowers always stood on his desk—the wild flowers when they could be had, cultivated ones always. Frequently their beauty and fragrance were referred to in his prayer or sermon, and after being thus used in the service of the morning, they were always carried to the chambers of the sick or sorrowing—the materials of another divine service—in the afternoon. But while loving all flowers, wild ones were his especial delight. He knew where to find all the lowly beauties of the New England woods and meadows, watched for their annual return, and could go to fetch them on the very day of their blooming. The journal frequently contains hints to this effect—this for example:—"I found the wild rose in blossom to-day for the first time this season, and the white azalea, and sent them off to a friend to whom I love to consecrate the first flower of each pretty kind that I gather, and have done so for many a year." To go yearly to Lexington and gather the earliest violets upon his mother's grave was with him a religious exercise. So fearful was he of injuring the growth of wild flowers that he was careful never to cull too many, would always give this advice to his friends, and to those whom he doubted he would not make known the haunts of the scarcest kinds.

Thus kindly "considering the lilies of the field," he was also led to "consider the fowls of the air." When the streets were covered with snow, and the city pigeons could no longer find food therein, he provided a little corn-crib in his exalted study, and fed them at his window-sill. He soon had a crowd of them daily, and it was a rich enjoyment to him to hear them cooing, quarrelling, and hustling each other, while they ate his welcome grain. One time he was at a boarding-house and heard a mother tell how pleased her little boy was in the kitchen with a grasshopper which she had fastened to the table for him, and which was making frantic struggles to escape. Indignant at this thoughtless cruelty, he at once went into the kitchen, unloosed the insect, and delightfully watched it skip over the grass away. He was a minister even to insects and other dumb creatures.

The following extracts from the journal will bear out what we are saying, and also show how all this culminated in a profounder love for human beings:—"What a place the city is for outward action! But it is no place for thought, least of all for poetic, creative thought. This summer I hope to fill up my little cistern by intercourse with nature. How I long to sit down in the woods on my favourite rock, to gather the *lady's slippers* and *polygalla*—to get a *forget-me-not*, and to swim. Oh, the apple trees, they are in blossom now! How grateful I feel for them! I hardly dare think how happy I am with them. But there is one thing which affects me more—a blossoming soul, especially a young woman, a girl. I thank God that one dear friend has children, and I can play with the little rogues. I love to have them call me Mr. Parkie—a tender diminutive, which does my dry heart good." "Spring in Boston—May 19th.—It has been one of the beautiful days we sometimes have in May: it

is summer come in without singing at the door. The thermometer says 90° in the shade, yet all the morning the weather was perfect. Oh, how bright the sky was, and so deep the blue. Then the grass on the common was so green, the children so happy, and the dogs so delighted with their swim in the frog-pond. It did me good to see such a day; I feel in love with all creatures, and such as I love most I feel quite tender to. I long for their presence; for when I have anything so good as existence to-day I want to share it with one I love."

Frequently in his letters he was expressing surprise to find that so many persons loved him. "I believe," said he in one, "no man was ever more blessed with the affectionate friendship of men and women than I am. I often wonder at it. For to my theological and political foes I appear as one of the most hard and unfeeling of this world's wretches." But this love from others came because he loved others. As Miss Cobbe says, "The strong, clear head was second to the warm, true heart. Parker loved his friends with a devotion of which men in our day so rarely give proof that we claim it as a privilege to know its happiness, albeit such love becomes the manliness of a man as the womanliness of a woman. His tenderness to his wife, and to all around him, broke out in a thousand little gentle cares and delicate thoughtfulnesses continually. No man was ever more beloved in the happy circle admitted to the intimacy of his home, and every mail brought him, from far-away lands, letters of gratitude and affection. He was also a man of fine poetic taste and love of art, and of the most refined and winning manners. There seemed no one human pursuit of an elevated kind in which he could not take interest. The element of pure joyous wit was overflowing in him. We have seen letters to his intimate friends as full of pure drollery

as Sydney Smith could have penned. Never far away were words of love and faith."

He was full of sentiment, too. The birthdays of his friends were remembered and celebrated in some little way, and when his own came round, congratulations and presents were numerous. On one of his birthdays, when he had a family gathering of sixteen—all ages, from eighty-five to four—a presentation piano came, and not one of the company could play upon it. The occurrence led to the following reflections being recorded in the journal. "It speaks to me continually of the old sad times, when men who aspired to teach mankind paid for it with their lives. I will try to be a nobler man, to deserve all the kindness which shows itself more tenderly than in gifts. What a comfort it is to have about you the mementoes of dear ones when they are absent! I am surrounded by the gifts of tender friends. I wipe my pen on the gift of one; the pen itself a remembrance of another; a third gave me the lamp which shines on my writing to-night. The spectacles beside me are the gift of a fourth person; the little delicate glass-wiper came from a dear old lady; the portfolio is from one hand now still in the grave; the *presse-papier* is also a gift; the knife in my pocket, and the pencil, the basket which holds my letters, the seal I stamp them with, are from a most welcome and dear soul; even the chair I sit in and the ornament beside me are from that fountain of friendship; the little porcelain vase which holds remembrancers, the sweetest and daintiest flowers in their season, is from the same friendship; and tender mementoes of affection there are too dear almost to name. But what are all these things to the living person? They are steps in the ladder of love. Affection mounts up, and if the throne be vacant—what emptiness!"

He was a friend and helper to all he came in contact with who needed either. He did not wait for even application from such, but sought them out, and offered his aid in a spirit so brotherly that he overcame all disposition to refuse. From his eighteenth year there was never a time when he was not giving to some young person the means of education. He helped many a youth struggling towards or through college who never knew whence the help came, the president of Harvard College having a standing intimation of his willingness to furnish money for that generous purpose. "Established in Cambridge," writes the son of his valued friend, the Rev. S. J. May, "he at once extended to me that friendship father and mother valued so much, and made me familiarly welcome to his quiet, pleasant home, and conscious that he was watching over me with an unintrusive fatherly care. He constantly inquired as to my progress in study, discussed matters on which I was engaged, and advised me both in reference to them and to the homelier subjects of my health and comfort. I can hear him coming down stairs, with his tread so firm, yet light, two steps at a time, from his study, humming or whistling some little quiet strain; and then came his hearty hand-shake and sweet smile, and cordial greeting, in that voice with something suggesting gruffness, yet so gentle as to be musical. There never was a kinder voice. His meals used always to be exceedingly simple and light. But I remember that when he had discovered that I had planned a system of diet too meagre he remarked it, and gave me good counsel in regard to more generous food. Discovering that I was sleeping, for economy's sake, upon a husk mattress, he thrust into my hand, as he was going up stairs, a cheque, and bid me go get a hair mattress at once. Every year he sent a considerable



cheque to help to pay my college bills."—The writer further relates how he did the same for many more, and how he made him a present one Christmas of a costly dictionary of mythology and biography. While at West Roxbury, he corrected the compositions and superintended the studies of young people of his congregation, and many a young girl was helped thereby to a superior education in a place where there were no state normal schools within reach.

Dearly as he loved his studies, he always felt that the requests of his fellow-creatures for help had a prior claim upon him. Hence his study became almost a public office, where all kinds of inquiries were made, and all sorts of aids sought. Even when disturbed in the midst of a train of thought, or the penning of some flowing period, the genial "What can I do for you?" kindly uttered, made even the most unlooked-for stranger welcome. The variety of matters his advice and help was sought for was almost as large as the numbers who came. Country ministers seeking literary help, emigrants with general letters "to some Christian minister in America," husbands and wives who had quarrelled and were about to part, but who received the advice which subsequently kept them harmoniously together; men of culture and wealth, who would not for the life of them have been seen at one of Parker's public services come to him in their hour of affliction; aspiring young people longing for more congenial circumstances; selfish intruders with private anxieties; scholars wishing to verify classical quotations; well-meaning revivalists called to "convert" him, and who were courteously allowed to pray and try; bullies who thought themselves referred to in a speech or sermon, and who came to horse-whip him, but who, subdued by his calm presence, returned much more peaceably disposed than they

came; philanthropic doctors of divinity, deeply interested in the temperance reformation, desiring to shake the hand of one who had so effectually aided it; young clergymen seeking his aid in the recovery of faithless husbands, the wives sometimes thinking that Parker would be sure to be able to convert the delinquents; anxious mothers seeking counsel respecting unmanageable children from the man whose greatest trial was that he had no offspring; public men desiring to have his advice as to the morality of some proposed course of official action; officers of societies needing a skilful writer to compose their reports; fugitive slaves escaping by the "underground railroad" to Canada; friends bringing early flowers; little flaxen-haired children from the houses adjoining come to play with the toys kept for the purpose by "Parkie;" clergymen with polemical manuscripts, which they wished the great scholar to look over before sending them to the press; young poetasters with verses to be criticised, or young prose writers wanting to get their lucubrations into periodicals—these are samples, quoted by Mr. Frothingham, of whole classes of visitants, who never sought him in vain.

Here, for example, is the record of a day on which he had intended to write a sermon:—"I had been to the Post Office, had sewed the sheets of my Easter sermon together, and sat down to make a brief of the matter, when—1, in comes Mrs. K——, to talk over her *connubial* affairs. She stayed till about eleven, when—2, in comes Mr. McKay, and as we talked of various things it was announced that—3, Dr. Papin was downstairs. I went to see him, and—4, R. W. Emerson was coming up the stairs. I left him in the study, and saw the Doctor, who came seeking relief for a poor woman; then returned, and we talked of the *new journal*: saw



Carlyle's letter about Margaret. Nos. 3, 4, and 2 successively went away. I was descending the stairs, when, lo!—5, appears, George Ripley, and we talked of the condition of civilisation, the prospects of humanity. Dinner came, one hour. Went to see Mr. — : not at home ; visited other people in the afternoon ; tea. At half-past seven sat down to the sermon : in a minute came—6, Mr. F. C., wanting to borrow twelve dollars, which I lent him gladly. Then sat down to write : at a quarter past eight came—7, Mr. M——. All chance of work was now at an end, so I gave up, and went down to the parlour. A little before nine came a ring, and then—8, appeared, Mr. —, who was interested to kill a man that had done a wrong to one of his friends, and brought a letter of defiance. I burned the letter after a long talk, but could not wholly overcome the man's feelings of revenge. At ten he retired, and, at a quarter before eleven, I also to rest—not to sleep for a long time."

His friends could not help but see that he was killing himself with overwork, and used sometimes to plan excursions, in order that they might get him away and give him rest for a few days. The day before the one fixed for starting on one of these, a poor black woman, a perfect stranger, came to him, and asked him to bury her child on one of the days his friends proposed to have him away. Without a moment's hesitation he gave up his intended excursion, and consented to the request. To the criminal and condemned of prisons he also paid visits, and gave ministrations.

Another remarkable feature in Parker's pastorate was his voluminous correspondence. He thus preached to, and advised, hundreds of persons living all over Christendom who never saw his face. Indeed, his correspondence in itself appears a life-work. Mr. Frothingham tells us, "The copied letters and notes of all kinds, which

are but a portion of all he wrote, are contained in seven bound volumes of quarto size, and number nine hundred and forty-eight. Besides these are manuscript epistles to intimate friends, —to one, ninety letters and fifty-three notes ; to another, thirty-nine letters, long and full of various matter. The correspondence with one dear friend in Europe covers three hundred pages folio. In addition to all this, private notes in great numbers were sent in response to the present biographer's (Mr. Frothingham's) call. And these are but a part ; for many were not kept at all, many were lost, and many are held back from all eyes but those to which they were sent. They are of every conceivable description, and of every measure of length. Some are treatises on politics, theology, social ethics, philosophy, agriculture ; and some are notes of three lines : but whether long or short, they contain the writer's peculiar quality. Each had a purpose, and accomplished it. They were written to statesmen, politicians, governors, senators, presidents, men of letters, clergymen, scholars, men of science, historians, teachers, farmers, tradespeople, boys at school, girls at home, friends in sorrow. The five minutes before dinner or bed, the spare half-hour on a railway train, between the finishing of one book and the opening of another, were used in this cordial way. When his intimates were absent, it was his custom to send them almost daily some word of greeting, always bright, often humorous, never other than affectionate. They lie before me now, scores of these hurried missives, in queer hieroglyphics of pen or pencil, often quite illegible to unfamiliar eyes, but never so to the sensitive feeling ; for the lovingness burns through the shapeless words and communicates itself. If these papers could be printed, they would do much more than convince the world that Theodore Parker was one of the tenderest hearts that ever

beat, the truest of friends, the most sympathetic of men ; they would illustrate the beautiful mission of letter-writing, the loving ministries of note-paper, the sweet uses to which the spare moments of the busiest day may be devoted, the possibility of making the pen the vehicle of pure feeling, just sufficiently weighted with thought not to be evanescent."

Hardly less interesting than the letters he sent to others were the letters he received from others. As intimated elsewhere, by almost every mail he was receiving communications from persons whom he had influenced by his printed discourses, nearly all of them men and women he had never seen. As a sample of many such, we quote a letter he received from a young man out in the far West :—" I wish I could express to you on paper my feelings, the joy, the peace, the satisfaction I feel in contemplating the thoughts of the good God in His works. It is not a great while since the thought of God was the most terrible that ever crossed my mind. What hopeless agony I have suffered, as in the dead of night I have thought of the endless hell to which in all probability I was hastening ! and yet the grim and ghastly hell of the Christian theology was preferable to its idea of God. But, thank God, it is past, though it is hard to have 'Infidel !' hissed in my ears, to have those whom I once considered my bosom friends turn away. Yet I gladly bear it, yes, ten times more, than turn back to my former belief. I have new thoughts, new objects, new aspirations ; everything is new, new heavens, new earth, with no dark future beyond. But I look forward to a future bright, glorious, grand ; and I look forward with a peaceful calmness that is surprising to me. There is no fear, for I cannot fear what is good. My mind is settled as to my future object in life. It is my wish to follow in your footsteps, and preach

to others the truth you have awakened in my mind, and, God help me ! I will do it faithfully and fearlessly."

To ordinary people it must ever remain a puzzle how such a man could find time to make use of the books which he was constantly purchasing, not only in America, but having forwarded from England, France, and Germany. But they must remember that it is the privilege of genius to accomplish the impossibilities of the mediocre and even talented. Even ordinary men are surprised to find how many apparent impossibilities trying to accomplish them breaks down, and Parker earnestly tried. He used to say of time that it stretched like india-rubber. Then his wonderful power of getting at the reasoning and positions of his author, by little more than examining the pages of a book, stood him in wonderful service. He thus read even when engaged in conversation, and frequently, after being seen to cut the leaves of a thick octavo volume, and turn them over one by one, and then lay it aside as finished, his visitor would say in surprise, " You have not read it, surely ? " " Try me, and judge." And no matter what he was asked from the book he could answer it accurately. He seems to have been a double-minded man—to have had one mind attending to one pursuit, and another, at the same time, attending to others. Psychologically he was as wonderful as in other respects.

At the latter end of 1852 the society had to give up the Melodeon for their services, and as the new Music Hall was not then ready, the committee applied for the Masonic Temple to hold their meetings in for a few Sundays. It was refused " on the ground that it would injure the reputation of the house." Knowing what he did of the feeling against him in Boston, Parker was not unprepared for this. For want of a hall he had now to spend an enforced vacation of several weeks, which he devoted to

thinking out new sermons, and on the Sundays attending the services at the churches of all the denominations in Boston. He did the latter in order to understand, by personal observation, what the various clergymen were thinking about, and to note their tendency. In this way he also frequently spent his annual vacation Sundays.

He thus took leave of the Melodeon in his journal. "November 14, 1852. —Preached the last sermon in the

Melodeon. It has been a good place to us, and I feel sad at leaving it, though all the elements were hostile. I shall not forget the dark rainy Sundays when I first came, nor the many sad and joyous emotions I have felt there. Still, it was never quite so dear to me as the little church at Roxbury—my earliest one."

The Melodeon has since been pulled down to make place for the Boston Theatre.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE PREACHER.

"Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame,  
Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense :  
I shudder not to bear a hated name,  
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defence.  
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth ;  
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right ;  
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth ;  
A manly faith that makes all darkness light :  
Give me the power to labour for mankind ;  
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak ;  
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind ;  
A conscience to the base ; and to the weak  
Let me be hands and feet ; and to the foolish, mind ;  
And lead still further on such as Thy Kingdom seek."

THEODORE PARKER.

OF those who have become famous as preachers or orators, how few showed promise in their first efforts. So many modern instances are known that it is not necessary to illustrate by quotation. Theodore Parker's life affords another. Though he excelled in debate and conversation when at Divinity Hall, his first attempts at sermons were dry, scholastic, poor. His tutor, Henry Ware, junior, spoke strongly about them, and declared that they were not worthy of him. This pained him deeply. He told it to his class-mates with tears ; it cost him sleepless nights, broken by sobs, and led him to despair, thinking he had staked all—time, savings, health, hope—upon a profession in which he was not likely to succeed.

Nor did he altogether get rid of this feeling for years.

Probably one thing which went against successful attempts at Divinity Hall was the feeling that he was sham preaching—preaching as an exercise—preaching for preaching's sake. He was most heartily glad when this kind came to an end. "*Sunday, May 8.*—Preached for the last time in the chapel, once more, and all is over for school exercises ; then I hope to preach to real live men and women." Soon afterwards he had an opportunity of gratifying this hope, but not with all the success he could have wished. "*Monday, July 4.*—Last night I preached *publicly* in Mr. Newell's church. This is the first time in my life that I have preached to a real

live audience. I felt much embarrassed; though perhaps it did not show forth. Lydia, my own Lydia, and her aunt came over with me. I was less pleased with myself than they were with me. To say the truth, I did not feel the sermon so much as I usually do, for the hour usually spent in preparing for the service was consumed in 'doing the agreeable,' and so I did not get into the sermon so much as commonly."

Next, the disproportion between what he was and what he ought to be, in order to make an effectual preacher, began to trouble him. "I left the Theological School with reluctance, conscious of knowing so little of what I must presently teach, and wishing more years for research and thought. My first sermons were only imitations, and even if the thought, perhaps, might be original, the form was old, the stereotype of the pulpit. I preached with fear and trembling, and wondered that old and mature persons, rich in the experience of life, should listen to a young man, who might indeed have read and thought, but yet had had no time to live much and know things by heart." Thus he wrote near the close of his life. When beginning preaching he wrote to a friend:—"How disqualified we are for contact with the real world I felt when first shown a real live man; and when brought to speak with him I was utterly at a stand, and scarcely knew what to say. Thus, indeed, we come away from our three years' studies at Divinity College with some little knowledge of science, literature, philology, peradventure some small inkings of theology and metaphysics, nay, even a little knowledge of the science of things in general, and with beards on our chins, but with no other marks of manhood. Now, I maintain that, besides a great deal of knowledge, one needs as much skill to make it of any use to him." He was given to trembling—what is sometimes called

"platform-fever"—when he first began to preach in public. Miss Cabot wrote him, when at Barnstable, saying that her aunt thought it would be a good thing for him to stay in that out-of-the-way place until he had got over this liability to trepidation. He wrote back, "You must tell your aunt that if I were to stay a thousand years I should not outlast that vile tremor; it is an infirmity that will cling to me. I can no more help it than a lady can help from fainting in a crowd. Nor, again, do I wish to entirely avoid it, as it is a source of earnest feeling, and so of strength, for it never lets memory slip, or the tongue falter." How far he succeeded in afterwards overcoming the feeling we cannot say. Orators, practised and veteran even as John Bright, have confessed that they have never wholly succeeded in mastering it.

Parker's second public preaching was at the church of his old friend Dr. Francis, at Watertown, three weeks after he had preached for Mr. Newell. The second appearance tried him much more than the first, for he had it hanging over him for a month previous. "Not only by day, but in the deep watches of the night, have painful visitations come over me. Well, heaven be praised that I have once preached to a real *live* audience, to *feeling* beings, and those my very friends and neighbours. I am resolved to cast forth my seed-corn into the ever-busy working universe, that it may bring forth as the Lord pleases. With Him is the result, not with me." His forenoon subject on this occasion was "The Necessity of a Heavenly Life," and his afternoon one, "Religion a Principle and Sentiment." Those who heard the discourses subsequently spoke highly of them, and Parker himself records, "I have heard enough of compliments, which come from partial judges." The following Sunday he preached for Mr. Putnam before large congregations, and those who had heard of him as only a re-

markably learned young man were surprised and pleased to find that he also had popular pulpit power.

The first time he preached at Barnstable the primitive arrangement of the rude meeting-house troubled him. There was no pulpit, in the ordinary sense, the people sitting close up to the edge of the preacher's table. "I felt somewhat awkward at first," he wrote, "as you may suppose, but I remembered the command, '*Now show what ye be,*' and made an effort. I never felt in better spirits for speaking, and not only delivered the written Word, but added much that was better and more *reaching* extemporaneously." This showed improvement. The next Sunday—"The sermon was a new one: the greatness of Christ's character, its sources and its uses. I never felt one of *my* sermons more, nor was ever in a happier mood for delivery. Everything went right, and some of the least bad parts of the discourse were extemporaneous." None of his Barnstable hearers spoke to him about the sermons, but his landlady informed him that the magnate of the congregation had been saying of one of them that it was "the greatest sermon he had ever heard." The fact that he received six different calls during the time of his candidature shows that Parker must have made rapid improvement after leaving College, and soon grown a most acceptable preacher.

The references already made to his career in other capacities make it undesirable that we should attempt to trace his growth in this faculty through the time already covered. It will suffice to say that he grew in power therein each year, from his first sermon at Cambridge to his last one at the Melodeon. What we have to say further of him, as a preacher, will be in connection with his ministry at the Boston Music Hall, for it was whilst there he made his grandest efforts, was heard by the greatest crowds,

and became best known to the outside world.

The Boston Music Hall, situated in Winter Street, is a magnificent building inside, but, because of being so enclosed, can be seen little of outside. Even the approach to it is not imposing. It belongs to the Harvard Musical Association, and was erected at a cost of 22,500*l*. It has two galleries running all round, excepting one end, where stands the orchestra-platform, arranged for 500 vocalists, and in the centre of which stands a bronze statue of Beethoven, seven feet high. The hall has forty-two doors opening into it, is perfect in acoustic properties, and will seat nearly three thousand persons. It is well lighted, and, though simply, elegantly decorated. The speaker's stand was an ordinary movable desk placed on the front of the orchestra, and at the back there was a screen, behind which the organ from the Melodeon was erected.

Parker's congregation removed from the Melodeon here on November 21, 1852, not without regrets, and fears that the vast building would endanger the sociality and friendly feeling which had prevailed at the smaller hall. The first Sunday Parker preached in the new hall he wrote in his diary:—"There was a great audience, which made me feel smaller than ever. That is the sad part of looking such a crowd in the face. Whence shall I have bread to feed so many? I am but the lad with five barley loaves and two small fishes. Yet I have confidence in my own preaching." His confidence soon enabled him to make his power felt. That desk, with its vase of wild or cultivated flowers, soon became to him a throne from which, Sunday by Sunday, he influenced three thousand minds and hearts, and through the printing-press thousands upon thousands more. His weekly congregation was the most remarkable, on the whole, which

ever assembled under any man's ministrations in America. George Whitfield before, and Ward Beecher, Talmage, and Moody since, have attracted as large crowds with revivalism and sensationalism, but another example of a preacher, flatly denying the popular theology, and appealing to men's minds as well as their hearts, and never to their fears, and yet for seven years attracting such a vast audience, is not to be found in the whole world. Without the beating-up of congregational missionaries, without the usual church organisation, without rites, symbols, ceremonies, upholstery, millinery, mysteries, liturgies, fine singing, chanting, invocations, responses, he held that vast congregation together, his own praying, preaching, and living the only attractions.

The service was of the simplest congregational form. Hymns were sung from a collection specially compiled for the purpose. His own favourite hymn was the one commencing—

"Give to the winds thy fears;  
Hope and be undismay'd!  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears—  
God shall lift up thy head!"

"Though comprehended not,  
Yet Earth and Heaven tell  
He sits a Father on the throne:  
God guideth all things well!"

This he frequently gave out to the congregation. Extracts from other two of his favourite hymns will be found at the head of the subsequent chapter on "The Self-Immolator."

He read lessons from the Bible, but with great freedom of rendering and exposition, and he read other devotional literature as well. In this he had the courage of his logic, for how many, even Unitarian ministers, say the Bible is a purely human production, that other writings are inspired in degree as well as it, and yet allow themselves to be so led by conventionalism as not to dare to

read an extract from any other book in their services, any more than if they believed the Bible to be infallible and a miraculous production ever so. Such ministers little think what an appearance of lack of courage and consistency they present to unconventional thinking men. Parker showed similar common sense in the matter of texts. Sometimes he preached without one; and, while generally taking texts from the Bible, he also took them from the Constitution of America, the Apocrypha, &c., when such writings afforded better ones for his purpose.

Then as to his public prayers. Starting from the standpoint that God is All Perfect, his prayers could not be petitions begging of Him to do this or that, and telling Him what he ought to do. So far from this, they were chiefly made up of Thanksgiving—for His mercies in the worlds of matter, man, and spirit, for our human faculties and relationships, and for our future hopes; of Confession—of sins and shortcomings; and of Aspirations—after higher and better life. More than half the time he was praying tears were to be seen rolling down his cheeks. Miss Cobbe writes:—"One of the most religious women we ever knew said to us, 'It was good to see Mr. Parker in his church on Sunday before we heard him. It made us all know that he felt the presence of God. We saw it in his face, so full of solemn joy as he rose to lead our prayers.'" "Is it not sometimes a burden to the preacher to go through the devotional exercises of the Sunday?" a friend one time asked of him. "Never to me," was the reply. "The natural attitude of my mind has always been prayerful. A snatch of such feeling passes through me as I walk the streets, or engage in any work. I sing prayers when I loiter in the woods, or travel the quiet road; these founts of communion, which lie so



deep, seem always bubbling to the surface; and the utterance of a prayer is, at any time, as simple to me as breathing." "When I was a boy," he wrote one time in a sermon, "I heard men pray great prayers, and deep ones. To me it seemed as if an angel sang them out of the sky, and this man caught the sound, and copied it easily on his own string. I wondered all men prayed not so—that all could not. Before I was a man I learned that such inspirings come not thus, but of toil and pain, trial and sorrow; that it was not by gathering flowers in a meadow of June they got their treasures, but by diving deep into a stormy water that they brought up with pain the pearl of the twisted shell." Thus minted, no wonder his prayers were so celestial and uplifting. To us the forty published prayers, selected from those offered in the course of his Boston ministry, are matchless. We know of nothing approaching to them in the whole realm of devotional literature, and we speak thus after personally using them in the family or in the pulpit for many years. They can be had in a neat little volume, along with Parker's "Ten Sermons of Religion," from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, for two shillings, and we need hardly add that we would earnestly advise every reader to procure them.

Of Parker's sermons we shall attempt no description, feeling how inadequate the best must be. Many of these, too, are now published, and the reader will do best to procure them and judge them for himself. Crammed with thought, seldom less, and sometimes more than, an hour in length, taking the intelligence of the audience for granted, and often tasking it severely, affording regular hearers a liberal education, not only in theology, or even in religion alone, but also in politics, history, science, art, everything that interested rational

minds—such is the description given of the sermons by a former biographer. To us they appear the noblest discourses preached from the standpoint of the ancient—"Whatever concerns man concerns me"—which the world has seen. "He had," writes Mr. Frothingham, "not rhetorical gifts. His eyes were wonderfully clear and searching; but their effect was marred by the interposition of glasses; and his countenance otherwise was not expressive. Neither was his figure imposing, nor his gesture fine, nor his action graceful. He moved but little as he spoke; his hand only occasionally rose and fell on the manuscript before him, as if to emphasize a passage to himself; but his person was motionless and his arm still. The discourse was read, save on rare occasions, or in interpolated paragraphs, in a voice not musical or sympathetic in its ordinary tones, with little training or natural modulation. His audiences were held by the spell of earnest thought alone, uttered in language so simple that a plain man remarked on leaving church, 'Is that Theodore Parker? You told me he was a remarkable man; but I understood every word that he said.' He was not like the doctor of divinity who made a point of having in every sermon one sentence that no one in the congregation could comprehend. His rule was to have no sentence that was above the comprehension of the simplest intelligence. The style was never dry; the words were sincere, the sentences short and pithy; the language was fragrant with the odour of the fields, and rich with the juices of the ground. Passages of exquisite beauty bloomed on almost every page. Illustrations, pertinent and racy, abounded; but the steady methodical movement of thought forbade all attempt to carry the heart in opposition to the judgment."

Here we may introduce what

James Russell Lowell, the gifted author of "The Biglow Papers," has written of Parker's preaching. Says he in his *Fable for Critics* :—

"Every word that he speaks has been fierily  
furnaced  
In the blast of a life that has struggled in  
earnest.  
There he stands looking more like a  
Ploughman than Priest,  
If not dreadfully awkward, not graceful at  
least ;  
His gestures all downright, and same, if  
you will,  
As of brown-fisted Hobnail in hoeing a  
drill ;  
But his periods fall on you stroke after  
stroke,  
Like the blows of the lumberer felling an  
oak ;  
You forget the man wholly, you're thank-  
ful to meet  
With a preacher who smacks of the field  
and the street,  
And to hear, you're not over particular  
whence,  
Almost Taylor's profusion, quite Latimer's  
sense."

Parker said himself of his preach-  
ing :—"I always think that I am  
addressing, not the highest minds, but  
the simplest and most uneducated  
among my congregation ; and I strive  
to say everything so that *they* may  
understand me." But whatever it  
came from there is an almost unex-  
ampled clearness and didactic lucidity  
in Parker's style. In all our reading  
of him we never met to our recollec-  
tion with an involved sentence, or one  
difficult to understand.

His audiences were not altogether  
favourable. The vast proportion  
were strangers, contributing nothing  
to the funds (these being raised by  
the few), having no personal connec-  
tion with the work, but coming for  
the great intellectual, and, it may be,  
spiritual, treat which was afforded.  
Many came in other than church-  
going clothing ; some read newspapers  
while waiting for the appearance of  
the preacher ; others gave indications  
that they wanted neither hymns, les-  
sons, nor prayer, only the sermon.  
There were 7,000 names on the con-

gregational register, but there does  
not appear to have been that organ-  
isation which was desirable. Even a  
weekly collection, and the money  
given to benevolent institutions, would  
have given the people a greater per-  
sonal interest in the services.

At this point the reader will peruse  
with interest the following description  
of an attendance at one of Parker's  
services written by an Englishman  
visiting Boston in July, 1858—Mr.  
Robert Leighton, of (we believe)  
Liverpool :—"It was Sunday, and  
Theodore Parker was to preach in  
the Music Hall. I inquired the way  
to that place, but might have found  
it without asking, for a living tide  
from all quarters of the city flowed  
thither. I fell into the stream, and  
was carried right into the hall. It  
was an out-of-the-way entrance ; but  
the inside is spacious, plain, and sub-  
limely simple. It is lighted by semi-  
circular windows at the top of the  
walls, has two narrow galleries, and  
in the body long rows of neat little  
oval-backed blue stuffed chairs  
joined together. On the platform  
was a very plain desk, on one end  
of which stood a vase of white water-  
lilies, on the other a vase of mixed  
flowers, and the desk surrounded by  
detached little chairs, all occupied by  
special friends and admirers. The  
audience had an intellectual cast  
more than common, and many of  
them sat reading the morning papers  
till the service should begin. I sat  
anxiously looking for the advent of  
Theodore ; and when he does come,  
he bears not the smallest resemblance  
to *my* Theodore. Who could have  
dreamt that *he* was that bald-headed,  
white-bearded, snubby-featured,  
Socrates-looking little old man ? Ah !  
but only look at that large, long,  
bald head, sloping up to the organ  
of *firmness*. What a world of power  
is there ! If he has the features of  
Socrates, he has also the brain. The  
appearance of age is still more in-

creased when he opens his mouth, and speaks as if he wanted his teeth. But all seeming defects soon vanish. He gives out Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' and reads it with a force of meaning with which it was never read before; when that is sung, he prays in a style quite different from other preachers, wholly devoid of the hackneyed and cant phrases, and links earth and heaven with a chain of noble thought, in language unsurpassable for beauty and strength. His lecture was on the Evangelical Christ, showing what a monster the Churches have made of the purest and manliest man, and how admirably they have succeeded in obscuring the whole purpose of his life. But to convey a true idea of the effect of that sermon would be an undertaking that not even Parker himself might attempt. What conciseness! What force! What far-reaching thought and clenching argument in single sentences! It was like the elements all alive at once, moved by a god. Thought after thought flashed lightning! Period on period came in thunder! Where were the stubby features and the little man now? Under the shadow of those beetling brows, and, by a spell-bound audience, quite unseen. Time after time I thought all present would break into peals of applause; but the sacredness of the day, or habit perhaps, restrained them. They *looked* applause, however, and eyes that never saw each other before now met with beams of recognition. His sermons are written, but he scarcely appears to read; and his action appears to rise wholly out of the fervour of his eloquence. Sometimes his hand comes down with terrific force, but it is always accompanied with corresponding thoughts and words. In illustration of a passage, he had occasion to pluck a water-lily, which sanctified the whole vase; and at the conclusion they were all carried away

as relics by the audience. I may add that without exception it was the greatest treat I ever heard in the way of a sermon. People were loth to leave the scene of so much admiration; and even in the street they hung about for some time after."

After his death a leading member of his congregation and a close friend wrote a description of the services, from which we make the following extracts:—"Others thought of him as the great theologian, the bold reformer, the accomplished scholar; he thought of himself as the minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, the shepherd of a flock of earnest souls who looked to him for help, and consolation, and guidance in all their private griefs and difficulties as eagerly as they listened to his deep and bold lessons on all great public questions. He knew that every Sunday a crowd of unknown persons were there to hear him, but to him there was always a central group of well-beloved faces, in whose eyes he read all the trials and struggles of the week. There was his 'glorious phalanx of old maids, on whose aid he could confidently rely for every work of charity or mercy.' There was his St. M——, her face a constant benediction; his beloved John, 'who idealised his life after a day of hard toil by providing for the wants of every poor child in his neighbourhood;' there was the faithful clerk, who was, he said, more important to the society than himself; there were the grey heads, so precious in his sight; the young men, in whom he saw the hope of the country and the world; and the young maidens, in whose culture and well-being he ever felt the most paternal care. Who can forget how he would come into church, and sit there, partially screened from sight by the desk, and look around on the faces of his congregation? Then he gathered up from the multitude all the joys

and sorrows of the week—the tear-dimmed eye of the mourner; the earnest-struggling of a soul wrestling with temptation; the new joy of happy lovers, or a mother rejoicing in her firstborn child—all sent up their incense to him, and he gathered their fragrance into his heart, and bore it up to God in his prayer. Nor did he fail to bring his own life into the same holy presence. Who has not at times felt some deep sorrow or penitent tenderness of his own private heart veiled in the universal language of his prayer? Those early days of his ministry at the Melodeon can never be forgotten by those favoured to share them. The dark, dingy building, with its dirty walls and close atmosphere, became a holy temple, for it enshrined a living soul. The cold, rainy Sundays which succeeded one another so constantly could not keep us away. ‘How could we bear the burden of the week,’ said many a listener, ‘without the inspiration of that hour of prayer, of that lesson of wisdom and truth?’ The constant offering of flowers on the desk was a beautiful emblem of the faith in and love of nature which so characterised his teachings. As spring advanced, we often first saw the dear remembered friends in field and grove on the desk; the violets and barberry-blossoms, the purple rhodora, the sweet wild-rose, the lilies of the valley (now sacred to us from his last look on them), the fragrant magnolia, the stately laurel, the blue gentian, in its autumn loveliness, all came as offerings from one or another friend. Nothing was too precious or too lowly to be laid at that shrine; and as the great teacher gathered lessons of divine wisdom and truth from the lilies of the fields and the grass of the plain, so did he never fail to point some moral or enforce some lesson of love and truth by reference to these beautiful emblems of God’s presence and

power. How many incidents might be told of those early days, when his words were so strange and new to many! ‘Well, I never heard before that toads were prophets, and grass was revelations,’ an old lady was heard to mutter angrily as she went out of meeting one day. But to him all beings did preach, and all nature did reveal the truths of the religion he believed and taught. One of Mr. Parker’s noblest efforts was his sermon on John Quincy Adams. The house was densely crowded, and all were held in rapt attention by the tribute, full of glowing heat, and yet of manly truth, which he paid to the great departed. As he spoke of the only blots on the fair fame of his hero, the snow, which covered and darkened the roof, fell with a tremendous crash, which sent a thrill through the audience and preacher. Mr. Parker recovered himself instantly and added, ‘So may the infamy slide off from his character, and leave it fair as open daylight!’ As he closed, the wind, from some unknown cause, sounded through the organ pipes a wild, sweet strain, which seemed, to our excited minds, like an amen from the spirit of the brave old man, who accepted the bold and true words which had been spoken of him. We could never fail to be reminded of the whole week on Sunday; our errors, our shortcomings, our dangers, our blessings, our hopes, trials, and fears, all came up in review before us, and the words which were spoken for all seemed most special to each one. Once, when preaching on the forgiveness of sin, and showing how the infinite love of God had provided means of recovery for the most guilty soul, a man in the gallery suddenly cried out, ‘Yes, I know it to be so! I feel it to be so!’ Mr. Parker paused in his sermon and addressed him in words of strong faith and assurance. ‘Yes, my friend, it is so; and you cannot wander so far but God can

call you back.' The special event of the day of which his congregation were thinking seemed to him the appropriate subject on which to give them words of religious advice, comfort, or warning. Sometimes he waited a week or two for the excitement to subside, that he might speak from and to a calmer mood, but he never left such occasions unimproved. In this he resembled the early Puritans, to whom he had, indeed, much likeness. Who does not remember the strength and wisdom of his words on occasions like those of the trial of Professor Webster, the fugitive slave cases, important elections, and the commercial crisis? He never rested till he had withdrawn these startling facts from the list of exceptional accidents, and shown how they resulted from sufficient causes, and were co-ordinate with the whole providence of the Divine government. He did not suffer us to believe that a man, good and pure in heart, became suddenly a murderer from the force of an untoward circumstance, but showed us how the yielding to minor temptations had weakened the power of resistance to this fatal one. And how tender was his pleading and his trust in God for the poor sufferers! Many of us then, for the first time, realised that God had consolation in store, even for such misery. In the services, he was a great lover of decorum and order. He always wore at church the plain black dress which he thought befitting the service. The Bible and hymn-book were laid in their places—everything was in order before he began to speak. But he loved freedom and individuality also, and he would not suffer them to be sacrificed to his own comfort. How gentle was his remonstrance against the noisy slamming of the forty-four doors of the Music Hall towards the close of the sermon! how patiently he took it for granted that only important engagements led people to

such a violation of good manners towards those who held their doors invitingly open to them! He said to us once, 'I do not like to see people reading books and newspapers before the services commence. It troubles me very much, and I have often been tempted to ask people to abstain from it; but I remember how precious a half-hour's reading was to me often when I was a young man, and I feel that I ought not to ask anybody to give it up for the sake of my comfort when it is not wrong in itself.'"

We add two or three further incidents which occurred in connection with the services at the Music Hall, which will further show how Parker possessed the true orator's faculty of turning the occurrences of the moment to effective account. One Sunday a terrier-dog had got into the hall, and in the midst of the prayer uttered a loud bark. This incident gave the next thought of prayer: "We thank thee, O Father of all, who hast made even the humblest dumb creature to praise thee after its own way!" Preaching one winter's day on "Obstacles," when describing the man to whom obstacles are helps, he said, "Before such a man all obstacles will"—just then a mass of frozen snow on the roof fell down with a noise like thunder, shaking the building and startling the audience with fear—"slide away like ice from the slated roof," said the preacher's reassuring voice. During the agitation caused by the adoption of the Fugitive Slave Act, a slave named Shadrach was arrested in Boston, but released by a spontaneous movement of the citizens. The event occurred on the Saturday, and Parker's congregation, who were deeply interested in the affair, were still in anxiety as to his safety when they came together the following day. At the close of the sermon, he said, "When I came amongst you I expected to have to do



and to bear some hard things, but I never expected to have to protect one of my parishioners from slave-hunters, nor to be asked to read such a note as this:—‘Shadrach, a fugitive slave, in peril of his life and liberty, asks your prayers that God will aid him to escape out of bondage.’ But he does not need our prayers. Thank God! we have heard of him safe, far on his way to freedom.” The excitement of the audience was intense. For a moment there was perfect stillness, and it seemed as if the hearts of the audience would burst with the pressure of feeling. Then one spontaneous shout of applause re-echoed through the building and gave the pent hearts the relief they so much needed. A similar incident had previously occurred when Parker announced his intention to resist the iniquitous Fugitive Slave Act, even to force, the hearts of his hearers being thereby so stirred that, Sunday though it was, and no such thing having been done at a religious service in Boston for years, the vast congregation received the announcement with loud clapping of hands. Then less exciting but not less touching incidents sometimes occurred. On two successive Easter Sundays he attempted to read the story of the trial and crucifixion of Jesus. He failed to get through; so overcome was he by his emotions that he had to sit down and give way to his tears.

It has been thought by some that Parker’s source of attraction was his theological “heresies;” by others that it lay purely in his great intellectual ability. Both views are mistaken. It is true that his “heresies” got him the “chance to be heard in Boston,” but being too radical for the conservatives, and not sufficiently “advanced” for the ultra-radicals, his heresies gave him no advantage as regards maintaining the hearing he had there. Had he been only an ordinary Unitarian, and displaying the

same intrinsic powers, it is probable he would have had a more influential, if not a larger, following. With regard to the other attempted explanation of his success, he had just as much wealth of feeling as of intellect; never was there a preacher who had more, and had he not had it he could not have kept the great congregation together in the way he did; for human beings as a whole are far more under the dominance of emotion than of intellect.

One explanation of his great success in preaching was his intense love of all connected with it. “I delight in writing and preaching. No poet has more joy in his song than I in my sermons.” He would have welcomed two Sundays in the week, so many subjects had he ever waiting to be preached upon. His vacations were always as short as possible, and it was a most exceptional thing with him to repeat an old sermon. On rainy days he did not, as ministers frequently do, save his sermon and put the smaller congregation off with a talk; he thought that the people who came out in storms had a right to the best. If illness, over-occupation, or absence from home prevented him from preparing a fresh sermon, he declared to the congregation that he had brought them an old one; the opposite of the ministerial course usually taken. But he was too fond of coining the material of his own mind and soul into sermons to preach old ones often.

As to his method of preparing his sermons and other compositions, nothing was commenced until an outline or scheme of it had first been worked out. He would lay out subjects for years with a view to preaching upon them, and sometimes he would adhere to a plan of sermons extending to four years. When reading and meditation, taking copious notes, meanwhile, had furnished him with a



view of the whole subject, so that he saw not only the end from the beginning, but the details and subdivisions of each head, he began to write. Or, if he intended, in the case of speeches and sermons, to address his audience extemporaneously, if the subject was not already, by frequent speaking and arranging, made familiar, every point was premeditated, and occasionally one or two leading sentences put down, just where he felt instinctively that he might need a stepping-stone. He was not obliged to recur to his brief during speaking, because he had assigned to each thing—the facts, the statistics, the allusions, the helping phrases—its post in the memory. The same system and comprehensiveness which insisted upon a perfect brief made it non-essential at the moment of speaking. But he never undertook to lay his track until he had made a most careful and methodical survey of the route which he must travel. He was all the time making statements and organizing thought. Commonly he walked in quiet places, often by night, to make his compositions. Boston Common was part of his study, as were the woods at West Roxbury; the great oak there was part of his library. So he wrote to George Ripley. He generally wrote his sermons at the beginning of the week, and left a page or two for afterthoughts to be written on the Saturday night. Then, when all was done, and the last tear shed over it—for he seldom got through without moistening his ink a little that way—he put all signs of his week's toil aside, and girded up his soul for the other duties of Sunday, which were also great joys.

He thought every subject had a religious side. With George Herbert—

"If done beneath thy laws  
E'en servile labours shine;  
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;  
The meanest work divine."

His sermons were on all kinds of life concerns, "from those of the soul to those of the kitchen." Each subject he treated in accordance with its nature; he had not, as is the rule, one pulpit conventional way of dealing with all. Such discourses of his as those on "Crime," "Intemperance," "the Dangers and Duties of Women," "the Merchant," "the Dangerous Classes," "the Perishing Classes," "Great Cities," &c., cost him vast labour in research for facts and statistics, as well as of thought and generalisation upon the data collected. In the various political discourses which the exigencies of the times called forth, and which are as deep as they are captivating, combining history, philosophy, and prophecy, he put an immense amount of conscientious labour. In some of them with what wonderful prescience he foretold the late American War. Over and over again he used words like the following, which were written in 1859:—"We are coming upon a great crisis of American history, and a civil war seems at no great distance. The slaveholders will be driven, by the logic of their principles, to demand what the free men of the North will not consent to: then comes the split—not without blood!" Two years after that was written, the Southern States seceded, and the civil war began.

His wonderful biographical discourses were prepared with the greatest elaboration and care. It is recorded that, while preparing the one on John Quincy Adams, he reviewed the statesman's whole career: read every speech; analysed every argument; scrutinised every act; went behind every piece of public policy; and laid out the history so simply that the least-instructed intelligence could understand it. Preparatory to composing the one on Daniel Webster he did more than this: he gleaned from all credible sources of information in regard to Mr. Webster's

private life and character ; probed the secrets of his ancestry ; read the principal works of distinguished orators, jurists, and statesmen in England ; studied again the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, in order to settle precisely in his mind the rank of the great American as lawyer, statesman, orator, and man. After Webster's death, a few hours' meditation in the country enabled Parker to melt together the materials which he had thus been gathering in expectancy of this for years, and to run them molten from his own soul, first into the written sermon, and afterwards into the souls of the great congregation drawn by his announcement of such a subject. Here is his own record of the discourse. "*October 31.*—Preached sermon on Mr. Webster—a sad and dreadful day to me : it was so painful to criticise him as I needs must. The preaching of the sermon occupied two and a half hours ; it would have required three-quarters of an hour more to preach all that was written. At eleven o'clock, Wednesday, not a line of it was written ; at two p.m. Saturday, not a line unwritten." The delivery of the discourse appears to have been a remarkable event even at a Music Hall service. The audience listened with breathless intensity, and when Parker, who, before the statesman's unfaithfulness to the "higher law," had greatly loved and admired him, exclaimed in a choking voice, "Oh, Webster ! Webster ! my king, my king ! would that I had died for thee !" tears bedimmed every eye.

Large as was the audience he addressed weekly at the Music Hall, it was hardly so large as that he addressed by means of the press throughout America, and almost throughout Christendom. Not only did the newspapers extensively report the discourses, but some of the printed ones sold to the extent of 10,000 within ten days. Some were trans-

lated into foreign languages, with what effect upon him the following extract from the journal will show:—

"*Christmas, 1847.*—To-day I received from Archdeacon Wolff, at Kiel, the translation of my Discourses, &c. The work awakened such heart-beatings as I have not often had for a cause seemingly so slight. I read the lines of his preface, in which he speaks so tenderly of me, not without many tears. Is it possible that I am to be henceforth a power in the world to move men, a name which shall kindle men to goodness and piety, a name of power ? I think little enough of fame. But to be a man who can lead mankind a little onward, that thought would charm me. Well, at reading that, remembering, too, how I have been treated here, I must confess I wept ; and since have felt the better for my tears. God grant I may be more and better as the years go by !"

These reprints of his utterances soon exercised a wide influence, as the letters received by him from all quarters of the world, from persons of both sexes and every state of life, most clearly show. Something in them seemed to create a desire in readers to communicate with the preacher. "People who desired to know what were the facts about theology and religion, troubled by creeds, unloosed from their old religious moorings, students, labourers, shopkeepers, Catholics, Methodists, and members of all sects—people with special questions about retribution, God, non-resistance, miracles, free-will, many who were in distress or uncongenial circumstances, suffering from intemperance, pining for want of remunerative labour, and all people who longed to be of service to their kind. It was as if a great crowd hurried to where a clear and steadfast voice hailed them to come over where it spoke, by the only safe and speedy way." It was thus that he got to know and feel so

deeply the crushing and demoralising effect of the popular orthodoxy. He had in these communications more than sufficient warrant for the strongest things against it he ever uttered. Of what other preacher can it be said, as it can of Parker, that he received letters, called forth by his preaching, sufficient to make an interesting and goodly-sized printed volume?

Long before the appearance of the Rev. O. B. Frothingham's most excellently planned and exquisitely written biography of Parker, we had come to the conclusion that, considered as a whole, he was the greatest preacher which modern times have seen. It was, therefore, with gratification that in the work named we saw our view shared and enforced by Mr. Frothingham, himself, perhaps, the most intellectual preacher which America now possesses. His estimate of Parker's preaching, and his comparison of it with that of other well-known eminent modern preachers, is so ably discriminating and interesting, that we trust he will forgive us for giving our readers the opportunity of reading it.

Says Mr. Frothingham:—"Utter fidelity to his calling made Theodore Parker the great preacher that he was; probably, all things considered, the greatest of his generation. He was greater than Spurgeon, whom five or six thousand men flock to hear; but who lacks learning, knowledge of men and things, breadth and poetic fervour of mind, culture of intellect, and delicacy of perception—an earnest, zealous, toilsome man, powerful through his sectarian narrowness, not, as Parker was, through his human sympathy. He was greater beyond measure than Maurice, Robertson, Stopford Brooke, or any of the new Churchmen; the delight of those who want to be out of the Church, and yet feel in it. He was greater than Channing in range of thought, in learning, in

breadth of human sympathy, in vitality of interest in common affairs, in wealth of imagination, and in the racy flavour of his spoken or written speech. Channing had an equal moral earnestness, an equal depth of spiritual sentiment, a superior gift of look, voice, expression, manner, perhaps a more finely endowed speculative apprehension, a subtler insight; but as a preacher he addressed a smaller class of his fellow-men. His was an aristocratic, Parker's a democratic mind. Channing was ethereal even when treading most manfully the earth, and seraphic even when urging the claims of negroes: Parker, when soaring highest, kept both feet planted on the soil, and, when unfolding the most ideal principles, remembered that his brother held him by the hand for guidance. Channing always talked prose even while dilating on transcendental themes: Parker, even when discussing affairs of the street, would break out into the language of poetry. Channing could sympathise with great popular ideas and movements, but was too fastidious to be ever in close contact with the people: Parker was a man of the people through and through; one of the people, as much at home with the plainest as the most cultured, more heartily at home with the simple than with the polished; hence his word ran swiftly in rough paths, while Dr. Channing's trod daintily in high places." Mr. Frothingham next shows in how many features Parker was the superior of Henry Ward Beecher, who has generally been thought of as the greatest preacher of America, and then proceeds to say of Parker's printed sermons:—"Take up any of his volumes containing the sermons he thought worthy of permanent preservation—the volume of 'Ten Sermons on Religion;' the 'Theism, Atheism, and Popular Theology,' which is made up of pulpit addresses; read the pamphlet ser-

mons on 'Immortal Life;' on 'The Perils of Adversity and Prosperity;' 'What Religion will do for a Man;' 'Lesson for a Midsummer Day;' 'The Function and Place of Conscience;' 'The Sermon of Poverty;' 'Of War,' 'Of Merchants;' 'The Chief Sins of the People;' 'The Power of a False Idea;' and you have many a long hour full of edification, instruction, and delight. They are sermons—always sermons; not essays or disquisitions. The parenetical character runs through everything the man wrote, as the moral element ran through the man. As sermons intended to reach the conscience as well as the understanding of miscellaneous and heedless auditors, who must have a thought expressed in several forms, and reiterated more than once, in order to catch or retain it, they are almost

perfect, and are destined to do a most important work in educating and inspiring thousands whom the preacher's voice never reached, who, perhaps, were not born when he fell asleep. More may be learned from his political speeches and addresses than from many volumes of contemporaneous history. His speculative discourses throw light on abstruse problems of philosophy; his ordinary sermons are rich in practical wisdom for daily life, and will be read when hundreds of sermons now popular are forgotten, and even when the literature of the pulpit has fallen into that neglect it, for the most part, deserves."

Parker wrote nearly a thousand sermons—an average of about forty-five per year—during the course of his twenty-two years' ministry.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE PREACHER AND THEOLOGIAN.

(*Autobiographical Extracts from "Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister."*)

"In darker days and nights of storm,  
Men knew Thee but to fear Thy form;  
And in the reddest lightnings saw  
Thine arm avenge insulted law.

"In brighter days, we read Thy love  
In flowers beneath, in stars above;  
And in the track of every storm  
Behold Thy beauty's rainbow form.

"And in the reddest lightnings' path  
We see no vestiges of wrath,  
But always wisdom—perfect love,  
From flowers beneath to stars above.

"See, from on high sweet influence rains  
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains!  
No hour of wrath shall mortals fear,  
For their Almighty Love is here."—THEODORE PARKER.

"IN my preaching," writes Parker in the work above named, "I have used plain, simple words, sometimes making what I could not find ready, and counted nothing unclean because merely common. In philosophic terms, and in all which describes the inner consciousness, our Saxon speech is rather poor, and so I have been compelled to gather from the Greek or Roman stock forms of expression which do not grow on our homely and familiar tree, and hence, perhaps, have sometimes scared you with 'words of learned length.' But I have always preferred to use, when fit, the every-day words in which men think and talk, scold, make love, and pray, so that generous-hearted philosophy, clad in a common dress, might more easily become familiar to plain-clad men. It is with customary tools that we work easiest and best, especially when use has made the handles smooth.

"Illustrations I have drawn from most familiar things which are before all men's eyes, in the fields, the

streets, the shop, the kitchen, parlour, nursery, or school; and from the literature best known to all—the Bible, the newspapers, the transient speech of eminent men, the talk of common people in the streets, from popular stories, school-books, and nursery rhymes. Some of you have censured me for this freedom and homeliness, alike in illustration and in forms of speech, desiring 'more elegant and sonorous language,' 'illustrations derived from elevated and conspicuous objects,' 'from dignified personalities.' A good man, who was a farmer in fair weather and a shoemaker in foul, could not bear to have a plough or a lapstone mentioned in my sermon—to me picturesque and poetic objects, as well as familiar—but wanted 'kings and knights,' which I also quickly pleased him with. But for this I must not only plead the necessity of my nature, delighting in common things, trees, grass, oxen, and stars, moonlight on the water, the falling rain, the ducks and hens at this moment noisy under

my window, the gambols and prattle of children, and the common work of blacksmiths, wheelwrights, painters, hucksters, and traders of all sorts, but I have also on my side the example of all the great masters of speech—save only the French, who disdain all common things, as their aristocratic but elegant literature was bred in a court, though rudely cradled elsewhere, nay, born of rough loins—of poets like Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, of Hebrew David, and of Roman Horace; of philosophers like Socrates and Locke; of preachers like Luther, Latimer, Barrow, Butler, and South; nay, elegant Jeremy Taylor, ‘the Shakespeare of divines,’ owes half his beauty to these weeds of nature, which are choicest flowers when set in his artistic garden. But one need not go beyond Jesus of Nazareth and the first three gospels to learn great lessons in the art of speech; for in him you not only reverence the genius for religion, which intuitively sees divine truth and human duty, but wonder also at the power of speech that tells its tale as deliverly as the blackbird sings or the water runs down-hill. Besides, to me common life is full of poetry and pictorial loveliness; spontaneously portrayed, its events will fill my mind as one by one the stars come out upon the evening sky, like them each one ‘a beauty and a mystery.’ It is therefore a necessity of my nature that the sermon should publicly reflect to you what privately hangs over it with me, and the waters rained out of my sky, when cloudy, should give back its ordinary stars when clear. Yet, for the same reason, I have also fetched illustrations from paths of literature and science, less familiar, perhaps, to most of you, when they, better than aught else, would clear a troubled thought; so in my rosary of familiar beads, I have sometimes strung a pearl or two which science

brought from oceanic depths, or fixed thereon the costly gems where ancient or modern art has wrought devices dearer than the precious stone itself.

“Using plain words and familiar illustrations, and preaching also on the greatest themes, I have not feared to treat philosophic matters with the rigour of science, and never thought I should scare you with statistic facts which are the ultimate expression of a great principle doing its work by a constant mode of operation, nor by psychologic analysis or metaphysical demonstration. Ministers told me I was ‘preaching over the heads of the people;’ I only feared to preach below their feet, or else aside from their ears. Thus handling great themes before attentive men, I have also dared to treat them long, for I read the time not on the dial, but the audience. I trust you will pardon the offence which I perhaps shall not repeat.

“To compose sermons, and preach them to multitudes of men of one sort but many conditions, thereto setting forth the great truths of absolute religion, and applying them to the various events of this wondrous human life, trying to make the constitution of the universe the common law of men, illustrating my thought with all that I can gather from the world of matter, its use and beauty both, and from the world of man, from human labours, sorrows, joys, and everlasting hopes—this has been my great delight. Your pulpit has been my joy and my throne. Though press and State, market and meeting-house, have been hostile to us, YOU have yet given me the largest Protestant audience in America, save that which orthodox Mr. Beecher, who breaks with no theologic tradition of the New England Church, inspires with his deep emotional nature, so devout and so humane, and charms with his poetic eloquence, that is akin to both the sweetbriar and the rose,



and all the beauty which springs up wild amid New England hills, and to the loveliness of common life; I have given you my sermons, in return, at once my labour and delight. My life is in them, and all my character, its good and ill; thereby you know me better than I, perhaps, myself—for a man's words and his face, when excited in sermon and in prayer, tell all he is, the reflection of what he has done.

"When you [The Twenty-eighth Congregational Society] gave me 'a chance to be heard in Boston,' I knew that I had thoroughly broken with the ecclesiastical authority of Christendom; its God was not my God, nor its Scriptures my Word of God, nor its Christ my Saviour, for I preferred the Jesus of historic fact to the Christ of theologic fancy. - Its narrow, partial, and unnatural heaven I did not wish to enter on the terms proposed, nor did I fear, since earliest youth, its mythic roomy hell, wherein the triune God, with His pack of devils to aid, tore the human race to pieces for ever and ever. I came to preach another Gospel. But at the beginning I warned you that if you came Sunday after Sunday you would soon think very much as I did on the great matters you asked me to teach—because I had drawn my doctrines from the same human nature which was in you, and that would recognise and own its child. Let me arrange, under three heads, some of the most important doctrines I have aimed to set forth.

"I. THE INFINITE PERFECTION OF GOD.—This doctrine is the cornerstone of all my theological and religious teaching—the foundation, perhaps, of all that is peculiar in my system. It is not known to the Old Testament or the New; it has never been accepted by any sect in the Christian World; for, though it be equally claimed by all, from the Catholic to the Mormon, none has

ever consistently developed it, even in theory, but all continually limit God in power, in wisdom, and still more eminently in justice and in love. The idea of God's imperfection has been carried out with dreadful logic in the Christian scheme. I have taught that God contains all possible and conceivable perfection—the perfection of being, self-subsistence, conditioned only by itself; the perfection of power, all-mightiness; of mind, all-knowingness; of conscience, all-righteousness; of affection, all-lovingness; and the perfection of the innermost element, which in finite man is personality, all-holiness, faithfulness to Himself. The infinitely perfect God is immanent in the world of matter and in the world of spirit, the two hemispheres which to us make up the universe; each particle thereof is inseparable from Him, while He yet transcends both, is limited by neither, but in Himself complete and perfect. I have not taught that the special qualities I find in the Deity are all that are actually there; higher and more must doubtless appear to beings of larger powers than man's. My definition distinguishes God from all other beings; it does not limit him to the details of my conception. I only tell what I know, not what others may know, which lies beyond my present consciousness.

"He is a perfect Creator, making all from a perfect motive, for a perfect purpose, of perfect substance, and as a perfect means; none other are conceivable with a perfect God. The motive must be love, the purpose welfare, the means the constitution of the universe itself, as a whole and in parts—for each great or little thing coming from Him must be perfectly adapted to secure the purpose it was intended for, and achieve the end it was meant to serve, and represent the causal motive which brought it forth. So there must be a complete solidarity between God and the two-

fold universe which He creates. The perfect Creator is thus also a perfect providence; indeed, creation and providence are not objective accidents of Deity, nor subjective caprices, but the development of the perfect motive to its perfect purpose, love becoming a universe of perfect welfare.

"I have called God Father, but also Mother, not by this figure implying that the Divine Being has the limitations of the female figure—as some ministers deceitfully allege of late, who might have been supposed to know better than thus to pervert plain speech—but to express more sensibly, the quality of tender and unselfish love, which mankind associates more with Mother than aught else beside.

"II. THE ADEQUACY OF MAN FOR ALL HIS FUNCTIONS.—From the infinite perfection of God there follows unavoidably the relative perfection of all that He creates. So, the nature of man, tending to a progressive development of all his manifold powers, must be the best possible nature, most fit for the perfect accomplishment of the perfect purpose, and the attainment of the perfect end, which God designs for the race and the individual. It is not difficult in this general way to show the relative perfection of human nature, deducing this from the infinite perfection of God; but I think it impossible to prove it by the inductive process of reasoning from concrete facts of external observation, of which we know not yet the entire sum, nor any one, perhaps, completely. Yet I have travelled also this inductive road, as far as it reaches, and tried to show the constitution of man's body, with its adaptation to the surrounding world of matter, and the constitution of his spirit, with its intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious powers, and its harmonious relation with the world of matter, which

affords them a playground, a school, and a workshop. So I have continually taught that man has in himself all the faculties he needs to accomplish his high destination, and in the world of matter finds, one by one, all the material helps he requires.

"We all see the unity of life in the individual; his gradual growth from merely sentient and passive babyhood up to thoughtful, self-directing manhood. I have tried to show there was a similar unity of life in the human race, pointing out the analogous progressive development of mankind, from the state of ignorance, poverty, and utter nakedness of soul and sense, the necessary primitive conditions of the race, up to the present civilisation of the leading nations. The primitive is a wild man, who gradually grows up to civilisation. To me, the notorious facts of human history, the condition of language, art, industry, and the footprints of man left all over the torrid and temperate lands, admit of no other interpretation. Of course it must have required many a thousand years for Divine Providence to bring this child from his mute, naked, ignorant poverty up to the many-voiced, many-coloured civilisation of these times; and as in the strata of mountain and plain, on the shores of the sea, and under 'the bottom of the monstrous world,' the geologist finds proof of time immense, wherein this material Cosmos assumed its present form, so in ruins of cities, in the weapons of iron, bronze, or stone, found in Scandinavian swamps, on the sub-aquatic enclosures of the Swiss lakes, in the remains of Egyptian industry, which the holy Nile, 'mother of blessings'—now spiritual to us, as once material to those whose flesh she fed—has covered with many folds of earth and kept for us, and still more in the history of art, science, war, industry, and the structure of language itself, a

slow-growing plant, do I find proof of time immense, wherein man, this spiritual Cosmos, has been assuming his present condition, individual, domestic, social, and national, and accumulating that wealth of things and thoughts which is the mark of civilisation. I have tried to show by history the progressive development of industry and wealth, of mind and knowledge, of conscience and justice, of the affections and philanthropy, of the soul and true religion; the many forms of the family, the community, state, and church, I look on as so many 'experiments in living,' all useful, each, perhaps, in its time and place, as indispensable as the various geological changes. But this progressive development does not end with us; we have seen only the beginning; the future triumphs of the race must be vastly greater than all accomplished yet. In the primal instincts and automatic desires of man I have found a prophecy that what he wants is possible, and shall one day be actual. What good is not with us is before, to be obtained by toil and thought, and religious life.

"III. ABSOLUTE OR NATURAL RELIGION.—In its completé and perfect form this is the normal development, use, discipline, and enjoyment of every part of the body, and every faculty of the spirit; the direction of all natural powers to their natural purposes. I have taught that there were three parts which make up the sum of true religion: the emotional part, of right feelings, where religion at first begins in the automatic, primal instinct; the intellectual part, of true ideas, which either directly represent the primitive, instinctive feeling of whoso holds them, or else produce a kindred, secondary, and derivative feeling in whoso receives them; and the practical part, of just actions, which correspond to the feelings and the ideas, and make the mere thought or emotion into a concrete deed. So,

the true religion, which comes from the nature of man, consists of normal feelings towards God and man, of correct thoughts about God, man, and the relation between them, and of actions corresponding to the natural conscience when developed in harmony with the entire constitution of man.

"But this religion, which begins in the instinctive feelings, and thence advances to reflective ideas, assumes its ultimate form in the character of men, and so appears in their actions, individual, domestic, social, national, ecclesiastical, and general—human; it builds manifold institutions like itself, wherein it rears up men in its own image. All the six great historic forms of religion—the Brahmanic, Hebrew, Classic, Buddhistic, Christian, Mohammedan—profess to have come miraculously from God, not normally from man; and, spite of the excellence which they contain, and the vast service the humblest of them has done, yet each must ere long prove a hindrance to human welfare, for it claims to be a finality, and makes the whole of human nature wait upon an accident of human history—and that accident the whim of some single man. The absolute religion which belongs to man's nature, and is gradually unfolded thence, like the high achievements of art, science, literature, and politics, is only distinctly conceived in an advanced stage of man's growth; to make its idea a fact is the highest triumph of the human race. This is the idea of humanity, dimly seen but clearly felt, which has flitted before the pious eyes of men in all lands and many an age, and been prayed for as the 'Kingdom of Heaven.' The religious history of the race is the record of man's continual but unconscious efforts to obtain this 'desire of all nations;' poetic stories of the 'golden age,' or of man in the garden of Eden, are but this

natural wish looking back and fondly dreaming that 'the former days were better than these.' But while all the other forms of religion must ultimately fail before this, fading as it flowers, each one of them has yet been a help towards it, probably indispensable to the development of mankind. For each has grown out of the condition of some people, as naturally as the wild primitive flora of Santa Cruz has come from the state of this island—its geologic structure and chemical composition, its tropic heat, and its special situation amid the great currents of water and of air; as naturally as the dependent fauna of the place comes from its flora. Thus in the religions of mankind, as in the various governments, nay, as in the different geologic periods, there is diversity of form, but unity of aim; destruction is only to create; earthquakes, which submerge the sunken continents whose former mountains are but islands now, and revolutions, in which the Hebrew and Classic religions went under, their poetic summits only visible, have analogous functions to perform—handmaids of creation both.

"For these three great doctrines—of God, of Man, of Religion—I have depended on no Church and no Scripture; yet have I found things to serve me in all Scriptures and every Church. I have sought my authority in the nature of man—in facts of consciousness within me, and facts of observation in the human world without. To me the material world and the outward history of man do not supply a sufficient revelation of God, nor warrant me to speak of infinite perfection. It is only from the nature of man, from facts of intuition, that I can gather this greatest of all truths, as I find it in my consciousness reflected back from Deity itself.

"I know well what may be said of the 'feebleness of all the human faculties,' their 'unfaithfulness and unfit-

ness for their work;' that the mind is not adequate for man's intellectual function, nor the conscience for the moral, nor the affections for the philanthropic, nor the soul for the religious, nor even the body for the corporeal, but that each requires miraculous help from a God who is only outside of humanity! There is a denial which boldly rejects the immortality of man and the existence of Deity, with many another doctrine, dear and precious to mankind; but the most dangerous scepticism is that which, professing allegiance to all these, and crossing itself at the name of Jesus, is yet so false to the great primeval instincts of man that it declares he cannot be certain of anything he learns by the normal exercise of any faculty! I have carefully studied this school of doubt, modern, not less than old, as it appears in history. In it there are honest inquirers after truth, but misled by some accident, and also sophists, who live by their sleight of mind, as jugglers by their dexterity of hand. But the chief members of this body are the mockers, who, in a world they make empty, find the most fitting echo to their hideous laugh; and churchmen of all denominations, who are so anxious to support their ecclesiastic theology that they think it is not safe on its throne till they have annihilated the claim of reason, conscience, the affections, and the soul to any voice in determining the greatest concerns of man—thinking there is no place for the Christian Church or the Bible till they have nullified the faculties which created both, and rendered Bible-makers and Church-founders impossible. But it is rather a poor compliment these ecclesiastic sceptics pay their Deity, to say He so makes and manages the world that we cannot trust the sights we see, the sounds we hear, the thoughts we think, or the moral, affectional, religious emotions we feel; that we are certain

neither of the intuitions of instinct, nor the demonstrations of reason, but yet, by some anonymous testimony, can be made sure that Balaam's she-ass spoke certain Hebrew words, and one undivided third part of God was 'born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, descended into hell, and the third day rose again,' to take away the wrath which the other two undivided third parts of God felt against all mankind !

"It is not for me to say there is no limit to the possible attainments of man's religious or other faculties. I will not dogmatise where I do not know. But history shows that the Hercules' Pillars of one age are sailed through in the next, and a wide ocean entered on, which in due time is found rich with islands of its own, and washing a vast continent not dreamed of by such as slept within their temples of old, while it sent to their very coasts its curious joints of unwonted cane, its seeds of many an unknown tree, and even elaborate boats, wherein lay the starved bodies of strange-featured men, with golden jewels in their ears. No doubt there are limits to human industry, for finite man is bounded on every side ; but, I take it, the Hottentot, the Gaboon Negro, and the wild man of New Guinea, antecedently, would think it impossible that mankind should build the Pyramids of Egypt for royal ostentation, for defence throw up the fortresses of Europe and the wall of China, or for economic use lay down the roads of earth, of water, iron, wood, or stone, which now so swiftly help to develop the material resources and educate the spiritual powers of Europe and America. Still less would they conceive it possible for men to make all the farms, the mills, the shops, the houses, and the ships of civilised mankind. But the philosopher sees it is possible for toil and thought soon to

double, and then multiply manifold, the industrial attainments of Britain or New England.

"No doubt there may be a limit to mathematic thought, though to me that would seem boundless, and every scientific step therein to be certain ; but the barefooted negro who goads his oxen under my window, and can only count his two thumbs, is no limit to Archimedes, Descartes, Newton, and La Place ; no more are these men of vast genius a limit to the mathematic possibility of humankind. They who invented letters, arithmetic symbols, gunpowder, the compass, the printing press, the telescope, the steam-engine, and the telegraph, only ploughed in corners of the field of human possibility, and showed its bounds were not where they had been supposed. A thousand years ago the world had not a man, I think, who could even dream of such a welfare as New England now enjoys ! Who shall tell industrious, mathematic, progressive mankind, 'Stop there ; you have reached the utmost bound of human possibility ; beyond it economy is waste, and science folly, and progress downfall !' No more is the atheistic mocker or the ecclesiastic bigot commissioned to stop the human race with his cry, 'Cease there, mankind, thy religious search ! for, thousand-million-headed as thou art, thou canst know nought directly of thy God, thy duty, or thyself ! Pause, and accept my authenticated word ; stop, and despair !'

"I know too well the atheistic philosopher's bitter mock, and the haughty scorn of theologic despisers of mankind, who, diverse in all besides, yet agree in their contempt for human nature, glory in the errors of genius, or the grosser follies of mankind, and seek out of the ruins of humanity to build up, the one his palace, and the other his church. But I also know that mankind heeds



neither the atheistic philosopher nor the theologic despiser of his kind ; but, faithful to the great primeval instincts of the soul, believing, creating, and rejoicing, goes on its upward way, nor doubts of man or God, of sense or intellect.

"These three great doctrines I have preached positively as abstract truth, representing facts of the universe ; that might be peaceful work. But they must take a concrete form, and be applied to the actual life of the individual, family, community, state, and church ; this would have a less peaceful look, for I must examine actual institutions, and criticise their aim, their mode of operation, and their result. The great obvious social forces in America may be thus summed up :—

"1. There is the organised trading power—having its home in the great towns, which seeks gain with small regard to that large justice which represents alike the mutual interests and duties of all men, and to that humanity which interposes the affectional instinct when conscience is asleep. This power seems to control all things, amenable only to the all-mighty dollar.

"2. The organised political power, the parties in office, or seeking to become so. This makes the statutes, but is commonly controlled by the trading power, and has all of its faults often intensified ; yet it seems amenable to the instincts of the people, who, on great occasions, sometimes interfere and change the traders' rule.

"3. The organised ecclesiastical power, the various sects which, though quite unlike, yet all mainly agree in their fundamental principle of vicariousness—an alleged revelation, instead of actual human faculties, salvation from God's wrath and eternal ruin by the atoning blood of crucified God. This is more able than either of the others ; and though often de-

spised, in a few years can control them both. In this generation no American politician dares affront it.

"4. The organised literary power, the endowed colleges, the periodical press, with its triple multitude of journals—commercial, political, theological—and sectarian tracts. This has no original ideas, but diffuses the opinion of the other powers whom it represents, whose will it serves, and whose kaleidoscope it is.

"I must examine these four great social forces, and show what was good in them, and what was ill ; ascertain what natural religion demanded of each, and what was the true function of trade, government, a church, and a literature. When I came to a distinct consciousness of my own first principle, and my consequent relation to what was about me, spite of the good they contained, I found myself greatly at variance with all the four. They had one principle and I another ; of course, our aim and direction were commonly different and often opposite. Soon I found that I was not welcome to the American market, state, church, nor press. It could not be otherwise ; yet I confess I had not anticipated so thorough a separation betwixt me and these forces which control society, but had laid out work I could not execute alone, nor perhaps without the aid of all the four.

"When I first came before you to preach, carefully looking before and after, I was determined on my purpose, and had a pretty distinct conception of the mode of operation. It was not my design to found a sect, and merely build up a new ecclesiastical institution, but to produce a healthy development of the highest faculties of men, to furnish them the greatest possible amount of most needed instruction, and help them each to free spiritual individuality. The Church, the State, the community, were not ends, a finality of



purpose, but means to bring forth and bring up individual men. To accomplish this purpose I aimed distinctly at two things: first, to produce the greatest possible healthy development of the religious faculty, acting in harmonious connection with the intellectual, moral, and affectional; and second, to lead you to help others in the same work. Let me say a word in detail of each part of my design.

"I. According both to my experience and observation, the religious element is the strongest in the spiritual constitution of man, easily controlling all the rest for his good or ill. I wished to educate this faculty under the influence of the true idea of God, of man, and of their mutual relation. I was not content with producing morality alone—the normal action of the conscience and will, the voluntative keeping of the natural law of right: I saw the need also of piety—religious feeling toward the divine, that instinctive, purely internal love of God, which, I think, is not dependent on conscience. I was led to this aim partly by my own disposition, which, I confess, naturally inclined me to spontaneous pious feeling, my only youthful luxury, more than to voluntary moral action; partly by my early culture, which had given me much experience of religious emotions; and partly, also, by my wide and familiar acquaintance with the mystical writers, the voluptuaries of the soul, who dwelt in the world of pious feeling, heedless of life's practical duties, and caring little for science, literature, justice, or the dear charities of common life.

"I found this lack of the emotional part of religion affected many of the reformers. Some men called by that name, were indeed mere selfish tongues, their only business to find fault and make a noise; such are entitled to no more regard than any other

common and notorious scolds. But, in general, the leading reformers are men of large intellect, of profound morality, earnest, affectional men, full of philanthropy, and living lives worthy of the best ages of humanity. But, as a general thing, it seemed to me they had not a proportionate development of the religious feelings, and so had neither the most powerful solace for their many griefs, nor the profoundest joy which is needful to hold them up mid all they see and suffer from. They, too, commonly shared the sensational philosophy, and broke with the ecclesiastic supernaturalism which once helped to supply its defects.

"Gradually coming to understand this state of things, quite early in my ministry I tried to remedy it; of course I did the work at first feebly and poorly. I preached piety, unselfish love towards God, as well as morality, the keeping of his natural law, and philanthropy, the helping of his human children. And I was greatly delighted to find that my discourses of piety were as acceptable as my sermons of justice and charity, touching the souls of earnest men. Nay, the more spiritual of the ministers asked me to preach such matters in their pulpits, which I did gladly.

"I have taken special pains to show that well-proportioned piety is the ground of all manly excellence, and though it may exist, and often does, without the man's knowing it, yet, in its highest form, he is conscious of it. On this theme I have preached many sermons which were very dear to me, though perhaps none of them has yet been published. But after some ministerial experience, and much study of the effect of doctrines and ecclesiastical modes of procedure, I endeavoured to guard against the vices which so often attend the culture of this sentimental part of religion, and to prevent the fatal degeneracy that often attends it. When

the religious element is actively excited under the control of the false theological ideas now so prevailing, it often takes one or both of these two misdirections:—

“1. It tends to an unnatural mysticism, which dries up all the noble emotions that else would produce a great useful character. The delicate and refined woman develops the sentiment of religion in her consciousness; surrounded by wealth, and seduced by its charms, she reads the more unpractical parts of the Bible, especially the Johannic writings, the Song of Solomon, and the more sentimental portions of the Psalms; studies Thomas à Kempis, Guyon, Fénelon, William Law, Keble; pores over the mystic meditations of St. Augustine and Bernard; she kneels before her costly *Prie-Dieu*, or other sufficient altar, pours out her prayers, falls into an ecstasy of devout feeling, and, elegantly dishevelled like a Magdalen, weeps most delicious tears. Then, rising thence, she folds her idle, unreligious hands, and, with voluptuous scorn, turns off from the homely duties of common life; while not only the poor, the sick, the ignorant, the drunken, the enslaved, and the abandoned are left uncared for, but her own household is neglected, her husband, her very children, go unblest. She lives a life of intense religious emotion in private, but of intense selfishness at home, and profligate worldliness abroad. Her pious feeling is only moonshine; nay, it is a Will-o'-the-wisp, a wandering fire, which

“‘Leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.’

She is a voluptuary of the soul, often likewise in the senses; her prayers are worth no more than so much novel-reading; she might as well applaud Don Giovanni with her laugh at the opera as St. John with her tears at church. This woman's religion is internal glitter, which gives

nor light nor heat. ‘Like a fly in the heart of an apple, she dwells in perpetual sweetness,’ but also in perpetual sloth, a selfish wanton of the soul. In his *Parc aux Cerfs*, Louis XV. trained his maiden victims to this form of devotion!

“2. It leads to ecclesiastical ritualism. This is the more common form in New England, especially in hard men and women. They join a church, and crowd the ecclesiastical meetings. Bodily presence there is thought a virtue: they keep the Sunday severely idle; their ecclesiastical decorum is awful as a winter's night at the North Pole of cold; with terrible punctuality they attend to the ordinance of bread and wine, looking grim and senseless as the death's head on the tombstones close by. Their babies are sprinkled with water, or themselves plunged all over in it; they have morning prayers and evening prayers, grace before meat, and after meat, grace; nay, they give money for the theological purposes of their sect, and religiously hate men not of their household of faith. Their pious feeling has spent itself in secreting this abnormal shell of ritualism, which now cumbers them worse than Saul's great armour on the stripling shepherd lad. What can such Pachyderms of the church accomplish that is good, with such an elephantiasis to swell, and bark, and tetter every limb? Their religious feeling runs to shell, and has no other influence. They sell rum, and trade in slaves or coolies. They are remorseless creditors, unscrupulous debtors; they devour widows' houses. Vain are the cries of humanity in such ears, stuffed with condensed wind. Their lives are little, dirty, and mean.

“Mindful of these two vices, which are both diseases of the misdirected soul, and early aware that devoutness is by no means the highest expression of love for God, I have attempted not only to produce a normal develop-

ment of religious feeling, but to give it the normal direction to the homely duties of common life, in the kitchen, the parlour, nursery, school-room, in the field, market, office, shop, or ship, or street, or wherever the lines of our lot have fallen to us; and to the 'primal virtues,' that shine aloft as stars which mariners catch glimpses of 'mid ocean's rack, and learn their course, and steer straight into their desired haven; and also, to the 'charities that soothe, and heal and bless,' and which are scattered at mankind's feet like flowers, each one a beauty the bee sucks honey from, and a seed to sow the world with wholesome loveliness; for it is plain to me that the common duties of natural life are both the best school for the development of piety, and the best field for its exercise when grown to manly size."

The Autobiographical Letter then describes how the preacher has preached against intemperance, covetousness, ignorance, and in favour of education, the present condition of woman, and in favour of our bringing her nearer to the advantages of man, political unfaithfulness, war, and slavery. But as we shall have to speak of his views and proceedings in connection with these matters when we treat of him as "The Reformer," we pass over them here. He afterwards goes on:—"But I have preached against the errors of the ecclesiastic theology more than upon any other form of wrong, for they are the most fatal mischiefs in the land. The theological notion of God, man, and the relation between them, seems to me the greatest speculative error mankind has fallen into. Its gloomy consequences appear:—Christendom takes the Bible for God's word, His last word; nothing new or different can ever be expected from the source of all truth, all justice, and all love; the sun of righteousness will give no added light or heat on the cold darkness of the human world. From

portions of this 'infallible revelation,' the Roman Church logically derives its despotic and hideous claim to bind and loose on earth, to honour dead men with sainthood, or to rack and burn with all the engines mechanic fancy can invent, or priestly cruelty apply, and hereafter to bless eternally, or else for ever damn. Hence, both Protestant and Catholic logically derive their imperfect, wrathful Deity, who creates men to torment them in an endless hell, 'paved with the skulls of infants not a span long,' whereinto the vast majority of men are, by the million, trodden down for everlasting agony, at which the elect continually rejoice. Hence, they derive their Devil, absolutely evil, that ugly wolf whom God lets loose into His fold of lambs; hence, their total depravity, and many another dreadful doctrine which now the best of men blind their brothers' eyes withal, and teach their children to distrust the Infinite Perfection which is nature's God, dear Father and Mother to all that is. Hence, clerical sceptics learn to deny the validity of their own superior faculties, and spin out the cobwebs of sophistry, wherewith they surround the field of religion, and catch therein unwary men. Hence, the Jews, the Mohammedans, the Mormons, draw their idea of woman, and their right to substitute such gross conjunctions for the natural marriage of one to one. There the slaveholder finds the chief argument for his ownership of men, and in Africa or New England kidnaps the weak, his mouth drooling with texts from 'the authentic word of God;' nay, there the rhetorician finds reason for shooting an innocent man who but righteously seeks that freedom which nature declares the common birthright of mankind. It has grieved me tenderly to see all Christendom make the Bible its fetish, and so lose the priceless value of that free religious spirit which, communing at

first hand with God, wrote its grand pages, or poured out its magnificent beatitudes.

"Christendom contains the most intellectual nations of the earth, all of them belonging to the dominant Caucasian race, and most of them occupying regions very friendly to the development of the highest faculties of man. Theirs, too, is the superior machinery of civilisation—political, ecclesiastical, domestic, social. Nowhere on earth does the clerical mass so connect itself with the innermost of man. Christendom is the bold leader in all intellectual affairs—arts of peace and war, science, literature, skill to organise and administer mankind. But yet the Christian has no moral superiority over the Jews, the Mohammedans, the Brahmins, the Buddhists, at all commensurate with this intellectual power. For fifteen hundred years the Jews, a nation scattered and peeled, and exposed to most degrading influences, in true religion have been above the Christians! In temperance, chastity, honesty, justice, mercy, are the leading nations of Christendom before the South Asiatics, the Chinese, the islanders of Japan? Perhaps so—but have these 'Christians' a moral superiority over those 'heathens' equal to their mental superiority? It is notorious they have not. Why is this so, when these Christians worship a man whose religion was love to God and love to men, and who would admit to heaven only for righteousness, and send to hell only for lack of it? Because they WORSHIP him, reject the natural goodness he relied upon, and trust in the 'blood of Christ which maketh free from all sin.' It is this false theology, with its vicarious atonement, salvation without morality or piety, only by belief in absurd doctrines, which has bewitched the leading nations of the earth into such practical mischief. A false idea has controlled the

strongest spiritual faculty, leading men to trust in 'imputed righteousness, and undervalue personal virtue. Self-denying missionaries visit many a far-off land 'to bring the heathen to Christ.' Small good comes of it; but did they teach industry, thrift, letters, honesty, temperance, justice, mercy, with rational ideas of God and man, what a conversion there would be of the Gentiles! Two-and-thirty thousand Christian ministers are there in the United States, all 'consecrated to Christ;' many of them are able men, earnest and devoted, but, their eyes hoodwinked and their hands chained by their theology, what do they bring to pass? They scarce lessen any vice of the State, the press, or the market. They are to 'save souls from the wrath of God.' I have preached against the fundamental errors of this well-compacted theological scheme, showing the consequences which follow thence, and seldom entered your pulpit without remembering Slavery, the great sin of America, and these theological errors, the sacramental mistake of Christendom.

"But I have never forgotten the great truths this theology contains, invaluable to the intellect, the conscience, the heart and soul. I have tried to preserve them all, with each good institution which the Church, floating over the ruins of an elder world, has borne across that deluge, and set down for us where the dove of peace has found rest for the sole of her foot, and gathered her olive-branch to show that those devouring waters are dried up from the face of the earth. To me the name of Christianity is most exceeding dear, significant of so great a man and of such natural emotions, ideas, and actions, as are of priceless value to mankind. I know well the errors, also, of the doubters and deniers, who in all ages have waged war against the superstitious theology of

their times, and pulled down what they could not replace with better. I have not sat in the seat of the scornful; and while I warned men against the snare of the priest, I would not suffer them to fall into the mocker's pit. I have taken exquisite delight in the grand words of the Bible, putting it before all other sacred literature of the whole ancient world; to me it is more dear when I regard them not as the miracles of God, but as the work of earnest men, who did their uttermost with holy heart. I love to read the great truths of religion set forth in the magnificent poetry of psalmist and prophet, and the humane lessons of the Hebrew peasant, who summed up the prophets and the law in one word of LOVE, and set forth man's daily duties in such true and simple speech! As a master, the Bible were a tyrant; as a help, I have not time to tell its worth; nor need I now, for my public and private teachings sufficiently abound in such attempts. But yet, to me, the great men of the Bible are worth more than all their words; he that was greater than the temple, whose soul burst out its walls, is also greater than the Testament, but yet no master over you and me, however humble men!

"In theological matters, my preaching has been positive much more than negative, controversial only to create. I have tried to set forth the truths of natural religion, gathered from the world of matter and of spirit: I rely on these great ideas as the chief means for exciting the religious feelings, and promoting religious deeds. I have destroyed only what seemed pernicious, and that I might build a better structure in its place.

"Of late years a new form of Atheism—the ideal, once thought impossible—has sprung up; perhaps Germany is its birthplace, though France and England seem equally its home. It has its representatives in

America. Besides, the Pantheists tell us of their God, who is but the sum-total of the existing universe of matter and of mind, immanent in each, but transcending neither, imprisoned in the two; blind, planless, purposeless, without consciousness, or will, or love; dependent upon the shifting phenomena of finite matter and of mind, finite itself; a continual becoming this or that, not absolute being, self-subsistent and eternally the same perfection: their God is only law, the constant mode of operation of objective and unconscious force; yet it is better than the churchman's God, who is caprice alone, subjective, arbitrary, inconstant, and with more hate than love. I have attempted to deal with the problem of the Pantheist and the Atheist, treating both as any other theological opponents: I have not insulted them with harsh names, nor found occasion to impute dishonourable motives to such as deny what is dearer than life to me; nor attempted to silence them with texts from sacred books, nor to entangle them in ecclesiastic or metaphysic sophistries, nor to scare with panic terrors, easily excited in an Atheistic or a Christian's heart. I have simply referred them to the primal instincts of human nature, and their spontaneous intuition of the divine, the just, and the immortal; then, to what science gathered from the world of matter, and the objective history of man in his progressive development of individual and of social power. I have shown the causes which lead to honest bigotry within the Christian Church, and to honest Atheism without; I hope I have done injustice neither to this nor that. But it was a significant fact I could not fail to make public, that, while the chief doctors of commercial divinity in the great American trading towns, and their subservient colleges, denied the higher law, and with their Bibles laid humanity flat



before the kidnappers in Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, the so-called Atheists and Pantheists over all the Northern land revered the instinctive justice of the soul, and said, 'Thou shalt not steal, nor lie. Thou shalt do no wrong; 'tis nature's self forbids!'

"Preaching such doctrines in a place so public, and applying them to life, I am not surprised at the hostility I have met with from the various sects. In no country would it have been less, or tempered more sweetly; no, nor in any age; for certainly I have departed from the fundamental principle of the Catholics and Protestants, denied the fact of a miraculous revelation given exclusively to Jews and Christians, denied the claim to supernatural authority, and utterly broke with that vicariousness which puts an alleged revelation in place of common sense, and the blood of a crucified Jew instead of excellence of character. In the least historic of the New Testament Gospels it is related that Jesus miraculously removed the congenital blindness of an adult man, and because he made known the fact that his eyes were thus opened, and told the cause, the Pharisees cast him out of their synagogue. What this mythic story relates as an exceptional measure of the Pharisees, seems to have founded a universal principle of the Christian Church, which cannot bear the presence of a man who, divinely sent, has washed in the pool of Siloam, and returned seeing and telling why.

"I knew at the beginning what I must expect: that at first men younger than I, who had not learned over much, would taunt me with my youth; that others, not scholarly, would charge me with lack of learning competent for my task; and cautious old men, who did not find it convenient to deny my facts, or answer my arguments, would cry

out, 'This young man must be put down!' and set their venerable popular feet in that direction. Of course I have made many mistakes, and could not expect a theologic opponent, and still less a personal enemy, to point them out with much delicacy, or attempt to spare my feelings; theological warfare is not gentler than political or military; even small revolutions are not mixed with rose-water. The amount of honest misunderstanding, of wilful misrepresenting, of lying, and of malignant abuse, has not astonished me; after the first few months it did not grieve me; human nature has a wide margin of oscillation, and accommodates itself to both Torrid and Frigid Zones. But I have sometimes been a little surprised at the boldness of some of my critics, whose mistakes proved their courage extended beyond their information. An acquaintance with the historic development of mankind, a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, familiarity with the metaphysic thought of the human race, is certainly no moral merit; but in theologic discussions it is a convenience which some of my opponents have not always paid quite sufficient respect to, though they were not thereby hindered from passing swift judgment. Criticism is the easiest of all arts, or the most difficult of all.

"It did not surprise me that other ministers, Unitarian and Trinitarian, should refuse to serve with me on the committee of a college or a school, to attend the same funeral or wedding, to sit on the same bench at a public meeting, to remain in the same public apartment, and trade at the same bookstore, to return my salutation in the street, or reply to my letters; that they should invent and spread abroad falsehoods intended to ruin me; but I confess I have sometimes been astonished that such men 'could not see any sign of honesty, of love of truth, of philanthropy, or



religion,' in my writings or my life, but must set down all to 'vanity and love of the praises of men.' But 'it is fit to be instructed, even by an enemy.' Let you and me learn from ours to hate those theological doctrines which can so blind the eyes and harden the hearts of earnest, self-denying men; let us not imitate the sophistry and bigotry we may have suffered from, and certainly have been exposed to.

"I have found most friendly recognition where I did not expect it. Men with adverse theological opinions have testified to the honest piety they thought they found in my writings, and joined with me in various practical works of humanity, leaving me to settle the abstract questions of divinity with the Divine Himself. Indeed, I never found it necessary to agree with a man's theology before I could ride in his omnibus or buy his quills. Besides, I have found kindly and generous critics in America, and still more in England and Germany, who did me perhaps more than jus-

tice, while they honestly pointed out what they must regard as my faults. Though I have been written and spoken against more than any American not connected with political parties, yet, on the whole, I do not complain of the treatment I have received; all I asked was a hearing: that has been abundantly granted. You opened wide the doors, my opponents rang the bell all Saturday night, and Sunday morning the audience was there.

Let no fondness for me blind your eyes to errors which may be in my doctrine, which must be in my life. I am content to serve by warning where I cannot guide by example. Mortal, or entered on immortal life, still let me be your minister, to serve, never your master, to hinder and command. Do not stop where I could go no further, for, after so long teaching, I feel that I have just begun to learn, begun my work. 'No man can feed us always;' welcome, then, each wiser guide who points you out a better way."

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE LECTURER.

"Fill thy heart with ever active love,—  
Love for the wicked as in sin he lies;  
Love for thy brother here, thy God above.  
Fear nothing ill; 'twill vanish in its day:  
Live for the good, taking the ill thou must;  
Toil with thy might; with manly labour pray;  
Living and loving, learn thy God to trust,  
And He will shed upon thy soul the blessings of the just."

THEODORE PARKER.

FOUR years before Parker appeared in public to preach his first sermon, he had appeared on the platform of the Lexington Lyceum and delivered his first lecture. This was in the winter of 1832, when he was twenty-two years old, and was acting as assistant-master in the school at Boston. His subject was "The History of Poland," selected on ac-

count of the enthusiasm for the Poles which was then prevailing in New England. Of how he acquitted himself upon the occasion we have no record. When finishing his course at the Divinity Hall, in the winter of 1836, he gave his second public lecture. This was at Concord, the home of Emerson. We are not told what the subject was, or how the lecture

passed off, but, in the journal, Parker informs us that he passed part of an evening with Emerson, "truly a most delightful man," and his wife — "Emerson once said of her that she was the soul of faith; of course her life is *faith put in action*; and what more noble can be said of anyone?"

We hear of no other lecturing by him until the year 1841, when he complied with a request to deliver a course of five lectures, in Boston, on religious matters, and which afterwards developed into the book, "A Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion." The autumn following, he delivered in Boston six "Lectures for the Times," treating of religion, theology, and of its application to life. Both these courses were repeated in several of the New England towns. After about two years' experience as Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, he decided, contrary to his previous intentions, to devote himself largely to public lecturing. The reasons which led him to do so, and his personal experiences in this sphere of his labours, will be best told in his own words:—"To accomplish my work," he wrote in his *Experience*, "I must spread my ideas as widely as possible, without resulting to that indecency of advertising so common in America. There was but one considerable publishing house in the land that would continue to issue my works—this only at my own cost and risk. As it had only a pecuniary interest therein, and that so slight in its enormous business, my books did not have the usual opportunity of getting known and circulated. They were seldom offered for sale, except in one bookstore in Boston; for other States, I must often be my own bookseller. None of the Quarterlies or Monthlies was friendly to me; most of the newspapers were hostile; the *New York Tribune* and *Evening Post* were almost the only exceptions. So my

books had but a small circulation at home in comparison with their diffusion in England and Germany, where, also, they received not only hostile, but most kindly notice, and sometimes from a famous pen. But another opportunity for diffusing my thought offered itself in the Lyceum or public lecture. Opposed by the four great social forces at home, I was surprised to find myself becoming popular in the lecture-hall. After a few trials I 'got the hang' of the new school-house, and set myself to serious work therein.

"For a dozen years or more, I have done my share of lecturing in public, having many invitations more than I could accept. The task was always disagreeable, contrary to my natural disposition and my scholarly habits. But I saw the nation had reached an important crisis in its destination, and, though ignorant of the fact, yet stood hesitating between two principles. The one was slavery, which I knew leads at once to military despotism—political, ecclesiastical, social—and ends at last in utter and hopeless ruin. The other was freedom, which leads at once to industrial democracy—respect for labour, government over all, by all, for the sake of all, rule after the eternal right as it is writ in the constitution of the universe—securing welfare and progress.

"I knew the power of a great Idea; and spite of the market, the State, the Church, the press, I thought a few earnest men in the lecture-halls of the North might yet incline the people's mind and heart to justice and the eternal law of God—the only safe rule of conduct for nations, as for you and me—and so make the American experiment a triumph and a joy for all humankind. Nay, I thought I could myself be of some service in that work; for the nation was yet so young, and the instinct of popular liberty so strong, it seemed

to me a little added weight would turn the scale to freedom. So I appointed myself a home missionary for lectures.

"Then, too, I found I could say what I pleased in the lecture-room, so long as I did not professedly put my thought into a theologic or political shape; while I kept the form of literature or philosophy, I could discourse of what I thought most important, and men would listen one hour, two hours, nay, three hours; and the more significant the subject was, the more freely, profoundly, and fairly it was treated, the more would the people come, the more eagerly listen and enthusiastically accept. So I spared no labour in preparation or delivery, but took it for granted the humblest audience, in the least intelligent town or city, was quite worthy of my best efforts, and could understand my facts and metaphysic reasonings. I did not fear the people would be offended, though I hurt their feelings never so sore.

"Besides, the work was well paid for in the large towns, while the small ones did all they could afford—giving the lecturer for a night more than the schoolmaster for a month. The money thus acquired enabled me to do four desirable things, which it is not needful to speak of here.

"Since 1848, I have lectured eighty or a hundred times each year—in every Northern State east of the Mississippi, once also in a Slave State, and on slavery itself. I have taken most exciting and important subjects, of the greatest concern to the American people, and treated them independent of sect or party, street, or press, and with what learning and talent I could command. I put the matter in quite various forms—for each audience is made up of many. For eight or ten years, on an average, I have spoken to sixty or a hundred thousand persons in each year, besides addressing you on Sundays, in the

great hall you throw open to all comers.

"Thus I have had a wide field of operation, where I might rouse the sentiment of justice and mercy, diffuse such ideas as I thought needful for the welfare and progress of the people, and prepare for such action as the occasion might one day require. As I was supposed to stand nearly alone, and did not pretend to represent anyone but myself, nobody felt responsible for me; so all could judge me, if not fairly, at least with no party or sectarian prejudice in my favour; and as I felt responsible only to myself and my God, I could speak freely: this was a twofold advantage. I hope I have not spoken in vain. I thought that by each lecture I could make a new, deep, and lasting impression of some one great truth on five thoughtful men out of each thousand who heard me. Don't think me extravagant; it is only *one half of one per cent.*! If I spoke but thus efficiently to sixty thousand in a winter, there would be three hundred so impressed, and in ten years it would be three thousand! Such a result would satisfy me for my work and my loss of scholarly time in this home mission for lectures. Besides, the newspapers of the large towns spread wide the more salient facts and striking generalisations of the lecture, and I addressed the eyes of an audience I could not count nor see.

"Still more, in the railroad cars and steamboats I travelled by, and the public or private houses I stopped at when the lecture was over, strangers came to see me; they were generally marked men—intellectual, moral, philanthropic—at any rate, inquiring and attentive. We sometimes talked on great matters. I made many acquaintances, gained much miscellaneous information about men and things, the state of public opinion, and, perhaps, imparted something in return. So I studied while I taught.

"Nor was this all, I had been ecclesiastically reported to the people as a 'disturber of the peace,' 'an infidel,' 'an atheist,' 'an enemy to mankind.' When I was to lecture in a little town, the minister, even the Unitarian, commonly stayed at home. Many, in public or private, warned their followers 'against listening to that bad man. Don't look him in the face!' Others stoutly preached against me. So, in the bar-room 'I was the song of the drunkard,' and the minister's text in the pulpit. But, when a few hundreds, in a mountain town of New England, or in some settlement on a prairie of the West, or when many hundreds, in a wide city, did look me in the face, and listen for an hour or two while I spoke, plain, right on, of matters familiar to their patriotic hopes, their business, and their bosoms, as their faces glowed in the excitement of what they heard, I saw the clerical prejudice was stealing out of their mind, and I left them other than I found them. Nay, it has often happened that a man has told me, by letter or by word of mouth, 'I was warned against you, but *I would go and see for myself*;' and when I came home I said, "After all, this is a man, and not a devil; at least, he seems human. Who knows but he may be honest, even in his theological notions. Perhaps he is *right* in his religion. Priests have been a little mistaken sometimes before now, and said hard words against rather good sort of men, if we can trust the Bible. I am glad I heard him."'

"Judging from the results, now pretty obvious to whoso looks, and by the many affectionate letters sent me from all parts of the North, I think I did not overrate the number of thoughtful men who possibly might be deeply and originally influenced by what I said in the lectures. Three thousand may seem a large number; I think it is not

excessive. In the last dozen years, I think scarcely any American, not holding a political office, has touched the minds of so many men, by freely speaking on matters of the greatest importance, for this day and for ages to come. I am sure I have uttered great truths, and such are never spoken in vain; I know the effect a few great thoughts had on me in my youth, and judge others by what I experienced myself. Those ministers were in the right who, years ago, said, 'Keep that man out of the lecture-room; don't let him be seen in public. Every word he speaks, on any subject, is a blow against our religion!' They meant against their theology.

"Such are the causes which brought me into the lecture-room. I did not neglect serving my congregation, while I seemed only to instruct other men; for every friend made in Pennsylvania or Wisconsin became an auxiliary in that great cause so dear to my own people and to me. Nay, I did not abandon my scholarly work while travelling and lecturing. The motion of the railroad cars gave a pleasing and not harmful stimulus to thought, and so helped me to work out my different problems of many kinds. I always took a sack of books along with me, generally such as required little eyesight and much thought, and so was sure of good company. While travelling, I could read and write all day long; but I would not advise others to do much of either; few bodies can endure the long-continued strain on eye and nerve."

No one felt more than he himself afterwards did that in thus labouring he broke down his once strong constitution. The kind of life he sometimes led during the lecturing season was one which no man could have long followed with impunity. Regular public lecturing is hard and unpleasant enough in England, but in a country

where the communities are so widely separated as they are in America the hardship and inconvenience is largely increased.

Parker himself relates something of these in the following letter to his friend, Miss Hunt. It was written in the railway carriage, while travelling through New York State:—“If I don’t write you now, I shall have no time for next mail, so this little mite of a pencil scrawl. It won’t be worth much, for I am tired and worn out with overmuch work and exposure. Some weeks since, I went to Western New York; travelled from Monday morning till Saturday night, and expected to have a reasonable dinner each day, and to sleep quiet in my bed at night, and so come home sounder and stronger than when I went away. ‘Man proposes and God disposes.’ I had *two* tolerable dinners, and one night in a bed, four nights in railroad cars. I have not recovered from it since, but have been slipping behind-hand more and more each week. I think lecturing is one of the most admirable means of educating the people. For ten years past, six or eight of the most progressive and powerful minds in America have been lecturing fifty or a hundred times in the year. Surely some must dance after so much piping, and that of so moving a sort! I can see what a change has taken place through the toil of these missionaries. But none know the hardships of the lecturer’s life. Thus: in one of the awful nights in winter, I went to lecture at —. It was half charity. I gave up the Anti-Slavery Festival for the lecture, rode fifty-six miles in the cars, leaving Boston at half-past four o’clock, and reaching the end of the railroad at half-past six—drove seven miles in a sleigh, and reached the house of —, who had engaged me to come. It was time to begin. I lectured one hour and three-quarters, and returned to the house. Was offered no supper before the lecture,

and none after, till the chaise came to the door to take me back again to the railroad station, seven miles off, where I was to pass the night and take the cars at half-past six next morning. Luckily, I always carry a few little creature-comforts in my wallet. I ate a seed-cake or two, and a fig with lumps of sugar. We reached the tavern at eleven, could get nothing at that hour, and, as it was a temperance house, not a glass of ale, which is a good nightcap. It took three-quarters of an hour to thaw out: went to bed at twelve, in a cold room, was called up at five, had, what is universal, a tough steak, sour bread, and potatoes swimming in fat. — wanted me to deduct from my poor fifteen dollars the expenses of my nocturnal ride, and would have succeeded, but I ‘could not make the change.’ Afterwards — wrote to apologise for the omission of supper. ‘Forsan hæc olim meminisse juvabit,’ says the hearty young man; but to greybeards and baldheads a little of *protinus* is worth a deal of *olim*. Monday last, at seven, I walked down to the Lowell Depôt, and at eight started for Rouse’s Point, two hundred and eighty-seven miles off, sick and only fit to lie on a sofa. A dreadful hard ride ends at nine P.M., and I find myself in the worst tavern (pretending to decency) in the Northern States. Bread which defies eating, crockery which sticks to your hands, fried fish as cold as when drawn from the lake. Rise at half-past four, breakfast (?) at five, off in the cars at half-past five, lecture at Malone that night, lie all day on the sofa, ditto at Potsdam next day. The third day, leave Potsdam at nine, and reach Champlain (if I get there) at half-past eight, spending ten and a half hours in travelling by railroad ninety-three miles! Thence, after lecture, to Rouse’s Point, and at half-past five to-morrow morning return to the cars which are to take me home. Next week, three days in the ‘East Coun-



ties,' and the next four days in Central New York. That, I hope, ends the business, bating nine or ten more in April and May. I have been mending all the time since I left home, but have not taken up all the stitches let down in the last New York expedition." Let the reader bear in mind that, while thus spending his week-days and week-nights, Parker was every Sunday preaching before his great audience at the Music Hall, and during one of the winters also out at Watertown on the Sunday afternoons, and the self-martyrdom he was making becomes very apparent.

In the extract from the *Experience* given in this chapter, Parker speaks of having lectured once in a Slave State, and on the subject of slavery. This was at Wilmington, Delaware, a place where the pro-slavery feeling was very strong. But notwithstanding this, and the warning given by the gentleman who invited him, to the effect that the undertaking was dangerous, that he would be exposed to insult and, perhaps, to personal violence, Parker, enjoying the prospect of peril, readily accepted the invitation. He prepared a special lecture for the occasion. When he arrived at the town he found that the walls had been covered with placards denouncing him, and inviting the inhabitants to give him the opposite of a friendly reception. A crowd of excited and adverse people filled the lecture-hall; scowling countenances were turned upon him when he appeared on the platform, and hints were given that there were tar and feathers, intended for him, within easy access. Parker quietly rose, and announced that his subject that night was "Rhode Island and Delaware, the two smallest States in the Union." First of all he drew a comparison between the two States, and showed that Delaware had great advantages of position, climate, resources, historical and political antecedents over Rhode Island, and to

hear their own State thus extolled delighted the audience greatly. That, he said, was as the States ought to be if things were right. But how were they? Delaware was poor, unenterprising, decaying; Rhode Island was vigorous, rich, advancing. Why? Because, in the case of Delaware, slavery had prevented the promise of nature from being secured, while in Rhode Island freedom had wrung from nature what she otherwise had not to give. These positions were established by unanswerable trains of argument, statistics, and appeals to common sense, and the manner of the lecturer was so earnest, candid, able, that at the close, instead of the threatened tar and feathers, Parker was rewarded with a vote of thanks! The lion had been bearded in his own den and successfully overcome.

But though Parker was so popular and acceptable as a lecturer all over America—from Penobscot to the Mississippi—the lecture-courses of Boston were closed against him. This arose owing to the arrangement for such courses generally being in the hands of those who hated him for his theology, and therefore would not give him an opportunity of speaking on any other subject. From their point of view they were wise in this, for, whatever subject Parker had had to treat, he must have brought in his principles, and thereby influenced the audience in his direction: his principles were too much the natural outgrowth of his own nature for it to have been otherwise. The Boston Unitarian and other ministers saw this, and, along with their dislike of him, it served to prevent him from ever being invited to take part in their lecture-courses. To counteract this, in 1858, Parker's own Society commenced what they called the Fraternity Course of Lectures. They were under the direction of a committee established for charitable and philan-



thropic purposes, which was very active, and did a great deal of good in its way. Indeed, it was claimed that, at the time of Parker's death, the Fraternity connected with his congregation was accomplishing more for the service of humanity than any other philanthropic organisation existing in Boston. It was from Parker's congregation, too, that the Vigilance Committee, which passed four hundred coloured men and women into Canada in the course of one year, chiefly came. The lectures promoted were of a free and progressive character, like the principles of the society. Lecturers and subjects, tabooed by the strait-laced promoters of the usual courses, often had an opening found for them in the Fraternity Course. Men and women were invited to speak who had something to say on all the great humane subjects of the day; the audiences were not treated as children, who must only be allowed to hear what a pharisaical committee think is good and safe for them.

The opportunity to lecture in Boston, which the Fraternity Course gave him, Parker occasionally improved. It was through it he gave his admirable biography of Benjamin Franklin, which he first preached in fragmentary form as a sermon, and then elaborated into a lecture. As might be expected of a man who, like Franklin, had had to fight his way by perseverance and will, the subject was a favourite one with Parker. He

thought it out with great care, and wrote it three times over, once, however, through losing the manuscript on returning from delivering it at South Boston.

Parker was much pleased with the formation of the Fraternity in connection with his society, especially as it originated with the members themselves, and not from him. He hoped much good from it, and laid out much work to do with its help. For one thing, he intended to deliver before it ten easy lectures on the First Three Centuries of the Christian Era, and show how the Christianity of the Christians, not the more humane and natural religion of Jesus, developed itself in ideas—the doctrines of the Biblical and Patristic books; in institutions—the special churches, each a republic at first, with individual variety of action, but gradually degenerating into a despotic monarchy, with only ecclesiastical unity of action; and, finally, after compromising with the Hebrew and classic schemes, how it became the organised religion of the civilised world, a new force in it both for good and evil, the most powerful organisation on earth. Parker told his congregation of this intention, should he recover, when an invalid at Santa Cruz in 1859; also how, during his sleepless nights the previous autumn, he had sketched out the plan and arranged the chief details. He, however, never recovered, and the lectures remained undelivered.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE LITÉRATEUR.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."—LORD LYTON.

IN the matter of the means used by the man of letters to express his thoughts—handwriting—Parker's was as execrable as his ideas and composition were grand. Many were the letters of complaint he received from his friends upon this matter, letters no doubt written when patience and perception had been taxed beyond further endurance. His friend, the Rev. J. F. Clarke, conveyed his complaint in a humorous note, in which he said that it was a great popular delusion that he (Parker) was not afraid of saying what he believed, since he wrote it so that he could declare at any time that he had not said it! Parker good-humouredly wrote in return: "DEAR FRIEND,—Find fault with my handwriting! Mine! Me Hercle! Was ever such fastidiousness dreamed of? Why, I write nearly as well as Dr. Parr. I will lay a wager that, in three cases out of ten, I can decipher (pretty accurately) my own handwriting, even a month after it has been laid aside. Shame on such fault-finding; study the Babylonian, the Cufic, the Chinese, the Bengalee, and then you will — It was a terrible man who taught me to write, or made the attempt. He set me near fourscore copies before he suffered me to join any two letters. All that I had created before were natural *celibates*, unfit for wedlock."

When he began his ministry, his handwriting was large, round, and deliberate; all the words were furnished with the full number of letters, and there were no cabalistic signs to make the reader suspect occasional

quotations from the Sinaitic or the Chinese. As his writing increased in quantity it became worse in quality; the letters gave up their individuality, and suffered a kind of pantheistic absorption into the sense of the word which was then to be intuitionally conceived. Mr. Weiss thinks that if a fac-simile (if that were possible) of a page from the manuscript of his last projected work was given to the world, it would trouble the learned like a problem of strata in geology, or a monumental inscription in archæology. Parker's caligraphy must have become rather bad as early as 1841, as is evidenced by his receiving a letter, saying, "Your good letter gave me so much pleasure that, despite the hard work I had, assisted by my wife, in spelling out some parts of it, I felt truly grateful for it. I reflected that the gods gave us no good thing without labour; and if, after digging through the hieroglyphics, I found a treasure, I had no right to complain." "Do you know," writes another friend, "that I am sometimes puzzled with your handwriting? Not but that I am willing to crack any shell to get at such meat." It was even too much for the compositors of the printing-offices, who are proverbially thought to be able to read anything. Sometimes his manuscript, after baffling all the compositors in an office, was returned to the editor of the magazine with an intimation that they were "ignorant of the language!" An editor wrote him on one occasion, "Metcalf absolutely refuses to print from your handwriting; it must be copied, or it must

be paid double." It appears, however, that "orthodox" compositors sometimes made the writing an excuse for getting out of setting distasteful matter. We will give the reader a sample of his abbreviations, as contained in an extract from a manuscript sermon, and leave him to judge for himself how difficult it must be to make it out in rapidly penned writing.

"I wuld. hae. Rel. Inst. and fr. tht. I would not take a min. with a book-Rel., bt. a P. of Ht. & Life, nt. a Pt. who thinks man a little weak Dl. by Nt. & God a gt. sg. one by will, bt. a Man who kn. th. Inf. Gd. by Ht."

Which may be thus translated:—

"I would have religious instruction, and for that I would not take a minister with a book-religion, but a preacher of heart and life; not a priest who thinks man a little weak devil by nature, and God a great strong one by will, but a man who knows the infinite God by heart."

*Hh.*, *Hps.*, *Fids.*, stand for health, happiness, friends; *Dts.* is daughters; *Hty.* is history; 12 H. T. is 1,200,000;  $< >$  is a symbol meaning *more or less than*;  $=$  ly equally.

He does not appear to have acquired any system of ordinary shorthand, such as Byron's or Pitman's. Perhaps it is better he did not; for, in that case, the contents of his journal and other private memoranda would have largely remained a sealed book to other eyes. Like everything else, shorthand has its advantages and disadvantages: the law of compensation through all things does pervade.

Leaving the small matter of handwriting for the important one of forming and expressing ideas, we have Parker's own testimony that, though he wrote and composed fluently, he previously thought slowly. Many of the literary defects of his compositions were due to haste, but still more to his

desire to say the best things he could in the plainest way. He never used a word of Latin origin when he could find one of native birth. Still further, he knew that in his compositions—especially his sermons—there was an excess of metaphors, similes, and all sorts of figures of speech; but this, he said, was his nature—he could not help it if he would. "My mouth I do but ope, and out there flies—a trope." He thought this might not always be natural; but, as long as it was, he supposed he must dwell in the tropics.

Parker's first published compositions were those contributed to the *Scriptural Interpreter*, the little magazine which he and two of his classmates edited during a portion of the time he was at Divinity Hall. He was the largest contributor, furnishing articles chiefly which reported his own studies in Biblical interpretation—those being at the time the subjects he was most interested in. For it he wrote articles on "The Authenticity and Construction of the Pentateuch," "The Composition of the Psalms," "The Dates and Ingredients of the Books of Isaiah," "The Nature of Prophecy," "The meaning of the so-called Messianic Prophecies," and others. In all, he wrote about forty articles for this publication; and these were all written before he attained his twenty-sixth year.

In 1839, Parker issued the pamphlet, "The Previous Question between Mr. Andrews Norton and his Alumni, moved and handled in a Letter to all those Gentlemen, by Levi Blodgett." In 1840 he contributed "A Lesson for the Day," and "Truth against the World," to the *Dial*, a magazine edited by Margaret Fuller and George Ripley, and the article on "Strauss' Life of Jesus" to the *Christian Examiner*. Of the latter, he himself wrote in his journal, "I have just finished a review of Strauss for the

*Examiner*. I could not say all I would say from the standpoint of the *Examiner*—for this is not allowable—but the most the readers of the paper will bear. If the editor is shabby, as he was a few days ago, he will ‘decline the article,’ ungrammatical as it may be. I have written it, however, at his request, and with no small labour. The reading of sixteen hundred pages like this is something; and then to consider the study of the books of Ullman, Tholuck, and the ‘Streit Schriften,’ it makes up a good deal of work.” In 1841 he contributed “The Life of St. Bernard of Clairvaux” to the *Christian Examiner*, and “Thoughts on Labour,” and “The Pharisees,” to the *Dial*. The year 1842 saw him produce “Primitive Christianity,” “German Literature,” “Hollis Street Council” (the plain-spoken article in which he held up the miserable conduct of the Unitarian Council, which sided with the grog-sellers and against the Rev. John Pierpont, whom they tried to turn out of his pulpit for preaching against vice), and “Thoughts on Theology”—all contributed to the pages of the *Dial*. The next year, 1843, was a still more memorable one to him, literarily speaking, for in the spring of that year the “Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion” appeared, and in the summer his translation of De Wette’s “Introduction to the Old Testament,” with copious original notes by himself. Of this great work he thus gives the history in a letter to a friend:—“The translation of De Wette cost me a deal of labour. I began it when a student of theology at Cambridge, 1836, and published it in 1843. Nobody knows how much toil it cost me. I lived in a little country village, and had plenty of time, health, and vigour. It must contain many errors, and I am sometimes astonished that I did the work so well as it is. It cost me 2000 dol-

lars to stereotype it; I have received about 775 dollars back again! So, adding my interest to my principal—and that to my outlay for books on that speciality—it makes a pretty little sum, not to speak of my toil. But if I were to live my life over again I would do the same. I meant it for a labour of love. It has had no recognition nor welcome in America—it served the purpose of no sect.” The year 1845 saw the publication of the “Letter to the Boston Association of Congregational (Unitarian) Ministers touching certain Matters of their Theology,” a large portion of which we have quoted in the chapters we have devoted to the Unitarian Controversy. In 1846 he contributed his well-known “Sonnets to Jesus” to the Anti-Slavery publication, the *Liberty Bell*, but he had written them some years before.

At the close of 1847, in conjunction with Emerson and J. E. Cabot, Parker started the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*, of which they became joint editors. It was started because Parker and his coadjutors felt that there was a want of a journal devoted to letters, poetry, art, philosophy, theology, politics (in the best sense of that word), and humanity in general. Parker hoped much from such a Quarterly, and tried to induce the ablest men in America to co-operate with him in the work. In his own words he wanted “a tremendous journal, with ability in its arms, and piety in its heart.” For, “if there were such a journal, ably conducted, it would have two good influences: 1. It would strike a salutary terror into all the Ultramontanists, and make them see that they did not live in the Middle Ages—that they are not to be let alone dreaming of the garden of Eden, but are to buckle up and work. 2. It would spread abroad the ideas which now wait to be organised, some in letters, some in art, some in institutions and

practical life." It was Parker's desire to simply be one of the contributors, and so he tried to get, first, Emerson, and then Charles Sumner, to take the place of editor, but neither would do so, and though the journal appeared as having three editors, practically the conduct of it devolved upon the already over-busy brain and pen of Parker. He found a great difficulty in getting such contributions as he wanted, and in consequence he had to do all the more himself. It was to this journal that he contributed his articles on "Schwegler," "Baur on the Gospels," "William Ellery Channing," "The Political Destination of America," "John Quincy Adams," "The Writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson," "Character of Mr. Prescott as an Historian," "Theology in Germany," "Prescott's Conquest of Mexico," &c. The *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*, however, proved too thorough and advanced a periodical for the times. It only lived three years, and it was chiefly owing to Parker that it lived so long. There was a dearth of competent and willing contributors, and when, in 1850, the notorious Fugitive Slave Bill was enacted, the chief editor felt that it was far more important that he should devote his energies to opposing that outrage upon human liberty than go on devoting them to a magazine for which it was evident New England was not as yet prepared.

The essays on "The Education of the People," and "Ballad Literature," and the review of Francis William Newman's "Hebrew Monarchy," belong to some time about the year 1848, as also does the article on "The Administration of the late Mr. Polk." Some time after 1849, he wrote the articles on "Hildreth's History of the United States," and "Some Thoughts on the Different Opinions in the New Testament relative to the Personality of Jesus." In 1851, he wrote an

article on "The Like and the Different," called forth by Mr. Gladstone's letter on the cruelties practised upon his subjects by King Bomba, and showing that worse things were done in America in connection with slavery than in connection with despotism in Naples. In 1852 he published his "Ten Sermons of Religion," which he dedicated "To Ralph Waldo Emerson, with admiration for his genius, and with kindly affection for what in him is far nobler than genius." The next year he issued "Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology," also the very able tractate entitled, "A Friendly Letter to the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association touching their new Unitarian Creed, or General Proclamation of Unitarian Views." In this he most effectually grinds to powder the semi-supernatural positions which the Association had been ill-advised to take in a declaration of views and principles issued a short time before. The article on "Buckle's History of Civilisation," as also the essay-tale, "Two Christmas Celebrations, 1855 and 1856," belong to the years 1857-8, and it was in the latter year that the article on "The Material Condition of the People of Massachusetts" was written for the *Christian Examiner*. In 1859, "Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister" was written and published, and his last work, a learned witticism, entitled "A Bumble-Bee's Thoughts on the Plan and Purposes of the Universe," and in which he hits the philosophers and theologians who treat the present stage of things as final, and the end for which all other stages has existed, was written for Professor Desor's manuscript album, when he was an invalid, staying with him at Neuchâtel.

At the time his last illness took him away from home, he had in contemplation many articles and essays on such subjects as "The Homeric Question," "Æschylus," "The Greek

Drama," "Aristophanes," "Goethe," "Henrich Heine," "Marriage," "Woman," "Socialism," &c., for all of which he had read extensively, and made many preparatory notes. Another article, for which he had collected a great many notes and examples, was one to be entitled "The Supernatural in Literature." In this he had no intention of dealing with what is generally known as the supernatural, but he meant to treat, first, of violations of ordinary laws in composition, common sense, common honesty, and recognition of a common intelligence; second, of theological and religious hypocrisies; third, cases of bombast in ancient and modern literature; fourth, mistakes in newspapers, pamphlets, sermons, &c., which unconsciously assert a ridiculous impossibility: for example—"Both the obelisks are in a state of perfect preservation; the larger is about 82 English feet high, and the other about 336 feet shorter;" fifth, cases of American exaggeration, from reports of southern and western grandiloquence and congressional appeals. Part of the article was intended to be purely literal, as he had noted the false antitheses in Junius, the tragic degradations in Seneca's plays, and the vices of Heine, Coleridge, Richter, Dryden, Cowley, and Carlyle.

He had also made a curious collection of miracles of all ages and nations, cases of resurrections, healings, miraculous conceptions, &c. Also he had collected remarkable prophecies made by sagacious and far-seeing men, which received verification, in ancient and modern times. He used inferences from these in his "Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion," and elsewhere, but whether or not he intended to have used them, had he lived longer, for special articles is not known. Another piece of literary work he was most anxious to finish, and one to which he frequently alluded as his end drew

nigh, is thus described in a letter to George Ripley, written in 1859:—"I preached a series of sermons on the 'Testimony of the World of Matter to the Existence and Character of God,' in 1857-8, which I think the ablest I ever wrote. I wish I could live long enough to print them: each was an hour and a quarter long (hard, abstruse matter), and I did not preach more than two-thirds of the MS. I have not much instinctive love of life, but just now I should like a year or two more to finish up some things not half done. Still I am ready any time, and have never had a minute of sadness at the thought of passing to the immortals. Your friendship has long been very precious to me, and one of the great delights of my life. The volume of sermons I just spoke of I meant to dedicate 'To George Ripley, most genial of critics, most faithful of friends.' Take the will for the deed."

But all other unfinished works of his, as indeed any he had finished, were comparatively small when compared with the unfinished one on "The Development of Religion in Mankind," which he intended to be the great book by which he was to be remembered. As his other occupations and health would admit, he was working on this intended book for some years before he died, and his regret at not being able to complete it was almost as great as that of Buckle in connection with another similar comprehensive literary undertaking. Parker's purpose in setting about the preparation of this book was to establish a historical and philosophical ground for pure theism, by marking the different epochs of religious development in the races of mankind, so that the divine premeditation might be discovered, following a definite plan and purpose parallel to that which appears in the material world. In short, he was, twenty years ago, going to apply the evolu-



tion which is now only just coming into vogue, to religious development, thus anticipating what is likely to be the religious philosophy of the future. He had schemed the work out in six books. Book I. was to treat "Of Religion and the Evidence;" Book II. "Of the Development of Religion in the Caucasian Race into various National Forms, to the Time of Christ;" Book III. "Of the Moral and Religious Condition of Mankind at the Birth of Jesus Christ;" Book IV. "Of the Agreement and Differences of Christianity with other Forms of Religion;" Book V. "Of the Historical Development of Christianity as a Religion and a Practice;" and Book VI. "Of Problems yet to be Solved in the Religion of Mankind." The manuscript of this work, so far as completed, is contained in about 270 pages of writings, but also in his journal and elsewhere he had made notes and lists of books to be used in the course of its preparation. From the sample quotations given by Mr. Weiss in his *Life and Correspondence*, we can judge what a wonderful and comprehensive work this would have been had Parker been allowed health and life to have finished it. He thought, in the early stages of the work, that he could complete it in ten years, by using all the time which he ordinarily had at his command for serious study. But the conflict with American slavery, into which duty bade him enter, caused all literary and scientific pursuits to be cast on one side, and this book with the rest. "I was made," wrote Parker, "for a scholar and a philosopher, but the times call for a stump-orator." It was not in him to sit writing books while the National Conscience was being outraged. Duty must give way to desire: the desire become dutiful.

There is great painstaking and ability to be noticed in all Parker's literary work, but the leading cha-

racteristic is the great conscientiousness it shows. Especially is this the case with his critical productions. "A critic," he once wrote, "ought only to fear one thing—a falsehood;" and this fear led him into the most careful and extensive examination before assuming positions or making assertions. The want of knowledge of men and subjects, which American editors and writers who set up to mercilessly criticise them manifested, was to him amazing. "I am astonished," says he in one place, "at the boldness of the Americans in passing judgment on works of the fine arts. I once rode in a hack with an American, aged twenty-one, through the Via Condotti; we passed a shop whose windows were full of cameos. My companion put his glass up to his eye, squinted at them, and said, 'Poor things, by Jove!' Since then it has not astonished me to hear the most sweeping judgments from Americans—especially women—on painting, sculpture, &c. It is not at all necessary for the critic to know anything about art, or to have any feeling for nature, only to have insolence and a tongue." American literary criticism he found to exhibit the same vices. The shortcoming hit by Sidney Smith, when he said he did not like to be prejudiced in his criticism by reading the book he was reviewing, was more common than uncommon. "In America," Parker wrote, "anybody (or nobody) feels competent to pass judgment on all works of thought, of literature, science, and art, no matter how ignorant he may be. So all American editors, with the rarest exceptions, are ready on two legs to pronounce judgment on a book like Buckle's, or Darwin's, or J. S. Mill's. All they need is pen and ink; all else, like reading and writing, comes by nature. 'Can you read and write, Patrick?' said a gentleman to a Paddy. 'No doubt of it, yir honnerr—I niver thried!'

was the answer. Jonathan Cocksure, editor of the *National Conservative*, *Spread Eagle*, and *Universal Democrat*, 'thries' his hand at criticising a work of statesmanship, of physics, or metaphysics, and finds the types *compose* as readily on that theme as any other, and finds he has become a great 'American critic,' while Patrick is still bothered with his A B C." Another failing was the one Parker thus refers to after reading Villemain: "If I had the requisite knowledge, I would criticise the work in the *North American* or *Christian Examiner*; but the habit, so common in America, of getting all your knowledge from the author you review, and then censuring him, is villainous and unworthy. Cattle drink, and then foul the water; so these critics. Mr. Somebody reviewed Cox's 'Life of Melancthon,' getting all his information from Cox, who had little himself! We need and must have a new kind of criticism. It must be like the German in its depth, philosophy, all-sidedness, and geniality. It must have the life, wit, and sparkle of the French. What need it to borrow from the English? Most of our critics are somewhat shallow men at the best, and they write often of what they understand but feebly and superficially, and so the result is as it is."

We have already shown how conscientious he was in his researches and verifications when preparing biographical discourses such as those he delivered on John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster, and the same conscientiousness was put into his magazine work. When preparing to review Strauss' "Leben Jesus," he read first of all the sixteen hundred pages of the work, then all the books or pamphlets defending or attacking Strauss, which had appeared up to the time of his article, then the notices in the foreign reviews, and this, with his previous knowledge of the

German theological field, and his natural ability, formed the competency with which he judged the book. Another example of the kind is given in connection with his review of Prescott's histories. Before writing that, he spent all the leisure time which he could command during seven months in reading the authorities. He read everything which his author himself had, except some manuscripts in Mr. Prescott's own possession, and thus he verified nearly every citation made in the eight volumes under review. Another such illustration of his conscientious literary painstaking comes out in connection with his membership of the Oriental Society, when he was appointed to read an essay on Mohammed. "By way of preparation for the task, he renewed his acquaintance with the Arabic and Spanish languages in order to obtain original materials. Then he collected all the books he could find relating to Mohammed, till, standing with their titles up, side by side, they covered a length of twelve feet on his library floor. These books he read, extracted the pith from them one by one, and then felt qualified to write the essay."

When editing the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review* he was equally conscientious with the productions of his contributors. If he noticed a defect in a paper, and added a paragraph, he left it with the writer whether or not it should appear in the magazine as in the "proof" forwarded. He did not, as too many editors do, fancy that assuming the editorial function gave him a license to dispense with conscience and consideration in dealing with the articles of contributors. In his "Pharisee of the Printing Press" he lashes the unconscionable conduct of many of the editor tribe most severely.

Less than two months before he died, he began to write his autobiography up to the age of twenty-one.

He did this because he thought no one could tell his early history but himself. But his nearness to the point of death prevented him from writing more than fills about nine pages of Mr. Weiss' *Life*. The fragment is in three sections: the first treating of the material surroundings of his birthplace, the second of the human surroundings of his childhood,

and the third of the period from his birth to the age of eight. It closes with the beautiful incident showing the power of conscience, which made so deep an impression upon him from his childhood onward; and which was thus one of the latest experiences of his closing, as of his opening, consciousness.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE CHAMPION OF CONSCIENCE AND LIBERTY.

"He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,  
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race."

J. G. WHITTIER.

THOUGH not one of the pioneers of the American Anti-Slavery movement, nor amongst those who were spared to see its triumph, Theodore Parker was its most effective worker and greatest leader. He was constrained to labour against slavery more than any other concrete wrong, because he felt it to be the greatest of all, "the sum of all villainies," and the most popular, the wanton darling of the American Government. He became acquainted with it in his early childhood, and learned to hate it even then, when, though he might not comprehend the injustice of the principle, he could yet feel the cruelty of the fact. When he kept school in Watertown, Mr. Francis observed that he never approved of slavery or defended it, or was silent when others spoke in its favour. He then felt that it was an inhuman system, a blunder in economics, and a blot on American institutions. When at college, he read with sympathetic approval the "Letter on Slavery" by Dr. Channing; and the following extract from a letter written to Miss Cabot, when he was on a visit to

Washington, near the end of his college term, shows that his mind was kept alive to the question:—"Plenty of negroes, of course, one sees here. I saw in the paper of to-day an advertisement offering cash for 700 negroes of both sexes. That sounds harsh to Northern ears. They are a queer set, these negroes; some of them are very merry, dancing and capering about on the sidewalk as if they had nought to do but dance. I saw two negro lovers walking arm-in-arm, cooing and billing, as if they could not restrain their joy in one another's presence. Why should colour prevent them?" He began to preach against slavery early, but used great circumspection; for he knew the vulgar prejudice in favour of all successful tyranny, and wished his few hearers thoroughly to accept the principle of justice and apply it to this as to all wrongs. But even in the little meeting-house at West Roxbury, though some of the audience required no teaching in this matter, the very mention of American slavery as wicked at first offended all his hearers who had any connection with

the Democratic party. Some said they could see no odds between claiming freedom for a negro slave, and "stealing one of our oxen," the right to own cattle including the right to own men! But as, little by little, he developed the principle of true democracy, showing its root in the love of our neighbour as ourselves, which Jesus both taught and loved, and of that eternal justice which comes even to savage bosoms, and showed how repugnant slavery was to both—gradually all the more reflective and humane drew over to the side of freedom; and they who at first turned their faces to the floor of their pews when he announced slavery as the theme for that day's sermon, ere many years turned on him eyes flashing with indignation against wrong when he told the tale of the national wickedness; and they subsequently gave him the heartiest sympathy in his efforts to moralise the opinions and practice of the people.

One of the sermons thus preached—in 1841—at West Roxbury against slavery was re-delivered by request the next year, and afterwards published. The same year he was appealed to on behalf of a fugitive slave named Latimer, for whom the abolitionists were asking the intercession of ministers of religion, and who subsequently escaped while his examination was pending. Parker replied:—"Perhaps you feel a stronger interest than I do in the welfare of Latimer and of the slaves in general. It must be a very strong one if it is so. But I will not boast of my zeal. No man can be zealous enough in the cause of humanity." Latimer had been arrested under a fugitive-slave enactment which had been passed in 1793. The occurrence called forth *The Latimer Journal*, a revolutionary sheet published by Dr. Bowditch, assisted by leading anti-slavery writers, Parker being one. What was probably his first anti-slavery

article, in the form of an Eastern allegory, appeared in this journal. The arrest also led Dr. Bowditch, F. S. Cabot, and Dr. Channing, as the Latimer Committee, to obtain 64,526 names in Massachusetts to a petition for a personal liberty bill, which was granted by the legislature. This was after Latimer's escape, and intended as a prevention of any future similar attempts at kidnapping.

In 1842 Parker had become so deeply interested in the question that he entreated a lady friend, who was leaving for Georgetown in Virginia, to make careful inquiries on the spot, and to communicate what she learnt. But it was in 1845, at the time when commencing his career as a preacher in Boston, that he became engrossed with the consideration of the vile domestic institution as never before. For while in his youth, as he tells us, "Slavery was admitted to be an evil, commercially profitable, but morally wrong—an exceptional measure, which only the necessity of habit might excuse, but which nothing could justify—of later years it was declared a 'moral good,' 'the least objectionable form of labour,' fit for Northern whites not less than African negroes, one of those guide-board instances which indicate the highway of national welfare. For some years slavery had been the actual first principle of each Federal Administration; to this all interests must bend, all customs and statutes conform, and the nation's two great documents, containing their programme of political principles and of political purposes, must be repudiated and practically annulled; the Supreme Court had become only the jesuitical propaganda of slavery." And when the ambition of the slave-power became more insolent by what it fed upon, and the North still tamer and more servile under the bridle and the whip of such as were horsed thereon, he felt that there was a line of duty

marked out for him other than that of the student which he had marked out for himself. He seldom entered his pulpit without remembering that he did so in a land where church members were not more numerous than slaves, as many "communing with God" by bread and wine, so many communing with man by chains and whips; and that not only the State, press, and market, but also the Church, took a "South-side view of slavery," as indeed she did of each other wickedness presently popular and of "good report!"

He began his Boston opposition to slavery by looking up the statistics on the general subject, and preparing material for a History of Slavery among the Romans, its causes, effects, and extinction: a work which was not written, but the materials thus gathered were made, otherwise, to do good service. The same year he looked up and collected the facts respecting the introduction and domestication of slavery in America.

Soon he became so deeply engrossed in the subject that henceforward his money, his time, his mind, were all freely devoted to the anti-slavery agitation. He attended Anti-Slavery Conventions all over the Northern States, delivering powerful addresses; he rapidly passed from state to state with ponderous lectures that were arguments, historical disquisitions, harangues, all in one. From Sunday to Sunday he thundered at the evil, and at all who lent it support, from the pulpit of the Melodeon or the Music Hall. He roused the lagging, urged the hesitating, cautioned the faltering, praised the valiant, instructed the ignorant, denounced the faithless—he was the life and soul of the abolition movement. As Daniel O'Connell said of the English that they needed to be told a thing a hundred times over before they paid attention to it, so Parker had his anti-slavery formulas, which he re-

peated in sermon, speech, lecture, and letter with tireless iterations. These were:—(1) *Freedom may put down slavery by due course of law*; (2) *Slavery may put down freedom by due course of law*; (3) *Slavery and freedom may draw swords and fight*. These were propositions which he illustrated and amplified in all manner of ways. So that, however soon the reasoning and illustrations might pass away from the minds of his hearers, his formula, with its inevitable and dread alternatives, was sure to remain and fructify. "I wonder," he wrote in 1845, "if some good result will not follow the constant preaching of truth! It must tell at length; not in my day, but it will tell at last. At this early age of the country, a few good men of great ideas can do a great work, that will make a mark on the nation for ever. It needs not *many* to do this, but *much*. I am resolved to spend what little strength I have in this way. What happens to me I care little for; but the welfare of men I think may be advanced by my humble efforts."

In 1846 an event occurred in Boston which was the first of several similar outrages upon individual freedom, and under which the lovers of the divine principle in the city writhed with mortification. A vessel owned by a Boston citizen, and manned by New England men, arrived in the harbour from a voyage to New Orleans. In the hold a poor wretched slave was found secreted, almost suffocated, and half dead with fear. He was trying to escape from slavery, but the inhuman owner of the vessel had him shipped back to New Orleans, and restored to his "master." The hearts of many of the Boston citizens were aroused at this indignity, and a great meeting was called in Faneuil Hall, over which John Quincy Adams presided. Parker was one of the main movers in this popular protest, and it



was on this occasion that he made his first speech in "the cradle of liberty," as Faneuil Hall came to be called. At the meeting a Vigilance Committee was formed, composed of the leading anti-slavery men of the day, to prevent, if possible, a similar outrage on human liberty being again perpetrated in the city. Parker was made a member of the executive, and, in what was done afterwards, initiated much of its action.

The same year the Rev. Charles T. Torrey died of consumption in a Maryland prison, where he had been confined for enticing slaves from their masters. He was "orthodox," and had told Parker to his face that he was an "infidel," but notwithstanding this, as he had set free over 200 slaves before he fell, and died in the discharge of his duty, Parker honoured him, and placed him high on his list of martyrs. The corpse was brought to Boston for interment; the service was announced to take place in one of the churches, but this was not allowed, and it had to be gone through in the Tremont Temple. Parker, though ill at the time, and the weather inclement, came from West Roxbury to attend the funeral, and lamented that more was not made of the event. "We are too dead," he wrote, "so sold to money that it takes a terrible blow to cut through the golden skin that covers the sins of our age. Where are the Churches that honour the martyr? Did the Church of the Pharisees at Jerusalem honour the first Christian martyr, just as the Church at Boston honours this?"

The reader will better understand such reflections when he remembers that the Abolition movement, even up to the time of the late Civil War, was not popular in America. Interest in slavery, prejudice against the negro, fear of disruption of the Union, and other causes, made Abolitionists to be looked upon as "fools and fanatics." Up to the time of the war, there were

more persons in America in favour of slavery than against it, and this was largely the case with ministers of religion, including the Unitarian ones. Many of these preached sermons in favour of slavery, and contended, with much reason, that the Bible allows it. At meetings of the Unitarian Association, ministers rose and fiercely attacked the anti-slavery movement, contending that its advocates sought to destroy existing institutions, to pull down Church and State, to build up an institution, and put themselves therein, and that they cared less for the advancement of the slave than for their own advancement. Even Dr. Channing's congregation would not allow an anti-slavery meeting to be held in their chapel, nor the announcement of one, held elsewhere, to be made from the pulpit. Lloyd Garrison had often to deliver his lectures in the lecture-halls of the Secularists, because of every church and school in the town being closed against him. Of course, there were noble exceptions among the Unitarian as among the other ministers. There were men like John Pierpont, S. J. May, Thomas W. Higginson, Dr. Furness, and others, who were in the van of the agitation from the earliest. Dr. Channing did noble service, but even he had treated Lloyd Garrison and his movement, for years, with neglect, refusing even to answer letters appealing to him to help in the Abolition cause; and Dr. Dewey, another prominent Unitarian minister, declared in public that he would send his nearest relative back into slavery rather than not comply with an infamous slavery enactment! "I am amazed," wrote Parker to the Rev. S. J. May, "at the way good men and politicians look at the matter—amazed at their silence."

In December, 1847, Parker published a pamphlet entitled, "A Letter to the People of the United States touching the matter of Slavery," which has been described as "a model of



terse composition, with an earnestness as deep as Garrison's, and animated by a wisdom as calm as Channing's." This publication brought him several long letters from slave-owners in the South which are curiosities of literature. In one the blustering writer addressed Parker as "representative of Beelzebub's heart," and told him, "You Negrophilists may write and publish for ever in your style, and with your matter, without striking the Southern heart, or enlisting its sympathies. *Until and only until* you prove by the Bible collectively—for it is a collection of theological truths in its own stability, unchismatic—that God *did not* allow slaves through Moses' prophetic writings to the Israelites, and that Jesus Christ, instead of being *silent*, and St. Paul *coherent*, had been of your own conclusion, that 'was a sin without an excuse.' This is the great point you have evaded. Indeed, the whole controversy between slave-holders and anti-slavites hinges on the proofs from God's book—God's will—for either side! Till then, Heaven forbid we should arrogate to condemn Moses, and to sneeze, as you, at the Creator!" And thus he continued over several pages of foolscap. Notwithstanding the spirit and absurdity of the epistle, Parker wrote a long and philosophic reply to it, as he did to several others, more or less like it, received from Southern slave-owners.

If thus Southern men wrote to him, the reader will not be surprised to hear that the Southern press did not spare "that mad parson," as they termed him. Especially did *The Charleston Courier* distinguish itself by the bitterness of its attacks. Parker answered it by its own advertisements, published in the very issues in which he was so coarsely assailed. In these, black human beings were offered for sale or exchange, as animals and chattels are in the advertisements of ordinary newspapers. Bargains

were offered of negroes "old but vigorous," "fine and lively," "valuable negroes," "children nine years old," "four years," "six months," "an intelligent dark woman." Mixed up with these were other advertisements of "oxen and stallions on sale," "a young buffalo and his harness," "a good cook in the flower of his age." We need hardly add that Parker's peculiar answer gave him the best of the editor-bully.

The same month the "Letter" was published, he delivered an address on slavery at Faneuil Hall, for which he had compiled comparative tables showing how, for many years, the free states of America had outstripped the slave ones in the various accompaniments of civilisation.

By this time slavery had become the burning question of the time, and men seeing Parker's deep interest in it, and his great ability in treating it, it was suggested to him that if he were in Congress he would have a better chance of serving the anti-slavery and similar causes than in the pulpit. "To which," answered Parker, "there are two objections. 1. *Nobody would send me.* I don't believe any town in Massachusetts would give me any post above that of a hog-reeve, and I don't feel competent for that office: a man in spectacles could not well run after swine. 2. *Politics are not my vocation, nor yet my desire.* I aim to labour for ideas, to set men a-thinking. I feel as if born for a pulpit, if for anything. If I could be well—well enough to work, to do a man's duty—I should be glad." He saw, too, that his position, as an independent preacher and lecturer, was after all a better one for his purpose than he could have by becoming a politician. "I am," he wrote, "responsible to nobody, and nobody to me. But it is not easy for Mr. Sumner, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Chase to say all of their thought, because they have a position to maintain, and they

must keep in that position. The political reformer is hired to manage a mill owned by the people, turned by the popular stream ; to grind into anti-slavery meal such corn as the people bring him for that purpose, and other grain also into different meal. He is not principal and owner, only attorney and hired man. He must do his work so as to suit his employers, else they say, 'Thou mayest be no longer miller.' The non-political reformer owns his own mill, which is turned by the stream drawn from his own private pond ; he put up the dam, and may do what he will with his own : run it all night, on Sunday, and the Fourth of July ; may grind just as he likes, for it is his own corn." Thus, he concluded, it was for him to excite the sentiment and give the idea, and leave to the politicians to organise them into law afterwards. Hence, too, though no partypolitician, he believed in politics ; and, unlike the abolitionists, he wanted to make use of politics for anti-slavery ends, himself standing above them. While he appealed to conscience and the eternal law, he "electioneered." with all his might. He cared not for the points of constitutionality or otherwise of the slave laws, which troubled ordinary politicians ; he only saw that the rights of human beings were being trodden under the feet of unprincipled men, and that their conduct was endangering the success of democratic institutions, the dream of history, and humanity's hope. He, therefore, felt that he was called upon to strive to encompass the destruction of slavery by any and all moral means which presented themselves to his hand.

It was, however, in 1850 that the greatest indignation was felt by the Abolitionists, for in that year the slave power, backed by Daniel Webster, who carried with him the wealth, eminence, and social respectability of Massachusetts, passed the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill, which practically

opened up the whole North as a hunting-ground for Southern masters who had had slaves escape from them into the non-slave states.

The passing of that bad law was a great trial to Parker, but hardly less painful to him was the unexpected declension which Webster showed then and subsequently. He felt that the great statesman had now forsaken his pristine purity of character, and begun to care more about the road to the Presidential chair than to the kingdom of heaven. Hitherto, Parker had admired him intensely, giving his portrait the place of honour in his study ; but now he took the likeness down, kissed it sadly, and put it out of sight. When Webster declared that it was the duty of all to obey the Fugitive Slave Act, because it was the law of the country, and ridiculed the idea that there could be any law higher than the statutes of men, Parker answered him in a discourse on the text, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people"—a manifesto which for lofty and piercing irony is, perhaps, unsurpassed in the English language. He asked whether, after all, it had not been the duty of Daniel to have obeyed Darius, when the king forbade him to pray to God ; whether the parents of Moses ought not to have drowned their infant son in the Nile in obedience to the decrees of Pharaoh ; whether the Apostles ought not to have relinquished their preaching of the Gospel at the behest of the Sanhedrim. He referred to another case reported in the Bible with reference to one concerning whom "the chief priests and Pharisees had issued a commandment, that if any man knew where he were, he should show it that they might take him." "Judas Iscariot," he went on, "has rather a bad name in the Christian world : he is called 'the son of perdition,' in the New Testament, and his conduct is reckoned a 'trans-

gression ;' nay, it is said the devil 'entered into him,' to cause this hideous sin. But all this it seems was a mistake ; certainly, if we are to believe our 'republican' lawyers and statesmen, Iscariot only fulfilled his 'constitutional obligations.' It was only 'on that point,' of betraying his Saviour, that the constitutional law required him to have anything to do with Jesus. He took his 'thirty pieces of silver'—about fifteen dollars ; a Yankee is to do it for ten, having fewer prejudices to conquer—it was his legal fee, for value received. True, the Christians thought it was 'the wages of iniquity,' and even the Pharisees—who commonly made the commandment of God of none effect by their traditions—dared not defile the temple with this 'price of blood ;' but it was honest money. It was as honest a fee as any American commissioner or deputy will ever get for a similiar service. How mistaken we are ! Judas Iscariot is not a traitor ; he was a great patriot ; he conquered his 'prejudices,' performed 'a disagreeable duty' as an office of 'high morals and high principle ;' he kept the 'law' and the 'Constitution,' and did all he could to 'save the Union ;' nay, he was a saint, 'not a whit behind the very chiefest of the apostles.' 'The law of God never commands us to disobey the law of man.' *Sancte Iscariote, ora pro nobis.*" So Parker declared before his great congregation that he should, on the very first opportunity, violate the vile enactment, come what might come—a declaration which was received with loud clapping of hands.

Under this brutal law it was enacted that whoever sheltered a slave escaping to freedom, should be liable to a fine of a thousand dollars and six months imprisonment in gaol. As might be expected, its adoption produced great consternation among the escaped slaves living in the New England towns. More than forty fled

from Boston alone within three days of the bill being signed by the President. These poor creatures had thus to make sacrifices of their little properties, lose their employment, break up family ties, and expose themselves to a melancholy and uncertain future. Indignation meetings were held, and Vigilance Committees, whose duty was to prevent fugitives from being arrested if possible, or to furnish legal aid and raise every obstacle to their rendition, were formed. Thus, to attempt to enforce the law and retake quondam slaves was made difficult, if not dangerous ; and in consequence few such attempts were made. Still, in about six years more than two hundred negroes were thus arrested. About a dozen of these proved that they never had been slaves, and were liberated ; but other negroes, equally free, but lacking ready proof, were carried off into slavery. Many fugitives were caught by their masters, and taken back without even the formality of appearing before a commissioner. About half a dozen were forcibly rescued from the officers of the law.

In Boston, the old Vigilance Committee, formed at the time of Latimer's arrest, was called into active exertion, and Parker became its most energetic moving spring. His was the first name on the executive committee, and associated with him were Wendell Phillips, S. G. Howe, Edmund Jackson, Charles M. Ellis, Charles K. Whipple. He was made chairman of the committee appointed to act in sudden emergencies. He worked all through as if he had been engaged in a hotly contested election, drawing up resolutions, writing placards, advising, acting.

On the 14th of October, 1850, there was a meeting of Boston citizens, to the number of nearly four thousand in Faneuil Hall, to denounce the bill, and take measures to defeat its operations in the city. C. F. Adams

presided, and Parker and Wendell Phillips were the chief speakers, and the only ones who were sufficient for the occasion. Parker wrote of his speech in a letter:—"Then I said a few words; told the people a few stories about the feelings and perils of the blacks now; and put several cases, asking them what they would do if the marshal tried to carry off a man adjudged to be a slave. They answered well, and promised to go with only the arms their mothers gave them and rescue the slave." The feeling of this meeting was so intense that the strongest sentiments were most tumultuously applauded. One, who was probably present at the meeting, thinks that if the slaveholders had only been there, and had seen the determination displayed, they would have given up all thought of attempting to fetch fugitives away from Boston. As they were not there, however, they did not, and subsequently, in four cases, attempts were made to put the infamous law into operation in that city.

The first was one in which Parker had an especial interest, for the two negroes sought to be captured—William Craft and his wife Ellen—had been known to him from the time of their coming to Boston. They had attached themselves to his congregation, and he had found them respectable, orderly, estimable people. Formerly they had been slaves at Macon, Georgia. William was a joiner and *hired himself* (!) of his owner—"a very pious man," "an excellent Christian"—for about forty-five pounds a year. Naturally he and his wife were not satisfied with this arrangement, and they cherished for years the plan of escape. They saved a little money, and bought, piece by piece, of different dealers, at different times, by stealth, a suit of gentleman's clothes. Ellen dressed herself in these, and William attended her as her servant, and in this man-

ner they escaped to Boston, coming more than nine hundred miles through the enemy's country. Most of what occurred when the slave-hunters came to arrest them is given in Parker's journal, as follows:—"Returning home from Plymouth late in the afternoon of the 25th, found Howe had been at our house, to warn me of slave-hunters in town; found the Legal Committee had been in attendance most of the day. A slave-hunter is here in Boston, named Hughes, and warrants are out for the arrest of Ellen Craft and her husband. Smith says Craft is armed, and Ellen secreted. Informal meeting of Vigilance Committee at the office of *New-England*. Craft has consented to be hid to-night at the south end of Boston. Mr. — took him up in a coach. Ellen is to-night at —, in — Street. So all is safe for this night. 26th.—It seems that a miserable fellow by the name of Knight came here to Boston from Macon, Georgia, sent out by the former owner of the Crafts. He used to work in the cabinet-shop with William, but was dull and imbecile; so that his chief function was to wait upon the rest. There came with him a Mr. Hughes, who is the gaoler at Macon. Last Tuesday, Knight called on Craft at his shop, expressed pleasure to see him, &c.; Craft asked him if he came on alone? 'Yes, there was nobody with him.' But he wanted William to go round with him, to show him the streets and the curiosities of Boston. No! William was on his guard, was 'busy,' 'had work to attend to,' and could not go. The next day he came again, wanted William to go round the Common with him! No, he could not go. Then he told William, 'Perhaps you would like to come to the United States Hotel and see me; your wife would like to come also, and talk about her mother. If you will write, I will take the letter home.'"

Hughes next sent a very friendly (!) letter inviting him to come and bring his "wif" with him to see him at the hotel, as he was leaving "eirley," next day. But Craft continued too crafty for him. After hiding unwillingly for a short time, Craft armed himself, went about his business as usual, and took care of himself after his own fashion. He is said to have told a police officer that he would rather be drawn and quartered than carried back into slavery. Finding that dodging would not do, Hughes declared himself by applying to Judge Woodbury, a Democrat, for warrants of arrest against Craft and his wife, which he obtained. Upon this the Vigilance Committee brought an action against the kidnappers for defamation of character, they having charged William with being a *thief*, in that he stole the clothes he wore, as well as his own person, when he ran away. The writs were served, and the arrests were made amidst considerable excitement, the crowd following, and muttering ominous threats against the "slave-hunters." Knight declared, as he and his companion were being conveyed to the sheriff's office, "I've come for William and Ellen Craft, and nobody else; and damn 'em, I'll have them if I stay here to all eternity; and if there are not men enough in Massachusetts to take them, I'll bring some from the South. It is not the niggers I care about; but *it's the principle of the thing.*" Though the judge demanded bail to the amount of over 2,000*l.*—that being the amount of damages laid—there were two rich men in Boston degraded enough to come forward and give it. When the prisoners were released, Knight slipped out at the back door, to the disappointment of the crowd who had prepared for him a reception more demonstrative than genial. As Hughes entered the carriage which had been brought to take him away, a negro

jumped up behind, dashed in the glass, and would have shot the scoundrel, had not one of the committee dragged him down. After that the carriage was chased a long distance: till completely out of Boston.

A meeting of the Vigilance Committee was then held. Fresh precautions were taken; a poster describing the kidnappers, such as Parker was wont to write, was displayed on the walls of the city, and the movements of the two men were watched.

In the meantime Parker was calling now and again upon the fugitives and cheering and encouraging them. "I saw William this morning," writes he. "He seemed cool and resolute. I told him I thought it was no use to put the matter off and cut off the dog's tail by inches. If he were to take the bull by the horns, he had better do it to-day, rather than to-morrow. So he thought. I inspected his arms—a good revolver, with six caps on, a large pistol, and small ones, a large dirk and a short one. All was right."

By previous arrangement, the committee, to the number of sixty, assembled at six o'clock, the morning following the day of the bond-giving, at the hotel where Knight and Hughes were staying, filling all the passages, and avowing their determination to watch the kidnappers. Parker and a companion took up their position in the passage in which the door of their room was situated, the two passing and repassing each other, pacing the corridor like sentries on a beat. The landlord came in a passion and insisted that they should leave. Parker refused to do so until he was allowed to see the two men, and ultimately the landlord not only procured the committee an interview but promised to rid his house of his two inconvenient guests. At the interview Parker spoke for the committee. He told the men he was a minister, and came, as a friend, in the cause of peace, and



with a desire to save them from the violence of the populace. The indignation against them was so great that their safety could not be guaranteed another night, nor could it possibly be allayed while they remained in Boston. He told them that he had stood between them and violence once, but he could not promise to do so again; and for their own sakes he counselled them to leave the city at once. They both complained that they were ill-treated, and Knight also blustered a great deal about his courage and what he would do; but Parker saw that they were thoroughly frightened, and bidding them good morning he came away. How frightened they were was evidenced by the fact that, a few hours later, they left Boston for New York, and were never again heard of in Boston. The danger they were in was, as Parker had represented to them, great. They could not go out without a mob collecting about them, and crying "The slave-hunters! there go the slave-hunters!" and this no doubt would soon have led to personal attacks upon them being made. Another thing which made it desirable that they should be gone was a threat of the President—who was annoyed at the resistance of the Bostonians to the Fugitive Slave Act—to send 600 or 700 soldiers to the city to dragoon the citizens into submitting to the law. Had this been done, there must have been bloodshed.

During the time of the greatest danger, Parker concealed Ellen Craft in his own house, keeping the entrance door chained, and writing his sermon that week with a loaded pistol lying on his desk with which to resist her capture. He wrote in the journal that he made no doubt he should have to go to gaol that winter, and planned work to be done there in the event of his incarceration. As he himself remarked, it was indeed a pretty state of things when a minister was liable

to a fine of 1,000 dollars, and to be sent to gaol for six months, for sheltering a member of his own congregation, who had violated no law of God, and only taken possession of herself.

The Crafts had long been married, but their marriage lacked the solemnity of law, and, now the slave-hunters were gone, they wished to be married in accordance with the law of Massachusetts, and asked Parker to perform the ceremony. He readily consented, and the rite was performed at a boarding-house for coloured people. We will allow Parker himself to describe what took place:—"Before the marriage ceremony, I always advise the young couple of the duties of matrimony, making such remarks as suit the peculiar circumstances and character of the parties. I told them what I usually tell all bridegrooms and brides. Then I told Mr. Craft that their position demanded peculiar duties of him. He was an outlaw; there was no law which protected his liberty in the United States; for that he must depend on the public opinion of Boston, and on himself. If a man attacked him, intending to return him to slavery, he had a right, a natural right, to resist the man unto death; but he might refuse to exercise that right for *himself*, if he saw fit, and suffer himself to be reduced to slavery rather than kill or even hurt the slave-hunter who should attack him. But his *wife* was dependent on him for protection; it was his duty to protect her, a duty which it seemed to me he could not decline. So I charged him, if the worst came to the worst, to defend the life and liberty of his wife against any slave-hunter at all hazards, though in doing so he dug his own grave and the grave of a thousand men. Then came the marriage ceremony; then a prayer such as the occasion inspired. Then I noticed a *Bible* lying on one table and



a sword on the other; I saw them when I first came into the house, and determined what use to make of them. I took the Bible, put it into William's right hand, and told him the use of it. It contained the noblest truths in the possession of the human race, &c., it was an instrument he was to use to save his own soul, and his wife's soul, and charged him to use it for its purpose, &c. I then took the *sword*, I put that in his right hand, and told him if the worst came to the worst to use that to save his wife's liberty, or her life, if he could effect it in no other way. I told him that I hated violence, that I revered the sacredness of human life, and thought there was seldom a case in which it was justifiable to take it; that if he could save his wife's liberty in no other way, then this would be one of the cases, and as a *minister of religion* I put into his hands these two dissimilar instruments, one for the body, if need were — one for his soul at all events. Then I charged him not to use it except at the last extremity, to bear no harsh and revengeful feelings against those who once held him in bondage, or such as sought to make him and his wife slaves even now. 'Nay,' I said, 'if you cannot use the sword in defence of your wife's liberty without hating the man you strike, then your action will not be without sin.' I gave the same advice I should have given to white men under the like circumstances — as escaping from slavery in Algiers."

When the fugitives left Boston for Liverpool, Parker furnished them with a letter of introduction to the Rev. James Martineau at the latter place, in which he recounted their history and trials. He told him they needed no pecuniary aid. Their friends wanted the English people to see what kind of men and women were made slaves of in "the model republic." If Mr. Martineau would tell their story to his friends, and draw public atten-

tion to the fact that such persons were not safe in Boston, he might help the great cause of humanity in a new mode. Formerly his (Parker's) forefathers had fought against the British for independence and the rights of man. "But now I am obliged to look to the British for protection for the liberty of two of my own congregation who have committed no wrong against anyone. I thank God that Old England, with all her sins and shames, allows no slave-hunter to set foot on her soil."

We may add here that William and Ellen Craft were treated most kindly in England, the late Lady Byron taking an interest in them amongst others. The year they arrived in England was the one in which the first great Exhibition was held. There were crowds to see them when they appeared at the Crystal Palace, and sang *God save the Queen*, to thank heaven for having put them beyond the reach of kidnappers and slave-hounds. Parker said subsequently, in a meeting, that this was an indigenous product of North America, contributed to the world's exhibition! After the American war they returned to the state where they had been slaves, where they interested themselves in promoting an industrial school for the instruction and elevation of the freed negroes.

Two weeks after the attempt to retake the Crafts, Parker wrote a most vigorous and searching letter to the President of America, Millard Fillmore, in which he eloquently told him of what he had done to help William and Ellen Craft and other escaped negroes to resist the Fugitive Slave Act, and dared him to say that in thus Christianly taking in, sheltering, and protecting his church members he had done wrong.

How deeply Parker hated the infamous law, and how determined he was to resist it, will also be seen from

the following extract, written about the time:—"I am not a man who loves violence; I respect the sacredness of human life, but this I say, solemnly, that I will do all in my power to rescue any fugitive slave from the hands of any officer who attempts to return him to bondage. I will resist him as gently as I know how, but with such strength as I can command; I will ring the bells and alarm the town; I will serve as head, as foot, or as hand to any body of serious and earnest men who will go with me, with no weapons but their hands, in this work. I will do it as readily as I would lift a man out of the water, or pluck him from the teeth of a wolf, or snatch him from the hands of a murderer. What is a fine of a thousand dollars, and gaoling for six months, to the liberty of a man? My money perish with me if it stand between me and the eternal law of God!"

In February, 1851, there was a meeting in Tremont Temple to consider the case of General Chaplin. He was under bonds of twenty-five thousand dollars for helping two slaves of members of Congress to escape from the capital of America. Parker wrote of the meeting and case:—"I opened the meeting with prayer, and introduced Mr. Chaplin to the audience. I think it a disgrace to Boston that there were no more present. I saw *no minister*. It is not to be supposed that many such would attend, for the meeting was called for a purpose wholly Christian, *to seek and to save that which was lost*. If General Chaplin had done in Algiers what he did in Washington, all the snobs in Boston would have turned out to welcome him! But Wisdom is justified by her own children!"

"February 28.—To-night a meeting of a few members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society was held at our house, to see what we

could do for General Chaplin. It was thought by some that one thousand dollars might be got. I thought five hundred dollars would be more than we ought to expect. A little more than two hundred dollars was paid down by those present."

Eleven days before this, and less than three months after the case of the Crafts, Boston was again roused to excitement by another case of arrest. A fugitive named Shadrach was seized and shut up in the United States Court Room. Immediately on hearing of the arrest, Parker went to the place "intending to make a rescue if possible." But before he heard of the arrest a rescue had been effected. A member of the Vigilance Committee had knocked at the door until it was opened. The crowd, largely composed of coloured people, then pushed in, and before the bewildered officers could recover themselves, Shadrach had been seized and carried outside. That very afternoon he was hurried off to Canada and saved. Parker wrote of the occurrence:—"I think it the most noble deed done in Boston since the destruction of the tea in 1773. I thank God for it."

The next day, after parting from some friends who had departed for Europe, he sadly wrote in the diary:—"I doubt that they ever see me again; for I must not let a fugitive slave be taken from Boston, cost what it may justly cost. I will not (so I think now) use weapons to rescue a man with. But I will go unarmed, when there is a reasonable chance of success and make the rescue." All this time Parker's work, as the journal shows, was much more like that of a police detective than of a minister. "These are sad times to live in, but I should be sorry not to have lived in them. It will seem a little strange, one or two hundred years hence, that a plain, humble scholar of Boston was continually interrupted in his studies,

and could not write his book for stopping to look after fugitive slaves—his own parishioners!” In order that he might be prepared for the worst, he now re-wrote his will, and had it executed.

The excitement caused by Shadrach's case was hardly over when another occurred, but this time the excitement came after the event, which unfortunately had terminated unfavourably. A fugitive named Thomas Sims was arrested about seventeen days after Shadrach's escape. He was seized on the night of the 3rd of April, 1851, in the street. The bystanders interfered, and the fugitive himself drew a knife upon the officers. They, upon this, pretended that they were arresting him for disturbing the peace, notwithstanding that their attempt to destroy his liberty had caused the disturbance. He was illegally arrested, the writ of *habeas corpus* was refused him, he never saw a jury, but once a judge. George Ticknor Curtis, the commissioner before whom he was taken, after a summary examination, gave him up to his pursuers. Ere this the poor boy, knowing that his fate was sealed, had begged of his counsel—“Give me a knife; and when the commissioner declares me a slave, I will stab myself to the heart; and die before his eyes. I will not be a slave!” Of course this painful request could not be granted. At midnight, the mayor of Boston, with his marshal, attended by two or three hundred policemen, took the wretched fugitive, chained and weeping, from his cell to a vessel in the harbour, in which he was conveyed back to bondage in Savannah. As he was being put on board, the wretched creature exclaimed, “And this is Massachusetts liberty!” Upon reaching Savannah his owner had him conveyed to the town jail, and whipped within an inch of his life. A doctor, who was standing by, said,

“You will kill him if you strike him again.” The “master” brutally replied, “Let him die.”

Parker held up and denounced the whole transaction in a sermon preached on a fast day, respecting which Charles Sumner wrote him:—“May you live a thousand years, always preaching the truth of Fast Day! That sermon is a noble effort. It stirred me to the bottom of my heart, at times softening me almost to tears, and then again filling me with rage. I wish it could be read everywhere throughout the land. You have placed the commissioner in an immortal pillory, to receive the hootings and rotten eggs of the advancing generations.” Five days afterwards Charles Sumner was chosen senator for Massachusetts for six years, and, in part, this result came undoubtedly from the strong feeling caused by the rendition of Sims. As till this occurred no slave had been sent back by Massachusetts since the Revolution, the following year this disgrace was commemorated on its anniversary day by a public service at the Melodeon, and an address by Parker, who had also written an ode for the occasion. In the address Parker made the following powerful use of the similes of Jesus, when applying them to the case of Sims:—“Out of the iron house of bondage, a man, guilty of no crime but love of liberty, fled to the people of Massachusetts. He came to us a wanderer, and Boston took him in to an unlawful jail; hungry, and she fed him with a felon's meat; thirsty, she gave him the gall and vinegar of a slave to drink; naked, she clothed him with chains; sick and in prison, he cried for a helper, and Boston sent him a marshal and a commissioner; she set him between kidnappers, among the most infamous of men, and they made him their slave. Poor and in chains, the government of the nation against him, he sent round to the churches

his petition for their prayers: the churches of commerce they gave him their curse; he asked of us the sacrament of freedom, in the name of our God, and in the name of *their* Trinity, the Trinity of money—Boston standing as godmother at the ceremony—in the name of their God they baptized him a slave. The New England church of commerce said, 'Thy name is Slave. I baptize thee in the name of the golden eagle, and of the silver dollar, and of the copper cent.'

The month following the one in which the Sims commotion occurred, Parker attended the Berry Street Conference—a conference composed of Unitarian ministers, and at which subjects affecting them were wont to be discussed. The vexed question of the duty of ministers under the Fugitive Slave Act had been just before brought up at the business meeting of the Unitarian Association, which, the same week, was holding its anniversary meetings in Boston, and refused a hearing. The Rev. Samuel J. May then determined to bring it before the Ministers' Conference. The first day it was brought up there was a good deal of preliminary discussion, and not a little diplomacy, and then it was decided that it should be made the special subject for consideration next day. The truth was, the city ministers, having influential persons pecuniarily interested in slavery in their congregations, were most averse to the question being discussed; and even on the Thursday morning all kinds of idle preliminaries were thrown in the way to prevent action. But the country ministers, who looked at the question with purer minds, were determined that the question should come on, and the magnates of the sect be compelled to declare themselves thereon. When, at length, the discussion could no longer be resisted, the Rev. John Pierpont made a speech in which he

contended that the Fugitive Slave Bill lacked all the essentials of a law, that it had no claim to obedience, and that it could not be administered with a pure heart or unsullied ermine. Several others made speeches, and then the discussional part began.

The Rev. Mr. Osgood (who subsequently left the Unitarians for the Episcopalian Church) censured Parker for the manner in which he had preached on the Fugitive Slave Law, and defended Dr. Dewey for having said that he would send his own son into slavery to preserve the Union from danger. The Rev. Dr. Gannett (Dr. Channing's successor) next spoke at some length. He criticised severely the statement of Mr. Pierpont that the Fugitive Slave Law "could not be administered with a pure heart or unsullied ermine." Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, who was a member of his congregation, had the most honourable motives for attempting to execute the law. He (Dr. Gannett) was in a minority, and the majority had no right to think that he was not as honest in his opinion as the rest. If they did not obey the Fugitive Slave Bill, the disobedience would lead to the violation of all law. There were two things—law without liberty, and liberty without law. Law without liberty was only despotism; liberty without law only license. Law without liberty was the better of the two. If we began by disobeying any one law, we should come to disobeying all laws. They must obey the Fugitive Slave Law, in order to preserve the Union; as without that he did not know what would become of human freedom and human rights. After the Rev. George E. Ellis had spoken, and observed that "the brethren had no right to come there and discuss and condemn the opinions or the conduct of a fellow-minister," Parker spoke. He was glad to hear what Mr. Ellis had just said; but he wished the ministers present had

come to that conclusion ten years before. He should have been a gainer by it, for this was the first time for nine years that he had attended this Conference without hearing something which seemed said with the intention of insulting him. He was glad also to hear Dr. Gannett say they had no right to attribute improper motives to anyone who differed from us in opinion. It was true no man had a right thus to "judge another." But he would remind Dr. Gannett that, a few years ago, he and the speaker differed in opinion on a certain matter of considerable importance, and, after clearly expressing their difference, he (Parker) said, "Well, there is an honest difference of opinion between us," and Dr. Gannett replied, "'Not an honest difference of opinion, brother Parker,' for he called me 'brother' then, and not 'Mr.,' as since and now, when he has publicly said he cannot take my hand fraternally. Dr. Gannett had said that disobedience of the Fugitive Slave Law would lead to the violation of all law; but in no country on earth was there more respect for law than in New England. Disobedience was unpopular even when the law was; and nowhere were judges more respected. So true was all this, that to inform against one's neighbour, if he violated the law of the land—an act infamous everywhere else—was commended, for the reason that the people made the laws for themselves, were represented by them, and educated by them. The value of human laws was to conserve the eternal laws of God. So long as laws did this they should be obeyed. The Fugitive Slave Law did the opposite. It aspired to trample on the law of God, commanded what nature, religion, and God alike forbade, and forbade what all three alike commanded. Who were they who opposed the Fugitive Slave Law? Men who had always been on the

side of law and order, and whose disobedience was one of the strongest guarantees of just law and equitable order. They could not trust a people that would keep law *because it is law*: they could not distrust a people who would keep no law but what is just. Obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law would do more to overturn the Union than all disobedience to it the most complete. But suppose that dissolution was the alternative of disobedience; which would be the worse? Was the Union as precious as conscience, freedom, duty? For my own part, I would rather see my own house burned to the ground, and my family thrown, one by one, amid the blazing rafters of my own roof, and myself be thrown in last of all, than have a single fugitive slave sent back as Thomas Sims was sent back: nay, I would rather see the Union dissolved till there was not a territory so big as the county of Suffolk. Let us lose everything but fidelity to God. I am not going to speak honeyed words, or prophesy smooth things, in times like these—our court-house a barracoön, our officers slave-hunters, members of our Unitarian Churches kidnappers! I have in my church black men, fugitive slaves: they are the crown of my apostleship, the seal of my ministry. It becomes me to look after their bodies in order to save their souls. I have been obliged to take my own parishioners into my house to keep them from the clutches of the kidnappers: yes, gentlemen, I have been obliged to do that, and to keep my doors guarded by day as well as by night. I have had to arm myself. I have written my sermons with a pistol in my desk, loaded, with a cap on the nipple, ready for action: yes, with a drawn sword within reach of my right hand. This in Boston, in the middle of the nineteenth century! I am no non-resistant: that nonsense never went down with me. But it is no small

matter which will compel me to shed human blood. But what *could* I do? I was born in the little town where the fight and bloodshed of the Revolution began. The bones of the men who first fell in that war are covered by the monument at Lexington; it is 'SACRED TO LIBERTY AND THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND:' those men fell 'in the sacred cause of God and their country.' This is the first inscription that I ever read. These men were *my* kindred. *My* grandfather drew the first sword in the revolution; *my* fathers fired the first shot; the blood which flowed there was kindred to this which courses in my veins to-day. Besides that, when I write in my library at home, on the one side of me is the Bible which my fathers prayed over, their morning and evening prayers, 'for nearly a hundred years. On the other side there hangs the firelock my grandfather fought with in the old French war, which he carried at the taking of Quebec, which he zealously used at the battle of Lexington; and beside it is another, a trophy of the war—the first gun taken in the Revolution—taken also by my grandfather. With these things before me, these

symbols—with these memories in me—when a parishioner, a fugitive from slavery, a woman, pursued by the kidnappers, came to my house, what could I do less than take her in and defend her to the last? But who sought her life—or liberty? A parishioner of my brother Gannett came to kidnap a member of my church; Mr. Gannett preaches a sermon to justify the Fugitive Slave Law, demanding that it should be obeyed; yes, calling on his church members to kidnap mine and sell them into bondage for ever. Yet all this while Mr. Gannett calls himself 'a Christian' and me an 'Infidel;' his doctrine is 'Christianity,' mine 'Infidelity,' 'Deism at the best.' Oh, my brothers, I am not afraid of men; I can offend them. I care nothing for their hate or their esteem. I am not very careful of my reputation; but I dare not violate the eternal law of God. You have called me 'infidel.' Surely I differ widely enough from you in my theology. But there is one thing I cannot fail to trust: that is, the infinite God, father of the white man, and father, also, of the white man's slave. 'I should not dare to violate his law, come what may come.'





## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CHAMPION OF CONSCIENCE AND LIBERTY. (*Continued.*)

"The Crisis presses on us, face to face with us it stands,  
 With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands,  
 This day we fashion destiny, our web of fate we spin,  
 This day for ever choose we or holiness or sin.  
 By the future which awaits us, by all the hopes that cast  
 Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the past,  
 And by the blessed thought of those who for earth's freedom died,  
 O my people, O my brothers, choose ye the righteous side."

J. G. WHITTIER.

AFTER the Conference referred to at the close of the last chapter, there appears to have been a lull for two months; for nothing is entered in the journal for that space. It again opens thus:—"August 24, 1851.—Here is something to be done:—1. Finish and publish my book before August 24, 1852; 2. Lecture some forty or fifty times (1851-2); 3. Do better at preaching than ever before; 4. Work with more industry. But who knows that I shall be able to do this? Last year I laid out much, and how little of it I did! The wicked Fugitive Slave Law came and hindered all my work. It may be so again. I intend, for the future, to devote myself more exclusively to the great work of my life, to theology (speculatively) and religion (practically); less to politics. Indeed, I would never preach on a political matter again, if it were consistent with duty to avoid it. If I am to live twenty years more, and devote my life to religion and the science thereof, with health and no outward impediment, I may do something to serve my God by blessing mankind. Surely I will try. But I have not so much confidence in my own judgment as to slight the demands of the day and the hour. Suppose I could have given all the attention to theology, &c., that I have been forced to pay to politics, slavery, &c., how much

I might have done! I was meant for a philosopher, and the times call for a *stump orator*."

The Fugitive Slave Law continued in force; but though two months later a rescue of a slave named Jerry was effected at Syracuse, and of which Parker heard with great delight, the attempts to enforce it were not for the moment active in Boston. A year afterwards Daniel Webster, who had declared resistance to, and even denunciation of, the Fugitive Slave Law to be "high treason," died at Marshfield. It was then that Parker—who, as already said, had admired him intensely up to the time of his denial of the "higher law"—made on the false statesman's character the grandest of his pulpit orations. In this he alluded to the trials which had arisen out of the Shadrach case, then going on in Boston—"the streets are hung with black; the newspapers are sad coloured; the shops are put in mourning; the public business stops, and flags droop half-mast down. The courts adjourn—even at Baltimore and Washington the courts adjourn; for the great lawyer is dead, and justice must wait another day. Only the United States Court, in Boston, trying a man for helping Shadrach out of the furnace of the kidnappers—the court which executes the Fugitive Slave Bill—that does not adjourn; that keeps on: its worm dies not;

and the fire of its persecution is not quenched when death puts out the lamp of life."

The most celebrated slave case of all began on the 23rd of May, 1854, when Colonel Suttle, of Virginia, presented to E. G. Loring, of Boston, Commissioner, a complaint under the Fugitive Slave Bill, praying for the seizure and enslavement of Anthony Burns. A warrant was issued next day; Burns was arrested on the false pretext of burglary, taken to the Court House, and there detained under an armed guard. The following day he was brought before the Commissioner, guarded and in chains, though as yet he had been proved guilty of nothing, not even of being a slave. The Commissioner was just on the point of ordering him back into slavery, when Parker, with a few members of the Vigilance Committee, made their way into the court-room, spoke with the prisoner, ascertained that he wished to be defended, and R. H. Dana, Esq., urged the point so effectually that the Commissioner was compelled to grant an adjournment to the day but one after.

On the evening of the next day a great meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, the mayor and aldermen cheerfully consenting to its use for the purpose, and the former declaring he would willingly have presided had he not had a pre-engagement. The ostensible object of the meeting—in which S. G. Howe, G. R. Russell, Parker, Wendell Phillips, J. L. Swift, and others, took part—was to excite popular indignation at the new arrest. The non-ostensible object was to aid in a concentrated attack upon the Court House, and thereby help Burns to escape. The majority of the Vigilance Committee had voted against the proposed attack, thinking it too desperate, but had so far winked at it as to allow the minority to meet in one of their rooms for the completion of their plans. Intense feeling

against the arrest occupied the breasts of the vast meeting, and this was increased rather than allayed as the speeches proceeded. It had been arranged that Parker should rouse the meeting up to the highest pitch of excitement, that then the signal should be given that an attack was being made upon the Court House, and upon this the audience be despatched *en masse* thither. It was to Parker a great occasion, and his powerful platform ability enabled him to rise to it: "his frame quivered with the action of his mind; his voice, in passages, was like the roaring of a lion at bay." On coming to the front, he addressed the meeting as, "Fellow-subjects of *Virginia*," which, as he had expected, was received with cries of "No, No." He went on—"Fellow-citizens of *Boston*, then,—A deed which *Virginia* commands has been done in the city of John Hancock, and the 'brace of Adamses.' It was done by a Boston hand. It was a Boston man who issued the warrant; it was a Boston marshal who put it in execution; they are Boston men who are seeking to kidnap a citizen of Massachusetts, and send him into slavery for ever and ever. It is our fault that it is so. We are the vassals of *Virginia*: she reaches her arm over the graves of our mothers, and kidnaps men in the city of the Puritans. Gentlemen, there is no Boston to-day. There *was* a Boston, once. Now, there is a north suburb to the city of Alexandria—that is what Boston is. And you and I, fellow-subjects of the State of *Virginia*—(Cries of 'No, no!' 'Take that back again!') I will take it back when you show me the fact is not so. Men and brothers, I am not a young man; I have heard hurrahs and cheers for liberty many times; I have not seen a great many deeds done for liberty. I ask you, are we to have deeds as well as words? I say, so confident are the slave-agents

now that they can carry off their slave in the day-time, that they do not put chains round the Court-House; they have got no soldiers billeted in Faneuil Hall, as in 1851. They think they can carry this man off to-morrow morning in a cab. (Voices: 'They can't do it!' 'Let's see them try!') Well, gentlemen, I say there is one law—slave law; it is everywhere. There is another law, which also is a finality; and that law, it is in your hands and your arms, and you can put it in execution just when you see fit. Gentlemen, I am a clergyman, and a man of peace. I love peace. But there is a means, and there is an end; liberty is the end, and sometimes peace is not the means towards it. Now, I want to ask you what you are going to do? (A voice: 'Shoot, shoot!') There are ways of managing this matter without shooting anybody. Be sure that these men who have kidnapped a man in Boston are cowards—every mother's son of them; and if we stand up there resolutely, and declare that this man shall not go out of the City of Boston, *without shooting a gun*—(Cries of 'That's it!' and great applause)—then he won't go back. Now, I am going to propose that when you adjourn it be to meet at *Court Square, to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock*. (A large number of hands were raised, but many voices cried out, 'Let's go to-night!' 'Let's pay a visit to the slave-catchers at the Revere House; put that question.') Do you propose to go to the Revere House to-night? then show your hands! (Some hands were held up.) It is not a vote. We shall meet at Court Square, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning." No signal was given, as expected, while Parker was speaking, and in consequence the whole scheme was frustrated. Parker explained afterwards to a friend that he talked against time for half an hour, while expecting it, and at length had to take his seat

completely *nonplussed*. Wendell Phillips then rose again. He had never agreed with the plan of an assault, and now, convinced that it had failed altogether, he applied himself to calming the excitement of the meeting. When he had done this most effectually, a second piece of ill-luck came—in an announcement that the Court House was being attacked. The signal came too late; the meeting streamed forth, but those in the rear of the hall and on the platform could hardly have got outside before the struggle was over.

It seems that a small body of men, about nine o'clock, made an attack upon the Court House. By means of a piece of timber, they succeeded in bursting in the outer door. The bell of the Court House rung an alarm for the police. The garrison made a stand in the breach. One of the Marshal's assistants was killed, but whether by the assault of those without or the awkwardness of those within has never been clearly ascertained. The time which it took to break in the door, and the noise which necessarily attended the operation, drew the police of the city to the scene. The attacking party were not strong enough to follow up their first success, or, at least, had good reason to think so; and the accident of a volunteer company marching into the square, on their return from target practice in the country, helped to discourage the attempt, through the belief that it was a company of marines detailed to strengthen the force inside. The rescue had to be abandoned. The whole affair lasted scarcely five minutes. The opportunity was lost. It was a gallant and generous attempt, but ill-advised and injudicious under the circumstances. It should not have been made without a larger co-operation and a more general understanding. Its failure complicated very materially the possibilities of subsequent operations, and gave the

slave-catchers' minions the occasion they desired—of calling in the aid of the military. That very night a force of marines was marched over; the next morning a detachment of regular United States troops. The mayor called for the aid of the volunteer companies, which was granted. For nearly an entire week the city was, virtually, under martial law, in order that Suttle might make a slave of a man who had had the address and courage to make himself a freeman.

Parker was deeply distressed at the failure of the Friday night's work. On the Sunday, as was to be expected, there was an immense congregation at the Music Hall, anxious to hear what he had to say upon the topic of the hour. At the time for the lessons he thus addressed them:—"I see by your faces, as well as by your number, what is expected of me to-day. A person has just sent me a request, asking me, 'Cannot you extemporise a sermon for this day?' It is easier to do it than not. But I shall not extemporise a sermon for to-day—I shall extemporise the Scripture. I therefore pass over the Bible words, which I designed to read from the Old Testament and the New, and will take the Morning Lesson from the circumstances of the past week. The time has not come for me to preach a sermon on the great wrong now enacting in this city. The deed is not yet fully done! any counsel that I have to offer is better given elsewhere than here, at another time than now. Neither you nor I are quite calm enough to-day to look the matter fairly in the face and see entirely what it means. Before the events of the past week took place, I had proposed to preach this morning on the subject of war, taking my theme from the present commotions in Europe, which also will reach us, and have already. That will presently be the theme of my morning sermon. Next Sunday I shall preach on *THE PERILS INTO*

*WHICH AMERICA IS BROUGHT AT THIS DAY BY THE NEW CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY.* That is the theme for next Sunday! the other is for to-day. But before I proceed to that, I have some words to say in place of the Scripture lesson, and instead of a selection from the Old Testament prophets.

"Since last we came together, there has been a man stolen in this city of our fathers. It is not the first; it may not be the last. He is now in the great slave pen in the city of Boston. He is there against the law of the Commonwealth, which, if I am rightly informed, in such cases prohibits the use of State edifices as United States gaols. I may be mistaken. Any forcible attempt to take him from that barracoon of Boston would be wholly without use. For, besides the holiday soldiers who belong to the city of Boston, and are ready to shoot down their brothers in a just or an unjust cause any day when the city government gives them its command and its liquor, I understand that there are 184 United States marines lodged in the Court House, every man of them furnished with a musket and a bayonet, with his side arms, and twenty-four ball cartridges. They are stationed also in a very strong building, and where five men, in a passage-way about the width of this pulpit, can defend it against five-and-twenty, or a hundred. To 'keep the peace,' the Mayor, who the other day 'regretted the arrest of our brother, Anthony Burns, and declared that his sympathies were wholly with the alleged fugitive—and of course wholly against the claimant and the Marshal—in order to keep the peace of the city, the Mayor must become corporal of the guard for kidnappers from Virginia. He must keep the peace of our city, and defend these guests of Boston over the graves, the unmonumented graves, of John Hancock and Samuel Adams.

"A man has been killed by violence. Some say he was killed by his own coadjutors: I can easily believe it; there is evidence enough that they were greatly frightened. They were not United States soldiers, but volunteers from the streets of Boston, who, for their pay, went into the Court House to assist in kidnapping a brother man. They were so cowardly that they could not use the simple cutlasses they had in their hands, but smote right and left, like ignorant and frightened ruffians as they are. They may have slain their brother or not—I cannot tell. It is said by some that they killed him. Another story is that he was killed by a hostile hand from without. Some say by a bullet, some by an axe, and others still by a knife. As yet, nobody knows the facts. But a man has been killed. He was a volunteer in this service. He liked the business of enslaving a man, and has gone to render an account to God for his gratuitous wickedness. Twelve men have been arrested, and are now in gaol to await their examination for wilful murder!

"Here, then, is one man butchered, and twelve men brought in peril of their lives. Why is this? Whose fault is it?

"Some eight years ago, a Boston merchant, by his mercenaries, kidnapped a man 'between Faneuil Hall and old Quincy,' and carried him off to eternal slavery. Boston mechanics, the next day, held up the half-eagles which they received as pay for stealing a man. The matter was brought before the grand jury for the county of Suffolk, and abundant evidence was presented, as I understand, but they found 'no bill.' A wealthy merchant, in the name of trade, had stolen a black man, who, on board a ship, had come to this city, had been seized by the mercenaries of this merchant, kept by them for awhile, and then, when he escaped, kidnapped

a second time in the city of Boston. Boston did not punish the deed!

"The Fugitive Slave Bill was presented to us, and Boston rose up to welcome it! The greatest man in all the North came here, and in this city told Massachusetts she must obey the Fugitive Slave Bill with alacrity—that we must all conquer our prejudices in favour of justice and the unalienable rights of man. Boston did conquer her prejudices in favour of justice and the unalienable rights of man.

"Do you not remember the 'Union Meeting' which was held in Faneuil Hall, when a 'political soldier of fortune,' sometimes called the 'Democratic Prince of the Devils,' howled at the idea that there was a law of God higher than the Fugitive Slave Bill? He sneered, and asked, 'Will you have the "Higher Law of God" to rule over you?' and the multitude which occupied the floor, and the multitude that crowded the galleries, howled down the Higher Law of God! They treated the Higher Law to a laugh and a howl! That was Tuesday night. It was the Tuesday before Thanksgiving-day. On that Thanksgiving-day, I told the congregation that the men who howled down the Higher Law of Almighty God had got Almighty God to settle with; that they had sown the wind, and would reap the whirlwind. At that meeting Mr. Choate told the people 'REMEMBER! REMEMBER! Remember!' Then nobody knew what to 'remember.' Now you know. That is the state of the case.

"Then you 'remember' the kidnappers came here to seize Thomas Sims. Thomas Sims was seized. Nine days he was on trial for more than his life; and never saw a judge—never saw a jury. He was sent back into bondage from the city of Boston. You remember the chains that were put around the Court House; you remember the judges of



Massachusetts stooping, crouching, creeping, crawling under the chain of Slavery, in order to get in their own courts. All these things you 'remember.' Boston was non-resistant. She gave her 'back to the smiters'—from the South; she 'withheld not her cheek'—from the scorn of South Carolina, and welcomed the 'spitting'—of kidnappers from Georgia and Virginia. To-day we have our pay for such conduct. You have not forgotten the '1,500 gentlemen of property and standing, who volunteered to conduct Mr. Sims to slavery—Marshal Sukey's 'gentlemen.' They 'remember' it. They are sorry enough now. Let us forgive—we need not forget. **REMEMBER ! REMEMBER ! Remember !**

"The Nebraska Bill has just now been passed. Who passed it? The '1,500 gentlemen of property and standing' in Boston, who, in 1851, volunteered to carry Thomas Sims into slavery by force of arms. They passed the Nebraska Bill. If Boston had punished the kidnapping of 1845, there would have been no Fugitive Slave Bill in 1850. If Massachusetts, in 1850, had declared the Bill should not be executed, the kidnapper would never have shown his face in the streets of Boston. If, failing in this, Boston had said, in 1851, 'Thomas Sims shall not be carried off,' and forcibly or peacefully, by the majesty of the great mass of men, had resisted it, no kidnapper would have come here again. There would have been no Nebraska Bill. But, to every demand of the slave power, Massachusetts has said, 'Yes, yes !—we grant it all !' 'Agitation must cease !' 'Save the Union !'

"Southern Slavery is an institution which is in earnest. Northern Freedom is an institution that is not in earnest. It was in earnest in '76 and '83. It has not been much in earnest since. The compromises are but provisional ! Slavery is the only

finality ! Now, since the Nebraska Bill is passed, an attempt is made to add insult to insult, injury to injury. Last week, at New York, a brother of the Rev. Dr. Pennington, an established clergyman of large reputation, great character, acknowledged learning, who has his diploma from the University of Heidelberg, in Germany—a more honourable source than that from which any clergyman in Massachusetts has received one—his brother and two nephews were kidnapped in New York, and, without any trial, without any defence, were hurried off into bondage. Then, at Boston, you know what was done in the last four days. Behold the consequences of the doctrine that there is no higher law. Look at Boston to-day. There are no chains round your Court House—there are only ropes round it this time. A hundred and eighty-four United States soldiers are there. They are, I am told, mostly foreigners—the scum of the earth—none but such enter into armies as common soldiers in a country like ours. I say it with pity—they are not to blame for having been born where they were and what they are. I pity the scum as well as I pity the mass of men. The soldiers are there, I say, and their trade is to kill. Why is this so?

"You remember the meeting at Faneuil Hall last Friday, when even the words of my friend Wendell Phillips, the most eloquent words that get spoken in America in this century, hardly restrained the multitude from going and by violence storming the Court-House. What stirred them up? It was the spirit of our fathers—the spirit of justice and liberty in your heart, and in my heart, and in the heart of us all. Sometimes it gets the better of a man's prudence, especially on occasions like this ; and so excited was that assembly of four or five thousand men, that even the words



of eloquent Wendell Phillips could hardly restrain them from going at once rashly to the Court House and tearing it to the ground.

"Boston is the most peaceful of cities. Why? Because we have commonly had a peace which was worth keeping. No city respects laws so much. Because the laws have been made by the people, for the people, and are laws which respect justice. Here is a law which the people will not keep. It is a law of our Southern masters; a law not fit to keep.

"Why is Boston in this confusion to-day? The Fugitive Slave Bill Commissioner has just now been sowing the wind that we may reap the whirlwind. The old Fugitive Slave Bill Commissioner stands back: he has gone to look after his 'personal popularity.' But, when Commissioner Curtis does not dare appear in this matter, another man comes forward, and for the first time seeks to kidnap his man also in the city of Boston. Judge Loring is a man whom I have respected and honoured. His private life is mainly blameless, so far as I know. He has been, I think, uniformly beloved. His character has entitled him to the esteem of his fellow-citizens. I have known him somewhat. I never heard a mean word from him—many good words. He was once the law-partner of Horace Mann, and learned humanity of a great teacher. I have respected him a good deal. He is a respectable man—in the Boston sense of that word, and in a much higher sense; at least, I have thought so. He is a kind-hearted, charitable man; a good neighbour; a fast friend—when politics do not interfere; charitable with his purse; an excellent husband, a kind father, a good relative. And I should as soon have expected that venerable man who sits before me, born before your Revolution [SAMUEL MAY], I should as

soon have expected him to go and kidnap Robert Morris, or any of the other coloured men I see around me, as I should have expected Judge Loring to do this thing. But he has sown the wind, and we are reaping the whirlwind. I need not say what I now think of him. He is to act to-morrow, and may yet act like a man. Let us wait and see. Perhaps there is manhood in him yet. But, my friends, all this confusion is his work. He knew he was stealing a man born with the same unalienable right to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness' as himself. He knew the slaveholders had no more right to Anthony Burns than to his own daughter. He knew the consequences of stealing a man. He knew that there are men in Boston who have not yet conquered their prejudices—men who respect the higher law of God. He knew there would be a meeting at Faneuil Hall—gatherings in the streets. He knew there would be violence.

"EDWARD GREELEY LORING, Judge of Probate for the county of Suffolk, in the State of Massachusetts, Fugitive Slave Bill Commissioner of the United States, before these citizens of Boston, on Ascension Sunday, assembled to worship God, I charge you with the death of that man who was killed on last Friday night. He was your fellow-servant in kidnapping. He dies at your hand. You fired the shot which makes his wife a widow, his child an orphan. I charge you with the peril of twelve men, arrested for murder, and on trial for their lives. I charge you with filling the Court House with one hundred and eighty-four hired ruffians of the United States, and alarming not only this city for her liberties that are in peril, but stirring up the whole Commonwealth of Massachusetts with indignation, which no man knows how to stop, which no man can stop. You have done it all!

"This is my Lesson for the Day."

Others than the Abolitionists, even judges, commissioners, and lesser officials, were now disgusted with the law, and felt sympathy with the persecuted fugitives. The pro-slavery President, Franklin Pierce, showed eager interest in the proceedings, and sent the adjutant-general of the army to Boston, with power to call troops stationed at New York, should those in Massachusetts prove inadequate.

Amid hopes of a decision favourable to Burns, the case against him proceeded. But though Suttle failed to make good his charges, and notwithstanding the ability and zeal with which Messrs. Dana and Ellis managed the defence, it was soon seen that the time and circumstances would be too much for the fugitive. Attempts were then made to buy Burns, and the Commissioner himself drew the sale papers. But, whether owing to encouraging hints from those high in authority, or to intimidations from Southern planters, to the effect that if he did so far give in it would be worse for himself, Suttle, after temporising and vacillating a good deal, backed out of the bargain.

Meantime the Vigilance Committee were hard at work appealing to the people by means of pungent placards, mostly written by Parker. Mr. Weiss gives seven of them in his memoir. The first simply announces, in short, sharp words, the arrest. The second calls upon the citizens of Boston to see to it that no citizen is dragged into slavery without trial by jury. A third summons the "yeomanry of New England" to come and lend the moral weight of their presence, and the aid of their counsel, to the friends of justice and humanity in the city. A fourth brands the insult of employing murderers, prize-fighters, thieves, and blacklegs to aid in the execution of the atrocious law. A fifth warns the citizens to be on their guard against an attempt to carry off

Burns after the Commissioner had declared him free. A sixth admonishes to be on the alert against lies and deceit, a story being afloat that Burns had been ransomed. The last issued called on true Americans to be prepared for the worst:—"Let there be no armed resistance; but let the whole People turn out and line the streets, and look upon the Shame and Disgrace of Boston, and then go away and take measures to elect Men to office who will better guard the honour of the State and Capital." The Vigilance Committee tried every expedient they thought likely to save the fugitive, but in vain. Many a distinguished lawyer said afterwards that the Commissioner had no right to render up the man upon testimony so defective; but he did.

Friday, June 2, was the day fixed for conveying the fugitive from prison to the wharf. In Court and State Streets crowds of indignant people thronged the footpaths, filled porticoes, balconies, windows, and in some instances occupied roofs of houses, whilst waiting for the shameful procession to pass. The helpless negro was conveyed in the centre of a hollow square of armed ruffians, who in turn were guarded by companies of the militia and protected by cannon. It was a terrible scene to see a human being thus treated for no other crime than claiming to own his own person; not less terrible was it to think how the noblest sentiments of the noblest citizens were thus being trampled down by the sheerest brute force. To still further mark displeasure, the Vigilance Committee ordered the streets through which the procession had to pass to be draped in mourning, and the bells of the city to toll funeral dirges; and this was pretty generally done. As a last resort for trying to produce confusion and bring about a rescue, the fire-alarm was started just as the procession was about to move. The

fire-engines were dashed through the lines of soldiers and crowds of citizens. No better means could have been used for creating a tumult, but that was all the *ruse* accomplished; the soldiers were too well on their guard to allow of anything more, and closed up the irruptions in their lines the moment the engines had passed through them. It was thus Boston gave up a victim to that slave power which, a few years later, was to turn and rend her.

The negro whom the North thus sent back into slavery afterwards taught himself to read and write, became minister to a church of coloured people, and brought on consumption and an early death through his devotion to the interests of his brethren.

The next Sunday, the prophet who had for years been foretelling this subsequent result—Theodore Parker—before an immense congregation of thousands—denounced this “New Crime against Humanity,” in the noble discourse which has been published in his collected works. Once more in burning utterances he set forth the majesty of the “higher law,” which “men of property and respectability” in the United States were at the time laughing at, but for which they were to pay so dearly in treasure, tears, and blood a few years later.

The week following, Parker, along with Wendell Phillips, T. W. Higginson, and four others, was indicted for knowingly and wilfully obstructing, with force and arms, the Marshal of the district, when attempting to serve and execute the warrant under which Burns was taken and held; also for making an assault upon the said Marshal, when in the due and lawful discharge of his duties as an officer. It could not even be shown that Parker was at the Court House at the time of the attempted rescue; he was indicted simply because Judge

B. R. Curtis charged the grand jury to the effect that not only those who were present and actually obstructed, resisted, and opposed, and all who were present leagued in the common design, but all who, though absent, did procure, counsel, command, or abet others, and all who by indirect means, by evincing an express liking, gave approbation or assent to the design, were liable as principals; and it was of no importance that the advice or directions were departed from in respect to the precise time or place, or mode or means, of committing the offence. Parker was arrested on November 29, and gave bail in fifteen hundred dollars for his appearance when the trial came on. Several friends had previously asked to be allowed to be his bondsmen, and he took three members of his own congregation, Samuel May, Francis Jackson, and J. R. Manley. The journal shows that he was prepared for the worst. “June, 1854.—*What I shall do if I am sent to gaol*:—1. Write one sermon a week, and have it read at the Music Hall, and printed the next morning. Who can read it? Write also a prayer, &c. (Prayer, Saturday night.) 2. Prepare a volume of sermons from old MSS. 3. Write *Memoirs of Life*, &c. 4. Vol. I. of ‘*Historical Development of Religion*,’ *i.e.*, the *Metaphysics of Religion*. 5. Pursue the Russian studies.” The trial was fixed for April 3, 1855, but it did not proceed. Parker’s counsel—John P. Hale and Charles M. Ellis—moved that the indictment against him be quashed; and, after a brief argument, the Court pronounced both it and the whole of the others bad. The whole affair thus ended in a victory for Parker’s side. “Well, Mr. Parker,” said Commissioner Benjamin F. Hallett, “you have crept through a knot-hole this time.” “I will knock a bigger hole next time,” Parker replied.

While, on the whole, glad of this

result, he regretted that he did not get the opportunity for delivering the long and elaborate defence which, assisted by hints from Charles Sumner, C. M. Ellis, and, perhaps, also by other legal friends, he had prepared. He determined, notwithstanding the trial was over, to re-write and elaborate this defence, and publish it to the world. To this determination he devoted the summer of 1855, and the result came forth as a volume of 220 pages. Mr. Weiss thinks he has written nothing that is so vigorous and effective, and that the style of it is better than that of any of his writings, except the last three of the "Sermons of Theism," and some of the "Occasional Discourses." Mr. Frothingham says it is a monument of historical learning, as well as a thrilling record of events, and a stern judgment on men. The slave power was ranked with the most arrant of despotisms; its measures were classed with the most infamous deeds of the most infamous times; its servants were numbered with the meanest tools of tyranny. With grim rhetoric he called forth the "spirits of tyrants," "Herod the wicked," "Nero, the awful Roman Emperor," "St. Dominic, Torquemada, fathers of the Inquisition," "the heap of wickedness, George Jeffries," bade them look on the Boston kidnappers, excused their shuddering at the sight, and allowed them to pass as not so reprehensible in the sight of God, and man.

The relatives and friends of the Boston judges and commissioners assailed in this manner complained bitterly of Parker thus wounding their feelings. But what feeling had they for the poor negroes who were sent back into slavery, and *their* wives and children? Parker arraigned public deeds, and these are never impersonal. When men exalt the statutes of men above the eternal justice of God, they must, and deserve to, suffer; and he

who, as Parker did, does most to hold up such conduct to infamy does most to lessen suffering in the end. He fought for others, not for himself, hence he had little reason for having personal feeling against those he contended with. His formula was ever—"I know what sin is, God alone knows who are sinners;" and he sought earnestly to accomplish the hardest of all tasks—to love the unlovely. He prayed God to forgive the offenders in high places, and himself showed readiness to forgive on the slightest show of concession to the higher morality. If at all times he was not able to speak charitably of his own revilers, and of public wrong-doers, it was because he was human; and candour must allow that even his most severe judgments came from his intense moral earnestness. The terrible and bloody ordeal his country had to pass through soon afterwards, in order to purge her constitution, showed that he, of all Americans, understood the diseased state of the body politic. History has now justified his strongest language, and shown that the sleek "respectable" officials who crouched to the slave power, over-anxious to "save the Union," were as false to their country and kind as he was wont to paint them.

Parker not only found it necessary to struggle to cripple slavery as already existing, but also to prevent the slave power from increasing and mastering the Free States. He opposed the annexation of Texas as a Slave State, because he saw that it was, what it afterwards proved, the first step of the slave power towards its goal, the supreme control of the American Government. This took place in 1845, the year he preached his first sermon "Of Slavery." The war with Mexico—the first consequence of the annexation of Texas—occurred the following year. It was supported by the pro-slavery party in

Congress, and strongly condemned in sermons, lectures, and speeches by Parker.

When President Polk was raising volunteers for this war by proclamation, Parker was one of the speakers at an anti-war meeting, held in Faneuil Hall, at which a good many soldiers, and others favourable to the war, were present. They interrupted him and used various kinds of threats, but his good humour and courage proved too much for them. The following extracts from the newspaper report will show that both were needed. "If God please, we will die a thousand times, but never draw blade in this wicked war. (Cries of 'Throw him over!' &c.) What would you do next, after you have thrown him over? ('Drag you out of the Hall!') What good would that do? It would not wipe off the infamy of this war—would not make it less wicked!" Undauntedly he proceeded to review the facts connected with the war, saying many things calculated to make those who had volunteered for it heartily ashamed of themselves. He then went on to ask—"Did not Mr. Webster, in the streets of Philadelphia, bid the volunteers—misguided young men—go and uphold the stars of their country? (Voice, 'He did right!') No, he should have said the *stripes* of his country; for every volunteer to this wicked war is a stripe on the nation's back! Did not he declare this war unconstitutional, and threaten to impeach the President who made it, and afterward go and invest a son in it? Has it not been said here, 'Our country, howsoever bounded!'—bounded by robbery, or bounded by right lines? Has it not been said, all round, 'Our country, right or wrong'? I say I blame not so much the volunteers as the famous men who deceive the nation. (Cries of 'Throw him over! Kill him, kill him!' and a flourish of bayonets.) Throw him over! You

will not throw him over. Kill him! I shall walk home unarmed and unattended, and not a man of you will hurt one hair of my head." His bravery cowed the bullies, and he went home unmolested, as he had said.

This recalls another similar incident related of him by Miss Cobbe. "On one occasion we have been told by an eye-witness that he was standing in a gallery at a large pro-slavery meeting in New York, when one of the orators tauntingly remarked, 'I should like to know what Theodore Parker would say to that.' 'Would you like to know?' cried he starting forward into view. 'I'll tell you what Theodore Parker says to it!' Of course there instantly arose a tremendous clamour, and threats of killing him and throwing him over. Parker simply squared his broad chest, and looking to the right and left, said undauntedly, 'Kill me? Throw me over? You shall do no such thing. Now I'll tell you what I say to this matter.' His bravery quelled the riot at once."

The result of the war with Mexico greatly increased the reputation of the pro-slavery party; and by means of the election of General Taylor to the Presidency in 1848, they confirmed the gains already made, and were emboldened to make new plots for federal usurpation. Under the administration of Franklin Pierce, the conspirators showed themselves yet more audacious; so much so, that at length the North came to feel that the welfare of the nation was in the highest danger.

In 1854 the Missouri Compromise, by which slavery was precluded from passing the 36th degree of latitude, was set aside by the passing of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, in spite of the vigorous opposition of the Northern senators; and the abolition of this time-honoured compromise stirred all parties at the North with indignation.



Neither Nebraska nor Kansas having the population required for admission as a State, both parties made haste to stock them with people after their own kind, for it was to be by the vote of the people that it was to be decided whether they should be Slave States or not. The "border ruffians" poured in from Missouri, and took violent possession of the strategic points. Emigration societies were formed in the Free States, which sent bands of pioneers across the Western prairies, fully equipped with implements of civilisation, and armed with rifles for self-defence. The suppressed war broke out in the new territories with fury; outrages of every kind occurred; murders were of daily occurrence. The utmost anarchy prevailed in both districts; and, as first one party and then the other had its reinforcements sent, the difficulties were increased. Peace, liberty, safety, were unknown: there was real though undeclared war.

It was in these dreadful times and scenes that stern, grim, Puritan John Brown became a prominent figure. Though differing widely from Parker in theology, he and Captain Brown were friends and co-workers for several years. At the time of the failure of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, which did so much to precipitate the American conflict, and which led to Brown being hanged, Parker was an invalid at Rome, and from there wrote a long letter, which was immediately published, in which he justified Brown's conduct, and thus concluded:—"Brown will die, I think, like a martyr, and also like a saint. His noble demeanour, his unflinching bravery, his gentleness, his calm, religious trust in God, and his words of truth and soberness cannot fail to make a profound impression on the hearts of Northern men; yes, and on Southern men. For 'every human heart is human,' &c. I do not think the money wasted nor the lives thrown

away. Many acorns must be sown to have one come up; even then, the plant grows slow: but it is an oak at last. None of the Christian martyrs died in vain; and from Stephen, who was stoned at Jerusalem, to Mary Dyer, whom our fathers hanged on a bough of 'the great tree' on Boston Common, I think there have been few spirits more pure and devoted than John Brown's, and none that gave up their breath in a nobler cause. Let the American State hang his body, and the American Church damn his soul; still, the blessing of such as are ready to perish will fall on him, and the universal justice of the Infinitely Perfect God will take him welcome home. The road to heaven is as short from the gallows as from the throne; perhaps, also, as easy."

In May, 1856, Charles Sumner delivered in the Senate his famous speech, "the Crime against Kansas," which so frenzied the pro-slavery party that one of them, a senator named Preston Brooks, brutally assaulted him with a bludgeon, and created such indignation in the Free States that on all hands it was resolved that the slave power should be repulsed in the Presidential election then pending. But the slave power had now become too strong for the North. Pro-slavery James Buchanan was elected President, and John Charles Freeman, the Republican candidate, was defeated, though he polled a million and a quarter of votes, of which Parker could fairly claim great numbers as his own. When the result of the election was made known, he saw nothing for it but war. On that very day he wrote in the journal:—"Of course we shall fight. I have expected civil war for months; now, I buy no more books for the present. Nay, I think affairs may come to such a pass that my own property may be confiscated—for who knows that we shall beat at the beginning—and I hung as a traitor! So I invest my property



accordingly. Wife's will be safe. I don't pay the mortgage till 1862."

When the Free States succeeded in electing Abraham Lincoln in 1860, it was too late for a peaceful solution of the long-standing quarrel; and even then the North would have unworthily settled without abolishing slavery, if the South would have conformed to union. As Mr. Frothingham truly says:—"The civil war punished the South for its iniquity and the North for its complicity." Had slavery been boldly confronted by the North at the commencement, as Parker advised,

the bloody and fratricidal conflict of 1861-5—a conflict in which the North alone lost 316,000 men—would have been avoided. It is at this costly rate that nations learn the lesson that there is a "higher law" than human enactments, an Eternal right, violation of which cannot be made with impunity. "God is not mocked: whatsoever a nation sows that must it reap." In spite of her noblest son's advice and entreaty, America would sow to the wind; and in return she had to reap the whirlwind.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE REFORMER.

"The sad sense of human woe is deep  
Within my heart, and deepens daily there.  
I see the want, the woe, the wretchedness,  
Of smarting men, who wear, close pent in towns,  
The galling load of life. The rich, the poor,  
The drunkard, criminal, and they that make  
Him so, and fatten on his tears and blood—  
I bear their sorrows, and I weep their sins:  
Would I could end them! No: I see before  
My race an age or so; and I am sent  
For the stern work, to hew a path among  
The thorns—I take them in my flesh—to tread  
With naked feet the road, and smooth it o'er  
With blood. Well, I shall lay my bones  
In some sharp crevice of the broken way.  
Men shall in better times stand where I fell,  
And journey singing on in perfect bands,  
Where I have trod alone, no arm but God's,  
No voice but His. Enough! —His voice, His arm,

THEODORE PARKER.

THEODORE PARKER was a reformer by nature. His large ideality led him to progressively imagine a better state of things, and his large practical genius helped him to the means thereto. All through his life he was ever found asking of the things he came in contact with, Are they as they ought to be? And if not, how can they be made better? When at college, at about his twenty-fifth year, his humanity thus broke out after reading Plato's *Republic*. "Is a man bad, the good shall teach

him goodness. And the teaching shall be good, not that which renders the vile doubly perverse, for that is unjust. When will this sentiment lie at the foundation of all codes of laws? Penal legislation, now-a-days, has all the effect of the purest injustice, in driving the half-guilty to increased crime, and in making doubly deep the hatred of the revengeful. I doubt not the angel of humanity will beat, with her golden pinions, all prisons to small dust." But even when at college he did not content

himself with theorising : on Sundays he used to walk over to Charlestown to the State Prison, and endeavour to practically carry out what he felt upon a class of prisoners he had there. When at Cape Cod, during his time of candidature, he paid a visit to an Indian settlement about twelve miles from the town. He noticed the poverty, squalor, smoke, and stench of the only real wigwam in the settlement, and listened to the talk of the old squaw who was its occupant. The poor hag had seen trouble ; she said her children were dead. "But," reflects Parker, "she had found the only comfort which the savage receives from the white man ; it peered out from under a bench in the shape of a *jug of gin*." Here again the future reformer manifested himself, and saw one of the chief demons which in after life he would have to labour to exorcise.

It is chiefly in cities that social problems press themselves upon the attention of thinking men ; but through books they pressed themselves upon Parker's mind and heart even during his first pastorate in a sweet country village. It was when he had just settled at West Roxbury that the writings of St. Simon, Victor Considerunt, Charles Fourier, and others of the various schools of socialism, were becoming known in America, and were already creeping into the speculations of reformers. Albert Brisbane's pamphlet, in part a reproduction of Fourier, a *brochure* pointing out the vices and miseries of modern society, and proposing to cure them by reconstructing society itself, from the foundation, on new principles, resting on a new philosophy of human nature, was especially attracting attention at the time. Parker read and pondered it deeply, thought it would do good, was forcibly struck by its portrayal of the evils of society, and expressed himself glad to see the case stated boldly.

"Brownson," he writes in the journal, "has recently written an article on the labouring classes, calculated to call the philosophic to reflection. He thinks inherited property should be given up ; that the relation of master and servant, employer and employed, should cease ; that the priest is the chief curse to society. This makes a great noise. The Whigs, finding their sacramental idea—money—in danger, have come to the rescue with firebrands and the like weapons. Fearful lest the article should do harm, they trumpet forth to the people those doctrines which, if left alone, would come only to scholars. I like much of his article, though his property notions agree not with my view. Yet, certainly the present property scheme entails awful evils upon society, rich no less than poor. This question, first of inherited property, and next of all private property, is to be handled in the nineteenth century, and made to give in its reason why the whole thing should not be abated as a nuisance. Society now rests on a great lie. Money and service have much to answer for. Can one man serve another without being degraded? Yes ; but *not in all relations*. I have no moral right to use the service of another, provided it degrades him in my sight, in that of his fellows, or of himself ; yet personal service is connected with this degradation."

After reading "Murphy's Science of Consciousness," "a queer book, written by a Materialist, Socialist, Owenite," he was led into these reflections :—"This book is but a straw in the stream ; but it shows which way the current sets, and God knows what will be the end of this awful movement. For my single self, I fear the result will be as often before ; the 'rich' and 'noble,' becoming alarmed, will shed blood, and then the mob, getting scent thereof, will wash their hands in the hearts of the

'rich' and 'noble,' and we shall have a worse tragedy in the end of the nineteenth century than in the end of the eighteenth. Heaven save us from an English Reign of Terror ! The same question must be passed on in America. Property must show why it shall not be abated. Labour must show why it should exempt so many from its burdens, and crush others therewith. It is, no doubt, a good thing that I should read the Greek Anthology, and cultivate myself in my leisure, as a musk-melon ripens in the sun ; but why should I be the only one of the thousand who has this chance ? True, I have won it dearly, laboriously ; but others of better ability with less hardihood fail in the attempt, and serve me with the body. It makes me groan to look into the evils of society ; when will there be an end ? I thank God I am not born to set the matter right. I scarce dare attempt a reform of theology ; but I shall be in for the whole, and must condemn the State and Society no less than the Church."

It will thus be seen that Parker, like all intense lovers of their kind, from Jesus down to Dr. Channing, had to experience his doubts as to the justice of holding private property, and to feel an inclination towards socialism. But his strong practical sense prevented him from joining the schemes started by such men as Owen, and his own personal friend, George Ripley. "Ripley," he writes in the journal, "dislikes the customs of property—a father transmitting to his son—but I see no way of avoiding the evil. The sin lies deeper than the transmission of property from getter to enjoyer. It lies in the love of low things, and in the idea that work degrades. We must correct this notion, and then all is well ; and, before that is done, to hew down the institutions of property, and cut the throats of all that own lands, would do little good. How the world

ever came into such a sad state it is difficult to conjecture : how it is to get out of it is impossible to foretell."

In August, 1851, after a tour through Pennsylvania, during which he studied the coal, the rocks, and plants of the mountain district, his old discontent with the unfair distribution of wealth breaks out :—"I am amazed when I think of the material riches which God has stored up in this world as school-furniture for the human race. For, I take it, these great forces which science slowly brings to light, out of the ground, are, at last, to serve the great moral purpose of human life ; to make the mass of men better off, wiser, juster, more affectionate, and more holy in all their life, without and within. But, hitherto, the great results of human science have been for the few, not the many. The steam-ships that weave the two Continents together are palaces for the wealthy man who takes passage in them. But the poor sailor on board them is hardly better off than the Norse seaman who sailed to Labrador, dressed in bearskins, one thousand years ago, and they have not so much self-respect. You might step from the Crystal Palace to St. Giles's parish in London, and what a contrast you would see between the 'London labour and the London poor !' The magnificence of luxury is achieved at immense cost ! The men who make the finery of Birmingham and Brussels, of Lyons and Geneva, never wear it. The ass used to carry papyrus to the Roman bath, but himself was never washed ! So it is now with the workers and their work. You, the Shakers (this was a letter to one of them), I think, have solved the problem of industry with remarkable success. The labour of each blesses all : none is cursed with drudgery, none with idleness, none with poverty, none with the wantonness of unearned riches. Now, I think that,

some time or another, the human race will solve this dreadful problem, and do without poverty as easily as without war. Then these great forces—steam, electricity, and a hundred more which no man dreams of yet, will do their higher work of civilising, moralising, refining, and blessing mankind. We must work and wait.”

He was more especially dissatisfied with society's dealings with the criminal classes, and the unequal justice which the State deals out to men. “The State,” wrote he in the journal, “is a bundle of shams. It is based on force, not love. It is still feudal. A Christian State is an anomaly, like a square circle. Our laws degrade, at the beginning, one half the human race, and sacrifice them to the other and perhaps worsen half. Our prisons are institutions that make more criminals than they mend: seventeen-twentieths of crimes are against property. Society causes crimes and then hangs the criminals.”

Whilst residing at West Roxbury, he went to New York, and visited the city prison there, called the “Tombs.” It is a large block of buildings, embracing a whole square, and comprising a court-house, jail, and yards, the whole forming a magnificent and imposing edifice in the old Egyptian style. He thought the taste which would expend all that architecture on a building so loathsome as a jail was most wretched. He goes on when referring to it—“Shame that the disgrace of society should be thus arrayed in costly dress, and made to flaunt before the public eye! I went into the court-house to see ‘justice’ administered. A negro was on trial in the Court of Sessions for abusing his wife. It seemed to me that the place was well called ‘Egyptian,’ from the darkness that covered over justice there; and ‘Tombs,’ for it appears, as all our court-houses are, the sepulchre of equity. How

can it be ‘justice’ to punish as a crime what the institutions of society render unavoidable? How could anything better be expected of the poor wretches daily brought up to that court, exposed, naked as they are, to all contaminations of corrupt society. This poor negro, on trial for a crime, showed me in miniature the whole of our social institutions. 1. He was the victim of Christian cupidity, and had been a slave. 2. From this he had probably escaped by what was counted a crime by his master; or else was set free by charity, perhaps desiring to cover up its own sins. 3. He was cast loose in a society where his colour debarred him the rights of a man, and forced him to count himself a beast, with nothing to excite self-respect, either in his condition, his history, or his prospects. Poor, wretched man! What is life to him? He is more degraded than the savage; has lost much in leaving Sahara, and gained infamy, cold, hunger, and—the white man’s mercy—a prison of marble. Oh, what wrongs does man heap on man!”

These were the kind of feelings he had, and the kind of reflections he was making, while still minister of the little country parish at West Roxbury. But he had much more reason given him for feeling and reflecting when he became a minister in the large seaport city of Boston. Though invited there as a theological reformer, and knowing his supporters would not have complained had he confined his endeavours to that uphill field, his was not the nature to live in “the city, its sins, and its sorrows,” and not become a reformer of many another kind as well. His love for men and his piety towards the Father of men were too deep and intense for that. With all his other manifold engagements, he found time to look deeply into the vice and suffering of his community, and to devise and try to carry out

preventives thereof and remedies therefor. As James Martineau has written of him, he was greater as a practical reformer even than as a great thinker.

Before relating what in other ways comes to us of Parker's work as a social reformer in Boston, we will first present the reader with his own written "experience."

"When I first came to Boston, I intended to do something for the perishing and dangerous classes in our great towns. The amount of poverty and consequent immorality in Boston is terrible to think of, while you remember the warning of other nations, and look to the day after to-day. Yet it seemed to me the money given by public and private charity—two fountains that never fail in Puritanic Boston—was more than sufficient to relieve it all, and gradually remove the deep-seated and unseen cause which, in the hurry of business and of money, is not attended to. There is a hole in the dim-lit public bridge, where many fall through and perish! Our mercy pulls a few out of the water; it does not stop the hole, nor light the bridge, nor warn men of the peril. We need the great charity that palliates effects of wrong, and the greater justice which removes the cause.

"Then there was drunkenness, which is the greatest concrete curse of the labouring Protestant population of the North, working most hideous and wide-extended desolation. It is as fatal as starvation to the Irish Catholic. None of the four great social forces is its foe. There, too, was prostitution; men and women mutually polluted and polluting, blackening the face of society with dreadful woe. Besides, in our great towns, I found thousands, especially the poorer Irish, oppression driving them to us, who, save the discipline of occasional work, got no education 'here except what the streets taught

them in childhood, or the Popish priest and the American demagogue—their two worst foes.

"Still more, I learned early in life that the criminal is often the victim of society rather than its foe, and that our penal law belongs to the dark ages of brute force, and aims only to protect society by vengeance on the felon, not also to elevate mankind by refining him. In my boyhood I knew a man, the last result of generations of ancestral crime, who spent more than twenty years in our State Prison, and died there, under sentence for life, whose entire illegal thefts did not amount to twenty dollars! and another, not better born, who lawfully stole houses and farms, lived a 'gentleman,' and at death left a considerable estate, and the name of Land-shark. While a theological student I taught a class in the Sunday School of the State Prison, often saw my fellow-townsmen, became well acquainted with several convicts, learned the mode of treatment, and heard the sermons and ghostly prayers which were let fly at the heads of the poor unprotected wretches. I saw the 'orthodox preachers and other helps,' who gave them 'spiritual instruction,' and learned the utter insufficiency of our penal law to mend the felon or prevent his growth in wickedness. When I became your minister I hoped to do something for this class of men, whose crimes are sometimes but a part of their congenital misfortune or social infamy, and who are bereft of the sympathy of mankind, and constitutionally beset with sectarian ministers, whose function is to torment them before their time.

"For all these—the poor, the drunken, and the ignorant, for the prostitute, and the criminal—I meant to do something, under the guidance, perhaps, or certainly with the help, of the controlling men of the town or state; but, alas! I was then fourteen

years younger than now, and did not quite understand all the consequences of my relation to the great social forces; or how much I had offended the religion of the state, the press, the market, and the church. The cry, 'Destroyer,' 'Fanatic,' 'Infidel,' 'Atheist,' 'Enemy of mankind,' was so widely sounded forth that I soon found I could do little in these great philanthropies, where the evil lay at our own door. Many as you are for a religious society, you were too few and too poor to undertake what should be done; and outside of your ranks I could look for little help, even by words and counsel. Besides, I soon found my very name was enough to ruin any new good enterprise. I knew there were three periods in each great movement of mankind—that of sentiment, ideas, and action: I fondly hoped the last had come; but when I found I had reckoned without the host, I turned my attention to the two former, and sought to arouse the sentiment of justice and mercy, and to diffuse the ideas which belonged to this five-fold reformation. Hence I took pains to state the facts of poverty, drunkenness, ignorance, prostitution, crime; to show their cause, their effect, and their mode of cure, leaving it for others to do the practical work. So, if I wanted a measure carried in the Legislature of the town or state, or by some private benevolent society, I did my work by stealth. I sometimes saw my scheme prosper, and read my words in the public reports, while the whole enterprise had been ruined at once if my face or name had appeared in connection with it. I have often found it wise to withhold my name from petitions I have myself set a-going and found successful; I have got up conventions, or mass meetings, whose 'managers' asked me not to show my face thereat."

In summarising Parker's views and action on the principal reforms of his

time, we begin with Temperance and Prohibition, the twofold remedy for Intemperance the *fons malorum* of fully half our social evils. His private journal shows that wherever he was—in Northern or Southern Europe, England, America—he studied deeply the causes and cure of this greatest evil. Economically, morally, socially, ethnologically, nationally, the question interested him. In 1846 he signed the total abstinence pledge, and kept it to the end of his life, with the exception of the alcoholic liquors he took towards the end by the advice of his physicians. Frequently, in his preaching, he used the strongest language in speaking of the monstrous evil of drunkenness, the material and moral ruin it works so widely. His first offence in preaching, so he tells us, came when he first spoke on the misery occasioned by this ghastly vice. Victims of it sat before him, were in great wrath, and never forgave him. Some left his congregation on account of it. He rightly called those who live and flourish upon supplying drinks which give men a diseased appetite, which leads them to sacrifice all to its gratification, "drunkard-makers," for such they are, however their ill-gotten wealth and social conventionalisms may blind men's eyes to the fact. He warned young and old against the monstrous and ugly sin, and never ceased to call on the appointed magistrates to use all their official power to end so fatal a mischief. But in a great trading town he found such calls of little use; the interest of the few was against the virtue of the people. Said he in his "Sermon of the Perishing Classes in Boston"—"They burnt up a man the other day at the distillery in Merrimack Street. You read the story in the daily papers; and remember how the bystanders looked on with horror to see the wounded man attempting with his hands to fend off the flames from his naked



head! Great Heaven! It was not the first man that distillery has burned up! No: not by thousands. You see men about your streets all a-fire; some half-burnt down; some with all the soul burned out, only the cinders left of the man—the shell and wall, and that tumbling and tottering, ready to fall. Who of you who has not lost a relative, at least a friend, in that withering flame?" When the wealthy liquor-traffickers connected with Hollis Street Church turned the Rev. John Pierpont out of that pulpit for preaching against the vice whereby they lived, Parker—as also Dr. Channing—stood by him, and gave the whole of the offenders castigations which they richly deserved.

But while ordinary temperance reformers will go with Parker thus far, he enunciates doctrine in the two following extracts in which they cannot coincide:—"Yet," he wrote in his *Experience*, "I had not accepted the opinion of the leading temperance men, that the use of intoxicating drinks is in itself a moral or a physical evil. I found that they had not only a medical but also a dietetic use to serve, and, in all stages of development above the savage, man resorts to some sort of stimulus as food for the nervous system: for a practice so nearly universal I suppose there must be a cause in man's natural relation to the world of matter." "Wine is a good thing; so is beer, rum, brandy, and the like, when rightly used. I think the teetotallers are right in their practice for these times, but wrong in their principles. I believe it will be found on examination that, other things being equal, men in social life who use stimulants moderately live longer, and have a sounder old age, than teetotallers. I don't know this, but believe it."

The foregoing extracts are unworthy of Parker. The assertion of the first is founded upon an "I suppose," and

of the second upon "I don't know this, but I believe it." There is the excuse for him, however, that he wrote nearly twenty years ago, when overwhelming evidence for total abstinence was not so plentiful as it is now. Surely, the craving for stimulants is not more universal than the tendency to do wrong, and both are permitted for the same purpose, namely, to be resisted, and the causes which induce them to be removed. Then, if Parker had known of the experience of the Temperance Life Assurance and Sick Societies, he would have known that facts ranging over a period of nearly forty years are diametrically opposed to his notion that those "who use stimulants moderately live longer, and have a sounder old age, than teetotallers." We make these comments in our anxiety to save the authority of Theodore Parker from being quoted on the side of the dietetic use of alcohol, feeling assured that had he been living now they would have expressed his own revised belief. To us the great total abstinence movement, springing up as it did from the instinct of the unlettered men of Preston, is a powerful argument in favour of intuition primarily perceiving the truth better than intellect—the principle for which Parker ever contended. For now, after forty years of resistance, the conviction fore-felt by those Lancashire working men is triumphing, and becoming the accepted and proved truth of the philosophical.

Parker also favoured the policy of totally prohibiting the drink traffic, which was adopted in Maine in the winter of 1850-1, and which, at the time we write, is being carried out with greater success than ever before. He wrote of it in the journal:—"They have a new law in Maine, passed last winter, which went into operation in May or June. This prohibits the use [No, the common sale] of all intoxicating drinks except for medical

or mechanical purposes. They are now enforcing it with great vigour. It makes the whole state an *asylum for the drunkard*. The principle was long ago acted on, though, perhaps, not recognised, that the public should seize and destroy things dangerous to the community. Thus no man is allowed to keep a 'dangerous beast.' In France, and perhaps all countries, the government seizes contaminated meat, &c. Instruments for gambling, counterfeiting, &c., are also *contraband of peace*. Suspected persons are deprived of arms in war time. All this is of the same principle. In Ohio there is a party—I hope a large one—that will vote for none but *teetotallers*. If Maine can keep her actual law, and Ohio her contemplated one, for a single generation, it will be of much value to the state."

That has now been done, with what success let the Commissioners sent by the Government of Canada, in 1875, to examine the working of the law in the prohibitory states, answer:—"The Prohibitory Law of the States of Maine and Vermont has been well enforced, and has largely diminished crime and pauperism; and its beneficial effects upon the community have been so fully proved by the experience of over twenty years that there is now no attempt made to repeal it; while in the other States visited—although the law was not so generally enforced—wherever it was brought into full operation the same result of diminution of crime invariably followed. In the cases where the Prohibitory Law was for a short time repealed, intemperance and crime immediately increased to so marked a degree that prohibition was soon re-enacted."

Parker goes on in his comment in 1851:—"The law seems an invasion of private right. It is an invasion, but for the sake of preserving the rights of all; the evils are so monstrous, so patent, so universal, that it

becomes the duty of the State to take care of its citizens—the Whole of its parts. If my house gets on fire, the bells are rung, the neighbourhood called together, the engine brought out, and water put on it till my garret is a swamp. But, as I am fully insured, I don't care for the fire; and I contend that my rights are invaded by the engine-men and their water. They say, 'Sir, you would burn down the town!'"

He held that the moral salvation of men ought to take precedence of all other considerations. He thought government should be other than force: a reflex of the highest intelligence and morality of the times; and that its chief function—as Mr. Gladstone has put it, is—"to make it easy for men to do right and difficult for them to do wrong." Had Parker now been living in England, we doubt not that his formula of a true democracy, namely, "government of the people, for the people, by the people," would have made him an earnest advocate of "local option" in dealing with the indescribable evils of the liquor traffic.

He was an earnest Educational Reformer. He had known, himself, what it was to attain education with great difficulty, as also the great advantages, when attained, it had given him; and he was anxious to replace ignorance, from which springs so many evils, by knowledge, "the wing wherewith we fly to heaven." He himself says:—"As I was a schoolmaster at seventeen, though more from necessity than early fitness I fear, and chairman of a town school committee at twenty-two, I have naturally felt much interest in the education of the people, and have often preached thereon. But I have seen the great defect of our culture, both in public and private schools; our education is almost entirely intellectual, not also moral, affectional, and religious. The Sunday-schools by no means remedy this

evil, or attempt to mend it; they smartly exercise the devotional feelings, accustom their pupils to a certain ritualism, which is destined only to serve ecclesiastical and not humane purposes; they teach some moral precepts of great value, but their chief function is to communicate theological doctrine, based on the alleged supernatural revelation, and confirmed by miracles, which often confound the intellect and befool the conscience. They do not even attempt any development of the higher faculties to an original activity at all commensurate with the vigorous action of the understanding. In the public schools there are sometimes devotional exercises, good in themselves, but little pains is directly taken to educate or even instruct the deeper faculties of our nature. The evil seems to increase; for of late years many of the reading-books of our public and private schools seem to have been compiled by men with only the desire of gain for their motive, who have rejected those pieces of prose or poetry which appeal to what is deepest in human nature, rouse indignation against successful wrong, and fill the child with generous sentiments and great ideas. Sunday-school books seem yet worse, so loaded with the superstitions of the sects. The heroism of this age finds no voice nor language in our schools." He thought the great defect of modern colleges is that while they do much to develop the intellect, they do little to develop the conscience, the affections, and the soul. Hence that colleges were seldom places where the youth of the nation found the enthusiasm for humanity which is desirable in the future leaders of society; and that the practical result was that the class which has the superior education—ministers, professors, lawyers, doctors, and the like—is not only never a leader in any of the great humane movements of the age but it continually retards all

efforts to reform evil institutions, or otherwise directly increase the present welfare or the future progress of mankind. The scholars' culture palsied their natural instincts of humanity, and gave them instead, neither the personal convictions of free moral reflection nor the traditional commands of church authority, but only the maxims of vulgar thrift, "get the most and give the least; buy cheap and sell dear!" Knowing these facts—and he found them out pretty early—he told them often in public, and showed the need of a thorough reform in educational institutions. Still more, he ever urged on the members of his own congregation to give their children such a great development of the moral, affectional, and religious powers as should preserve all the high instincts of nature, while it enriched every faculty by the information given.

Parker was strongly opposed to war; and in his discourses and lectures he showed its enormous cost in money and men, and the havoc it makes of public and private virtue. He tried to discourage the "excessive lust for land," that aggressive and invasive spirit which is characteristic of both the American and British people. He thought it clear that the strongest races would ultimately supplant the feebler and take their place, as the strong grasses outroot the weak from the farmer's meadow. But the work needed not to be done by violence or any form of wrong. Yet he never fell in with the views of the peace-at-any-price party—with the doctrine of non-resistance. He thus wrote about this one time in a letter:—"In respect to repelling force by force, I should differ from you widely. I respect the conduct of the Friends in this matter very much, and their motives also, but I do not share their opinions. I follow what seems to me the light of nature. It appears to me, the opinion of Jesus is made too much

of in this particular. He supposed the 'world' was soon to end, and the 'kingdom of heaven' was presently to be established. He therefore commands his followers to '*resist not evil*'—not only not to resist with violence, but not at all. In like manner he tells them to 'take no thought for the morrow.' These counsels, I take it, were given in the absolute sense of the words, and would do well enough for a world with no future; the day was 'at hand' when the Son of Man should come with power and great glory, and give fourfold for all given in charity, and eternal life besides. But the Son of Man (or God) is to use violence of the most terrible character (Matt. xxv. 31-46). Men were not to take vengeance, or even to resist wrong; not to meditate the defence they were to make when brought before a court—all was to be done for them by supernatural power. These things being so, with all my veneration for the character of Jesus, and my reverence for his general principles of morality and religion, I cannot accept his rule of conduct in such matters. Yet I think violence is resorted to nine times when it is needless to every one instance when it is needed. I have never preached against the doctrine of the non-resistants, but often against the excess of violence in the State, the Church, the community, and the family. I think cases may occur in which it would be my duty to repel violence, even with taking life. Better men than I am think quite differently, and I respect their conscientiousness, but must be ruled by my own conscience; and, till otherwise enlightened, should use violence, if need be, to help a fugitive."

He was strongly opposed to capital punishment. It is true he did not often refer to it, for it is not a continuous evil like most others, but one which only manifests itself now and

again. But when he did speak, it was with no uncertain sound. The two following extracts from the journal will show his sentiments:—"May 30, 1845.—Attended the Anti-Capital Punishment Meeting; nothing remarkable, but as a sign of the times. Soon this sin of judicial murder will be over." "Aug. 30, 1850.—To-day, by command of the Governor of Massachusetts, Dr. John White Webster, professor of chemistry and mineralogy in Harvard University, was hanged in the jail-yard at Boston. This is the second execution at Boston within a very few years; and it is a terrible sin—it seems to me—thus to take the life of a man 'completely in our power. The laws deal equally with the poor negro and the well-educated and respectable professor; but I think it cannot be long that we shall continue thus to kill men for killing man." Of his interest in the connected subject of the punishment of criminals we have already spoken, and those who peruse his "Sermon of the Perishing Classes" will notice how deeply he must have studied all connected with penal policy.

Very deeply was he interested in, and much he preached and lectured on, the Condition of Woman. He knew the great ineffaceable difference between the spiritual constitution of her and man, and the consequent difference in their individual, domestic, and social functions; but, examining the matter both philosophically and historically, it seemed clear to him that woman was man's equal, individually and socially entitled to the same rights. He thought woman's present condition was sadly unfortunate; for, whether treated as a doll or a drudge, she is practically regarded as man's inferior, intended by nature to be subordinate to him, subservient to his purposes; not a free spiritual individuality like him, but a dependent parasite or a commanded servant. He said this idea

appeared in all civilised legislation ; and in the "revealed religion" of Jews and Christians, as well as in that of Brahmins and Mohammedans. He thought it unjust that no public provision was made to secure superior education for girls as for boys ; that woman should have no place in the superior industries—be shut out from the learned professions and the higher departments of trade, limited to domestic duties, and other callings which pay but little ; that when she does a man's service she should have but half his reward ; that no political rights should be awarded to her ; that she should always be taxed and never represented. He further pointed out that, if married, her husband has legally an unnatural control over her property and her person, and, in case of separation, over her children. He said that no talents, no genius, could secure a poor man's daughter her natural share in the high culture of the age, as they can the poor man's son. All this he traced to the false idea, which woman herself often shares in the heroic degree, that she is by nature inferior to man ; and he contended that prostitution and its half-known evils came from this as naturally as crime and drunkenness from squalid want—as plants from seeds. He preached the equivalency of man and woman—that each in some particular is inferior to the other ; but that, on the whole, mankind and womankind, though so diverse, are yet equal in their natural faculties ; and he set forth the evils which come to both from her present inferior position, her exclusion from the high places of social or political trust. He thought woman would generally prefer domestic to public functions, and he found no philosophical or historic argument for thinking she would ever incline much to the rough work of man, or take any considerable part in politics ; but he demanded that she should decide that

question for herself, choose her own place of action, have her vote in all political matters, and be eligible to any office. In special, he urged on the attention of his congregation to attend to the education of young women, not only in accomplishments—which, he said, are so often laborious in the process, only to be ridiculous in the display, and idle in their results—but in the grave discipline of study, and for the practical duties of life.

But in this, as in other matters, Parker was not content to merely theorise, or even preach. In Boston concrete phases of the evil confronted him, and he did what he could to ameliorate them. He called attention to the condition of the friendless girls in the streets of Boston, "the most abandoned of the perishing class, who would soon become the most harmful of the dangerous class—for prostitution is always twofold, male as well as female damnation." Along with Wendell Phillips, Hannah Stevenson (a kind of American Florence Nightingale, who resided with Parker and his wife for many years), Edmund Jackson, and others, he formed a society for the protection of girls whom idleness and vagrant habits led into temptation and made offenders against the laws. The Rev. John T. Sargent undertook to be the agent of the Society in the courts and elsewhere, becoming bail for such as he thought deserving, and rescuing others before they became offenders ; the Society also furnished a temporary home for them in the city, instruction in the means of gaining a living, and places in the country towns of New England for such as needed them. Such was his desire to befriend these poor street-girls on their way to the brothel, that one Sunday afternoon in 1854, when sick, tormented with rheumatism, laid on the sofa, he is found writing to a company of philanthropists to beg of them to come



and devise some means to help them.

The philanthropic work of Charles Loring Brace in New York, especially as it bore on the condition of the tempted street-girls, interested him exceedingly; and he went several times to Mr. Brace for the purpose of consulting him on his methods and results. An extract from a letter, written after he had been several years at Boston, will show how deeply he at times felt the sin and suffering around him, and how his optimism still enabled him to go on with philanthropic work:—"I know not what is to be done. The industrial feudalism of the nineteenth century leads to some terrible results. As I look about Boston, I see the ghastly misery of social life, and know not what to do. Last Sunday afternoon I preached at Deer Island, to a congregation of drunkards (men and women), and street-walking harlots, in a sort of hospital. There I saw some forty to sixty broken-down women of the town, in bed with the venereal disease! I see daily sights in Boston of awful sin and misery, not the product of lust alone, but of intemperance, ignorance, poverty, and manifold crime, which make me shudder. All that I can do seems like putting a straw into the ocean to stop the tide. But I do not despair of mankind. No, never! It is better than ever before, and the good God has a remedy for it all."

How further he was interested in the work of even the humblest philanthropists of Boston will be shown by the following notice of the death of John Augustus—a sort of American John Pounds:—"John Augustus is dead. I knew him well—have known him from my boyhood. He married my cousin—a favourite niece of my mother, who I think brought her up; but they were married before I was born. His death is a public loss. I should have preached an occasional

sermon on his death had I been at the Music Hall. His life was a great lesson. He was the friend of publicans and sinners to a greater degree than Jesus of Nazareth—if we rely on the records. He had a genius for philanthropy: it showed itself in Lexington, where he lived and carried on the shoemaking business from 1810 till 1829 or 1830. He was an odd man, queer and fantastical, but honest, self-sacrificing, and extraordinarily given to help the helpless and love the unlovely. His character was sweet, and clean, and beautiful. All the members of the United States Supreme Court might die next month, and the President of the United States follow suit, and half the Governors of the Union, and, unitedly, they would not be so great a loss as poor old John Augustus. The fair record of his life since 1810 (he was born about 1785, the illegitimate son of somebody), especially since 1830, would be one of the most extraordinary and instructive pieces of biography ever written. Ministers preach benevolence and beneficence—he *went and did it*. How many common prostitutes did he pick out of that Slough of Despond! how many drunkards save from the pit of ruin! how many thieves, and robbers, and other infamous persons, did he help out of their wickedness! I wish the lives of merchants like Hovey and John L. Emmons, of deacons like Moses Grant, and shoemakers like John Augustus, could be written. 'The Life and Works' of Calvin Whiting would be worth two or three lives of King Do-nought, or of Murderous the Great. Pope Gregory XVI. will have his life written in many languages, but there will be no history of Hovey, and Emmons, and Grant, and Augustus, and Whiting, and Saint Matilda, and the other angels of justice, of charity, of mercy, whom you and I know." Another humble Boston philanthropist, Father



Taylor, the Methodist sailors' preacher, whom Charles Dickens describes in "American Notes," had practical reason for saying of Parker, after his death, "Don't tell me that Theodore Parker has gone to hell. He was so good a man that the devil would not know what to do with him."

He was sorely oppressed with the misery incident to thoughtless marriages, as extracts we have given, when recording his own, will show. The following letter to Miss F. P. Cobbe, written about a year before his death, will further show his sentiments on this important subject:—"I have not touched this great matter [Divorce] for two reasons: (1) I don't feel quite competent to deal with it, and perhaps never shall, even if I live; and (2) things are going on very well without my interference, perhaps better without it. All the progressive States of America are changing their laws of divorce, and in New England they have altered much in fifty or even in twenty years. The instinct and reflection of the people demand a change. In the new Western States the alterations are very great and rapid. In private, I do *not* share the opinions attributed to me, and have painfully spent much time in attempting to reconcile married people who at first sought a divorce. Yet, out of many trials, I remember but *one* where the attempt was at all successful. I have small sympathy with men and women who would either make or break a marriage lightly; but I do not think material adultery is the only breach of marriage. I think I once petitioned the Massachusetts Legislature to make habitual drunkenness a ground for divorce, if the aggrieved party desired it. But proper notions of marriage, and so of divorce, can only come as the result of a slow but thorough revolution in the idea of woman. At present all is chaotic in the relation between her and man; hence the ghastly evils of

involuntary celibacy, of unnatural marriage, and of that dreadful and many-formed vice which disgraces our civilisation. But we shall gradually outgrow this feudalism of women, and Kosmos will come where Chaos was. I have few things more at heart than the elevation of woman, and have written much on that theme which may never see the light."

He was a strong advocate of the political franchise being extended to women, feeling convinced that justice would never be done while the female half of nations had to depend for representation upon the male half; to say nothing of the evil which comes from the absence of the good which woman's nature, patriotically and politically developed, might bring into politics. On June 3, 1853, along with Lucy Stone, Wendell Phillips, and T. W. Higginson, Parker appeared before a Committee appointed to revise the Constitution of Massachusetts, and made an earnest appeal for the admission of women to political rights.

For all this, however, he was not oblivious to the objections raised by the opponents of Woman Suffrage. Here, for instance, is an extract from a letter of his to a young woman correspondent, which must delight the greatest háter of "political females":—"I am glad you are busy with work of the house and dairy; that you can make good bread (I think it one of the fine arts), and also good butter. We lived (or stayed) ten weeks at St. Croix, and had never a morsel of tolerable bread. There are few American women who can make a decent article: many of them commit the (female) sin against the Holy Ghost continually by transfiguring good meal into bad bread. I should rather be famous for bread and butter than famous for straddling about on platforms, and making a noise in public meetings, and getting into the newspapers, as many women

do." Yet he knew, too, that all women are not fitted for bakers any more than are all men; and that there is no reason a woman may not be domesticated and clever in housework and, in addition, take an interest in the welfare of her country. In the journal, in 1859, he wrote:—"It is surprising to notice the odds between the talk of men and women, who bear the same relation to mankind and to humankind. The women talk so much more on trifles; and when they treat important matters, it is in a comparatively poor and narrow manner. If half the American Senate were women, who should bear the same relation to their female constituents as the men to the male, I think half (perhaps more than half) of the debate would be of a strange character." Yet he knew that this was largely the result of the lack of incentive and opportunity to become other which women have experienced at the hands of men; for, had men

always been treated as have women, they would have been as little fit to talk philosophically on political matters. To us it seems that the best way to make women fit to engage in politics wisely is to give them votes, and interest them in politics; just as the best way for a man to learn to swim is for him to enter the water and struggle to overcome his inability. Otherwise, it is unfair to expect fitness—though even now many women we know are much more fitted to exercise the franchise than many men we know who have it. Parker rightly felt that justice ought to be done, however difficult and troublesome it might prove in details of operation. He knew that the greatest hope is ever to be placed in humanity in a condition of liberty—that, thus conditioned, woman, no less than man, would be likely to rise out of her shortcomings, and become his helpmeet in politics as in other matters.



## CHAPTER XX.

## THE SAINT.

"O Thou eternal One, may I commune  
 With Thee, and for a moment bathe my soul  
 In Thy infinity, Mother and Sire  
 Of all that are? In all that is art Thou;  
 Being is but by Thee, of Thee, in Thee;  
 Yet, far Thou reachest forth beyond the scope  
 Of space and time, or verge of human thought.  
 Transcendent God! Yet, ever immanent  
 In all that is, I flee to Thee, and seek  
 Repose and soothing in my Mother's breast.  
 O God, I cannot fear, for Thou art love,  
 And wheresoe'er I grope I feel Thy breath!  
 Yea, in the storm which wrecks an argosy,  
 Or in the surges of the sea of men  
 When empires perish, I behold Thy face,  
 I hear Thy voice, which gives the law to all  
 The furies of the storm, and Law proclaims,  
 'Peace, troubled waves, serve ye the right—be still!  
 From all this dusty world Thou wilt not lose  
 A molecule of earth, nor spark of light.  
 I cannot fear a single flash of soul  
 Shall ever fail, outcast from Thee, forgot,  
 Father and Mother of all things that are,  
 I flee to Thee and in Thy arms find rest.  
 My God! how shall I thank Thee for Thy love!  
 Tears must defile my sacramental words,  
 And daily prayer be daily penitence  
 For actions, feelings, thoughts, which are amiss;  
 Yet will I not say, 'God forgive!' for thou  
 Hast made the effect to follow cause, and bless  
 The erring, sinning man. Then, let my sin  
 Continual find me out, and make me clean  
 From all transgression, purified and bless'd!"

*Prayer from PARKER'S Private Journal.*

WHEN, some few years after  
 Parker's death, his followers  
 in Boston had built the Parker Mem-  
 orial Hall in that city, an American  
 newspaper remarked that from the  
 estimation they held of his person and  
 his ideas they ought to term him "St.  
 Theodore." This we are not exactly  
 going to do in this chapter; but feeling,  
 as we do, that no grander exhibition  
 of manly piety than that displayed in  
 his life has been made known in  
 modern times, we are going to attempt,  
 as we think it desirable, a slight sketch  
 of him on his more immediate saintly  
 side; albeit many evidences thereof  
 have already appeared in these pages.  
 By "saint" we do not mean what  
 Roman Catholics or High Churchmen

would understand by the term: a man  
 or woman who forsakes the practical  
 duties of life in order to completely  
 devote himself or herself to pious  
 asceticism and mysticism. To us, such  
 are not "saints" but fanatics. But  
 we mean a man who makes conscious  
 communion with God the spring of  
 all his motives; who feels, thinks,  
 acts, under an abiding impression of  
 responsibility to the All-Perfect God,  
 and who, in consequence, seeks to  
 serve God and man with every power  
 and faculty of body, mind, and spirit.  
 Among these true saints we place  
 Theodore Parker high on the roll.  
 Hardly ever was there a man who  
 lived more in God and God in him;  
 and never was there a man who, in

consequence, more faithfully served Deity and humanity than did this great "prophet of the absolute goodness of God." As Miss Cobbe has written of him :—" His doctrines and his life were one. What he preached to the world he had first found in the depth of his own consciousness, and that which he preached he lived out in his own noble life. He seemed always to live in the light of God's love, and to be able to work for his fellows with the unwavering faith and tireless energy of one who actually beheld in vision the foregleam of an immortality, wherein all souls shall be redeemed and glorified." In studying his private records, nothing comes out more clearly than that he had found his centre in God—the oneness with Him of which Jesus speaks. God is the source of his enthusiasm for humanity, of his aspirations for perfection, and God is his consolation when disappointments and despondency come respecting either or both. To Parker as to St. Paul, "God" was "all in all."

Already, in the chapters devoted to his early life, we have spoken of his fervent natural piety at that time. Passing on to the time when he went to Boston, and became an assistant-schoolmaster, we again soon find continued manifestations of it. For instance, when he drew up the rules for physical and mental guidance, quoted in an early chapter, he also added several for his moral and spiritual guidance. These we copy, as they are to be found written in his journal, calling attention to the evident fact that they are such as could only emanate from a deeply pious nature. "I. Preserve devoutness, by—1. Contemplation of nature ; 2. Of the attributes of God ; 3. Of my own dependence ; 4. By prayer, at night and morn, and at all times when devout feelings come over me. II. Preserve gratitude by reflections upon God's mercies to me—1. In giving

blessings unasked ; 2. In answering prayers. III. Restrain licentiousness of imagination, which comprehends many particulars that must not be committed to paper, lest the paper blush." The last shows his transparency and depth of sincerity. So outwardly pure was his life that those who knew him best read this with surprise, for otherwise they never for a moment could have thought that such matters had ever been a trouble to him. Indeed, only the purest and most sensitive of men could have made such an entry in his journal. Sainly purity was the characteristic he maintained in all his relations and references to the opposite sex. This is the impression which a perusal of his allusions to them and his correspondence with them must give to all minds. To the end of life the society of women was more attractive to him than that of men, and he sometimes wondered whether it was their affection or the beauty of their mind that attracted him to them. Perhaps it may have been because he was, as Miss Cobbe says of him, a woman in the depth of his love.

At the time when the rules just referred to were drawn up, his religious sentiments had a tinge of Puritanism in them. In 1834, he wrote to his nephew, a young man older than himself :—"One thing in your letter did displease me : I mean the unholy manner in which you quoted words of sacred writ. Such use of Scripture, you know, is inconsistent with the Christian spirit, and you will only need to have its bad tendency pointed out to avoid it in the future." A month later he again wrote his nephew :—"Do you attend Mr. Barry's (Unitarian) church constantly? Are you yet a member? If not, I do not accuse you ; yet I think it is the duty of everyone to employ all the means of religion within reach, and this is certainly a powerful one. It is not an end to be obtained : it is one of

the means to promote spiritual-mindedness and true piety. Perhaps you think keeping the law and being merely a good moral man is religion : I think not. Do not think I mean to reproach you. It is only my intention to *warn*." In another letter, written a few weeks later, Parker told him :—"I am glad you find delight in worshipping where you do. I hope God will hear your prayers, and always grant you happiness in your belief, which I will never exhort you to change, though every conscientious man would prefer all his friends to be of his own persuasion. So a man is a Christian, it makes little difference whether he is a Calvinist or a Lutheran, Papist or Protestant." This last was the opinion of the gracious young man ; further knowledge and experience showed Parker that it does matter whether a man holds an enlightened or superstitious belief ; and hence his own desire to reform the popular theology. Further on in this correspondence with his nephew he tells him :—"Remember, there is no standing still in religion. If you are not going forward, you are falling backward. Strive for greater eminence in religion. Labour to be more constant in prayer, more exact in self-watchfulness, more perfect in your outward conduct. But, above all, strive, watch, pray, to be more pure in heart. This is the one thing needful. So far as you fail of this, though you attend all the meetings in the country, and pray with the force of a martyr—nay, though you die a martyr—you fail of religion ; you come short of the requirements of Christianity. Do not forget charity for men's opinions, defects ; yes, for their crimes. Do not slight and scorn a man because you think he is less religious than you." In other parts of this correspondence, which all took place while Parker was a student at Divinity Hall, he thus further expresses his religious mind at the

time :—"If it is a man's duty to be devout in prayer, it is no less so to be devout in business. God never commanded us to be charitable and kind an hour in the morning, and suffered us to be peevish and revengeful all the rest of the day. We are not to keep one day holy, and defile all the rest." "By religion I mean total obedience to the will of God in all things, the most trifling as well as the most important. This is the religion of the Apostles, the religion of Christ. Its points are self-distrust, meekness, *cheerfulness, joy, faith, love*. If any man on earth has cause to be joyful, it is the Christian." "I consider a man's duty to be this—to *do the most good and the least evil possible*. But how is this to be done ? To whom is this to be done ? A man of tolerable intellect, a little education, quite late in life *becomes religious* ; feels an earnest desire to 'do good,' to 'benefit mankind,' so he leaves his business, and, half-educated as he is, becomes a preacher. Now, the man's motive may be the best possible ; his desire to 'do good' may be worthy of angels : but he entirely mistakes the meaning of assisting man. He actually retards the growth of religion, and *puts back the truth*, good as his heart is."

Four months after writing the last extract he entered on his last college term, and again he committed a pious soliloquy to the journal :—"April 21. It is now the commencement of a new term—of my last term of study in college. Where shall the end of it send me—what will become of me then ? What will eventually become my destiny ? What preacher shall I be ? And where shall I find a resting place ? All these questions come up with mighty force—they weigh heavily at times upon my soul. A part of the decision of these great questions rests with me, a part upon something exterior to myself—upon Providence. For *my own* part alone feel I any

anxiety. God has ever protected me ; and, even in the times when there seemed no possible way of escape from present and impending disaster, His hand has shown a way. Shall I distrust it now ? Oh, no, I do not—I cannot. The Almighty will doubtless give me more than I deserve—why should I fear ? Wherever I am cast I can be happy. I will attempt to do my duty. But there are others dear to my heart. Shall I disappoint their cherished hopes ? Oh, no ! Much depends upon this little term. May I improve its blessings right."

Just before the conclusion of the term, when he preached for the first time in public, he felt much annoyed at himself for not having—through spending the time immediately before the service in "doing the agreeable" to his friends—been able to enter better into the spirit of it, and next day, after recording the fact in the journal, he is constrained to go on :—"May God in his mercy grant me power to improve in this holy duty. May I grow from strength to strength, increasing continually in godliness and wisdom, and thus show forth pure and holy Christianity in my life, no less than in my teachings. Oh, God, wilt thou help me to become more pure in heart, more holy and better able to restrain all impetuous desires and unholy passions ; may I 'put down every high thing' that would exalt itself against the perfect law of God. Help me in the intercourse of life to discharge my duties with a more Christianlike fidelity ; to love Thee the more, and those with whom I am to deal !"

Afterwards, during his days of "candidating," we find the same pious spirit breaking out in his letters to Miss Cabot ; and when she questions if he is so unworthy as he represents himself, he replies :—"You have none of these stormy, violent passions that sweep tornado-like through my

heart. So I speak truth when I repeat my own unworthiness." Thus wrote the young man who, a few years later, was to have self-esteem given, by his opponents, as explaining his highest motive of action ! About the same time he wrote thus to Miss Cabot he was studying Plato ; and along with thoughts from that immortal writer copied into the journal, there appear devout prayers for help to manifest a consecrated life. "Give me," he prays, "an understanding heart ; let me not only know, but feel, that my duty, my nature, my destination, demand continued labour and earnest action. Give me rest for my soul. Help me to control impetuous passions, to rule my own spirit, to obtain a sublime command over all appetite and desire, bringing every thought into subjection to the law of my being."

About the year 1840, he passed through the conflict which most thoughtful men have to go through against the difficult problem—Given an Infinitely Perfect God, how are we to account for the moral and physical evil to be found in His creation ? For his full answers to this difficulty we must refer the reader to his sermons, "Of the Economy of Moral Error," and "Of the Economy of Pain," as also to other of his works in which he deals with the question ; we content ourselves here with saying that he found his best solution in the revelation of God which he found in his own heart. "Were I," wrote he, "to draw conclusions solely from organic nature, what attributes should I ascribe to the cause of the world ? Certainly not just the same I now give Him. But, looking into my consciousness, I find there a different idea of a God ; so the first witness is insufficient—the last perfectly competent. I do not understand how all the evil which man inflicts upon another animal, or one animal upon its fellow, can consist with the ultimate



happiness of that animal; but, if God is infinitely just, it must be so. I know how all things may work together for the good of the extremest suffering among men, but not among brutes. Now, in estimating the phenomena of evil, my own faith says there is a perfect system of optimism in the world; that each man's life is to him an infinite good. Of course all his physical evils must be means of progress, all his errors likewise unavoidable steps in his course to happiness. But to legitimate this in the court of the understanding, where all other truths are legitimated, I find difficult. Faith has nothing to do there. I will imagine a person who denies that all things work together for good, and suppose myself to reply to the arguments I should bring in such a case. I should not know how to answer him: I should appeal solely to faith for my own satisfaction."

It was evident from this that the man whom the churches were so ready to dub "infidel" was far from being a man lacking faith. As he wrote in a letter in 1846:—"I have no lack of faith—not belief in the Thirty-nine Articles, in the Creed, or the Catechism; but trust in God. I am content to walk by that. I often find I can *feel* further than I can *see*; and, accordingly, I rest the great doctrines of Christianity, not on reasoning, but reason on intuition." This complete trust in God again comes out in the "Discourse of Speculative Theism:"—"When I see the suffering of animals, the father-alligator eating up his sons and daughters, and the mother-alligator seeking to keep them from his jaws; when I see the sparrow falling at a dandy's shot; I know that these things have been provided for by the God of the alligator and the sparrow, and that the universe is lodged as collateral security to ensure bliss to every sparrow that falls."

An Oriental legend says that when everybody around the carcase of a

dead dog, lying in the street, was calling attention to its loathsomeness and ugliness, Jesus came up and said, "But how white and beautiful are its teeth." In like manner, Parker's buoyant temperament enabled him to overcome the terrible realism of his thought and find overwhelming good in the things of most evil. "At different stages of life," he wrote to Miss Elizabeth Peabody, "I have been amazed at the power and the wisdom that are involved in the creative act. But of later years, as I look more through the surfaces of things, or at least try to do so, it is the beauty and *loving-kindness* of God that strikes me most. I think with you that we can apprehend the creative moment through love, and through that alone. It is this that solves all the mystery; it cares little for the details of the work, but tells us at once—"Out of the depths of infinite love God drew forth the world. Oh, mortal, whoever thou art, thank God that thou art born; and take courage, for thou also art a child of infinite love, and all of thy past is working on thy behalf. So fear not; what though you weep a little while you scatter the seed, and the cold rain of spring drenches and chills you, from this very field you shall fill your bosom with sheaves of satisfaction." To me this thought, this feeling, is enough to wipe the tear from my eye at any time. It is infinite counsel and infinite comfort. It has been adequate for all the trials I have yet found, and I trust it 'will keep me' till the world ends. I often wish I could impart this same feeling to others. But the attempts always remind me of the truth in Plato, 'It of all things is the most difficult to find out God, and impossible to communicate Him to others.' Yet it has come to me with little *conscious* difficulty. I sometimes try—yes, it is the object of my preaching—to lead all to this same 'watch-tower in the skies;' but they tell me,

'Look at the evil, the wretchedness, the sin of the world—the wrongs that patient merit of the unworthy takes,' as if I could not see them all, and feel some of them. I wish you would tell me, my dear Elizabeth, some better method of doing this. You are the all-sympathiser, and must know how to do *this* kindly office also."

The foregoing was written in 1840. A year later, in a letter to the same correspondent, he thus devoutly expresses himself on the subjects of Christian tranquillity and the Divine and human wills:—"As Christian tranquillity is the fairest and costliest fruit on the Christian stem, so it is the last that matures. Even Paul, great-minded and deep-hearted as he was, could not find it till old age. Paul the *aged* alone could say, '*I have fought* the good fight. I have finished my course. I know whom I have served, and am *thereby persuaded* that God is able to keep what I have committed unto him. God hath not given me the spirit of fear, but of love and of a sound mind.' Even if you are not yet *triumphant*, I know that you will be. The human will is strong and excellent; but not the strongest nor most excellent; when perfectly coincident with the will of God, I suppose we are not conscious of any *personal* will. Then the infinite flows through us and we are blessed." The devout American had evidently his Nirvana as has the devout Buddhist, though there might not be exact agreement between them on the matter of personal consciousness. Was not Parker also at one with the devout Methodist in his belief in final and complete sanctification? It is wonderful to note how closely men of widely divergent theologies agree in the heart of their beliefs.

In 1845, when just entering on his work at Boston, and in the midst of his manifold trials and persecutions,

he made the following religious reflections in an entry in the journal:—"I have but one resource, and that is to overcome evil with good—much evil with more good; old evil with new good. Sometimes when I receive a fresh insult it makes my blood rise for a moment; then it is over, and I seek, if possible, to do some good, secretly, to the person. *It takes away the grief of a wound amazingly.* To be true to God, and 'that one talent which 'tis death to hide'—this depends on me. To know that I am thus true depends on others; and if they know it not, why that is not my affair but theirs! Sometimes I wish that death would come and fan me to sleep with his wings; but faith soon stops that murmur, and a 'Thy will be done!' is prayer enough for me." Thus he resolved. The last year of his life he wrote a letter to a friend, which he begged him not to show to anyone else, an extract from which will show how nearly he succeeded in his resolve. "No man," wrote he in that letter—"No man in America, since Adams and Jefferson, has been so abused in public and private. But I confess to you, Livermore, I have never felt a resentful feeling against anyone which lasted from sundown till sunrise, except in two cases—atrocious cases they were, too. For a year I felt emotions I did not like towards one man; he took pains to insult me whenever we met, so I avoided him. But during that time I never spoke an ill word of him. At length I saw him in the street one day, went over and took his cold, unwilling hand, and asked tenderly after his little ones. At length he caved in; and though he has since changed neither character nor conduct, I feel different towards him and free to criticise his acts. The other man did not trouble me a month."

Thus he was ever striving to be religious—religious towards man and religious towards God. He had more

than his share of trouble, but he was determined to say and live, "Thy will, not mine, be done." "If I could be well," he wrote in 1848, "well enough to work, to do a man's duty, I should be glad. Yet that is not a thing I ever mention in my prayers. I am content, yes, content, to pay the price of violating the laws of the body in struggling for an education; though I knew not what I did." Again, in writing to his friend, Dr. Francis, in 1852, the same spirit of religious resignation permeates him:—"Really, my good friend, it seems to me you ought to be happy. Think of me, hated, shunned, hooted at—not half a dozen ministers in the land but they abhor me, call me 'infidel.' I have no child, and the worst reputation of any minister in all America. Yet I think I am not ill-used, take it altogether. I am a happy man. None of these things disturb me. I have my own duty to do, and joys to delight in. Think of these poor German scholars in Boston—poor, companionless exiles, set down in vulgar Tory Boston, shivering with cold, yet thanking God that it is not an Austrian dungeon. Why, you and I might have 'glorified God in the grass-market' if we had lived 200 years ago, or 3000 miles east of New England. I have had quite as good a time in the world as I ever merited, and daily bless God for favours undeserved."

This characteristic spirit of his, of finding the hand of the good God in all the trials which came to him, is beautifully declared in the letter he wrote to his congregation near the close of his life. "Several times in my life," wrote he, "has it happened that I have met with what seemed worse than death; and, in my short-sighted folly, I said, 'Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest!' Yet my griefs all turned into blessings; the joyous seed I planted came up disci-

pline, and I wished to tear it from the ground; but it flowered fair, and bore a sweeter, sounder fruit than I expected from what I set in earth. As I look over my life, I find no disappointment and no sorrow I could afford to lose; the cloudy morning has turned out the fairer day; the wounds of my enemies have done me good. So wondrous is this human life, not ruled by fate, but Providence, which is Wisdom married unto Love, each infinite! If I recover wholly, or but in part, I see new sources of power besides these waters of affliction I have stopped at; I shall not think I have gone through 'the Valley of Baca' in vain, nor begrudge the time that I have lingered there, seeming idle; rainy days also help to seed the ground."

The anxiety he felt to make his life truly religious led him to sensitively seek to make his services and preaching so also. Of all the criticism which the Melodeon and Music Hall ministrations received—and they received every kind—he cared little except when their devotional character was questioned. So eminently devotional was he felt to be that this was most rarely done, yet occasionally it was. When, for instance, Dr. S. G. Howe told a friend of Parker's that he did not go oftener to hear him, because he did not satisfy his religious nature: he preferred the Swedenborgian chapel—Parker was wounded deeply. "This is, in reality," wrote he in his private journal, "the most painful criticism I ever heard made on my ministry. I never before heard of anyone as objecting to my preaching that it was not religious enough. Several have gone away for various reasons—these because I preached against war; those because I preached against slavery; yet others because I preached against intemperance and the making drunkards of men; others again because I spoke of the misdeeds of the political

parties. Some have left me because I did not believe the popular theology, and so hurt their feelings (all that is natural); several more because the place was not respectable, and the audience was composed chiefly of 'grocers and mechanics;' but this is the first that I know of who has gone elsewhere because the preaching was not *religious* enough. But who knows how many have been grieved away by the same thing? 'God help me to know myself, that I may see how frail I am!' Dr. Howe said that other men went down into the deep places of his heart more than I, and gave him a glow of religion which I failed to produce. Professor Porter accused me of sentimentalism in religion. I did not think that was true of a man that wore a blue frock, and held the plough, and mowed hay, and delivered temperance lectures, and stormed round the land preaching anti-slavery, and making such a tumult as I once made; but it was nearer my own judgment of myself than this of Dr. Howe. I once loved pleasure; and religion kept me in. I loved money, even now have a passion for acquisition, and once resolved to accumulate a hundred thousand dollars; but religion forbade me to be rich while the poor needed food and the ignorant to go to college. I love ease, but I don't take it. Religion keeps me at this desk, and sends me to a thousand things which even now I like not to do. I love fame, and for religion I took a path that I knew would lead me to infamy all my life; and if anything else ever comes of it, it will be when I am wholly oblivious to all such things. I love the society of cultivated people, a good name, respectability, and all that; and religious conviction has deprived me of it all, made me an outcast and the companion of outcasts, and given me a name more hated than any in all New England. I see men stare at me in the street, and point, and say,

'That is Theodore Parker,' and look at me as if I were a *murderer*. Old friends, even parishioners, will not bow to me in the street. I am cast out of all respectable society. I knew all this would come. It has come from my religion; and I would not forego that religion for all that this world can give. I have borne sorrows that bow men together till they can in nowise lift themselves up. But my comfort has been the joy of religion: my delight is the infinite God; and that has sustained me. Yet I am glad of the criticism; and, true or not, I will profit by it."

There is deep genuine feeling—no affectation—in these secret avowals. They show abundantly that for which we have quoted them, namely, how to him religion was the dearest and highest concern of all. In the rough classification he was in the habit of making, for practical purposes, of the human faculties, he placed *first the religious*; second, *the moral*; third, *the affectional*; fourth, *the intellectual*. With him the Saint—he who worships the absolute perfection—stood highest of all; the Hero—he who maintains allegiance to eternal law, came next; then the Lover—he who maintains loving fidelity to human relations; and the Thinker—he who shows power of understanding, lowest of the four. This, notwithstanding that he himself stood so high as a scholar, and valued observation, reflection, and expression at so high a price.

Another proof of his religiosity is to be found in the frequent prayers scattered about his journal. We have already recorded his remark that to him prayer was as natural and simple as breathing; this his private records verify. From the entry of almost all kinds of thoughts and facts, his mind and pen are carried up to aspiration. Especially did the occurrence of anniversaries have this effect upon him. Here, for example, is a prayer

found entered at the end of the year 1854:—"Last night of the year.—It is almost twelve: a new year close at hand. O Thou Spirit who rulest the universe, seeing the end from the beginning, I thank Thee for the opportunities of usefulness which the last year afforded, for all the manifold delights which have clustered round my consciousness. But how little have I done, how little grown! Inspire me to do more, and become nobler in purpose, motive, method of my life. Help me to resist new temptations, and do the new duties which the year brings with it. I know not what a day shall bring forth—honour or shame, perhaps a gaol. Help me everywhere to be faithful to Thee. So may I live and serve my brethren more. Yet still may I love my enemies, even as Thou sendest rain on the just and the unjust." Other similar illustrations of this prayerful tendency, already given by us, will occur to the mind of the reader.

In concluding this chapter, we avail ourselves of testimony to the saintly side of Theodore Parker's character from two or three who have had the best opportunity of judging thereon.

Mr. Frothingham, who not only knew him in life, but, as his biographer, has had the privilege of looking through all his private papers, declares that in the latter there is an assurance of the man's simple genuineness, of his honesty, sincerity, faithfulness; more than that, of his strict dealing with himself, his humility, modesty, unpretentiousness, lowliness, and purity of spirit, which none who peruse them can fail to gain. From his own perusal of them, he maintains Parker's right to be enrolled amongst God's truest saints. "His power to resign his will they only knew who knew him intimately; and it was from his deep self-submission that his self-assertion sprang. Intense as was his own individuality,

he was as jealous of that of others as of his own. He laid on himself a solemn vow never to infringe on the sacred personality of enemy or friend; and piously abstained from crushing when he could not lead. The efforts he made to keep himself down appear in every volume of his journal, and make passages of it as touching as the confessions of St. Augustine or the soliloquies of Paul."

Mr. Frothingham might have aptly added to this the fact that one of the chief subjects of public prayer with Parker was "the period of ambition," which he treated as a time of greater danger than even "the period of passion" of the young man's life. This extract from one of his prayers—"and in the more dangerous hour when ambition tempts the man, we pray Thee that with greatness of religion we may bid this enemy also stand behind us, and wait till we bind his hands, and make him bear our burdens, and grind the mill whereby we achieve greater glories for ourselves"—will afford the reader one such example.

As respects that part of the saint which consists in love of man, Mr. Weiss thus emphatically claims it for Parker. "He had," he writes in the *Life and Correspondence*, "a native love for man. It was not an abstract recognition of new phrases of Equality and Fraternity. His nature was not of the cool and serene kind which prefers truths to people, and would never invite the latter except under compulsion. Every scholarly attainment only seemed to widen the channels for his human impulse: it mantled in every gift, it beat to shatter all doctrines which degraded or depreciated man. He had all Dr. Channing's reverence for human nature, with a prompt, practical friendliness, gentle to visit the humble, terrible to defend them. Whenever he found a truth, he placed it in the glittering row which sits upon the

rugged forehead of humankind ; there it looked handsomer to him than in æsthetic and transcendental cabinets. For all things look best where they belong." Mr. Frothingham adds, on the same point :—"The strength of Parker's affection helped to confirm his faith in conscience, and give intensity to his moral instinct. He was a mighty lover. His friends were all glorified by his feeling, till they hardly knew themselves. He lavished on them terms of endearment ; had pet names for them all ; kept their anniversaries ; loved to have memorials of them about him. But his affectionateness by no means confined itself to his friends. His heart was human ; its humanity was as remarkable as its tenderness. Love gave him insight, knowledge, prophetic vision ; taught him to see the soul of truth in things erroneous, the soul of good in things evil. He never forgot a kindness, and his readiness to forgive those who hated him was as remarkable as his devotion to those who loved him."

The other testimony we avail ourselves of to Parker's saintliness is that afforded by Frances Power Cobbe, the Editor of his Complete Works.

"Theodore Parker's faith," she writes in her *Introduction*, "at least bore this result: it brought out in him one of the noblest and most complete developments of our nature which the world has seen ; a splendid devotion, even to death, for the holiest cause, and none the less a most perfect fulfilment of the minor duties

and obligations of humanity. Though the last man in the world to claim faultlessness for himself, he was yet to all mortal eyes absolutely faithful to the resolution of his boyhood to devote himself to God's immediate service. Living in a land of special personal inquisition, and the mark for thousands of inimical scrutinies, he yet lived out his allotted time, beyond the arrows of calumny ; and those who knew him best said that the words they heard over his grave seemed intended for him : 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God !' The lilies, which were his favourite flowers, and which loving hands laid on his coffin, were not misplaced thereon. Truly, if men cannot gather grapes off thorns nor figs off thistles, then must the root of the most fruitful life have been a sound one.

"He was a great and good man : the greatest and best, perhaps, which America has produced. He was great in many ways. In time to come his country will glory in his name, and the world will acknowledge all his gifts and powers. His true greatness, however, will in future ages rest on this—that God revealed Himself to his faithful soul in His most adorable aspect—that he preached with undying faith, and lived out in his consecrated life the lesson he had thus been taught—that he was worthy to be the *Prophet* of the greatest of all truths, the ABSOLUTE GOODNESS OF GOD, the centre truth of the universe."



## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE SELF-IMMOLATOR.

- "Shall I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize  
Or sailed through bloody seas."
- "Not to ease and aimless quiet  
Doth the inward answer tend,  
But to works of love and duty  
As thy being's end ;
- "Earnest toil and strong endeavour  
Of a spirit which within  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
And besetting sin ;
- "And without, with tireless vigour,  
Steadfast heart, and purpose strong,  
In the power of faith assaileth  
Every form of wrong."

WHITTIER (*Favourite Hymns of PARKER.*)

THEODORE PARKER'S work increased with his years ; for though he found it necessary to be constantly adding new duties and an increase to old ones, he did not feel that he had a right to give any of the latter up. His studies must go on, even though they had to be largely continued while travelling about the country or when he ought to have been resting at home. His sermons were more and more noticed in the country, as well as attended by larger crowds, and had to be written more laboriously even than before, because of the increased responsibility. The same may be said of his lectures, which were so solid and lengthy that they involved vast study in their preparation, and a great tax upon his physical powers in their delivery. The parochial work of his ministerial office—visiting the sick, comforting the afflicted, burying the dead—was continued with a deep sense of its delicate and important nature. And this became increasingly large, not only because of the conscientiousness with which he performed it, but because of a multitude

of strangers, additional to the large number regularly attending the Music Hall services, soliciting and receiving his pastoral consolation and services. He himself considered that he had been "called" to be "minister at large of all the fugitive slaves in Boston," whether they were members of his congregation or not ; and how faithful he was to this "call" previous chapters have shown. He was not a whit less so in the discharge of his philanthropic and spiritual offices to all the other weary and heavily-laden ones who applied to him to help them to rest. Every afternoon, when at home, he devoted to visiting the homes of his own people and others in Boston ; and frequently he was called away twenty miles and more to aid distressed ones with his private ministerial offices. He used to say that his parochial work tried his capabilities more than any other he had to perform. Though he was himself such a mighty strengthener and consoler—could deal with troubles with so much common-sense, womanly tenderness, and mighty faith in God—he yet felt dissatisfied with his work

in this direction. He thought that, of all others, the work of consoling and advising human beings in their private personal trials and afflictions was one which ought to be filled by the noblest genius.

Parker would have been more than human if all this immense toil of body, mind, and spirit had not broken him down. It is true he worked easily, and in his later years was temperate without being injuriously ascetical, as he had been in some of the early portions of his life—at college, for instance, when he attempted to live on dry bread alone; did not keep inordinately late hours, took much beneficial walking exercise, and had a large flow of animal spirits and love of fun, even to the last. It is true, too, that he had great strength in his youth—could once carry a barrel of cider in his hands, and when eighteen or twenty, on occasion worked at farm-work twenty hours out of the twenty-four for several days together; and, after becoming a minister, often worked from twelve to seventeen hours a day in his study for a considerable period. And, perhaps, with less terrible overwork, and freedom from such exposure as lecturing involved him in, he might have lived to the full ripe age attained by many of his forefathers. But he had inherited the consumptive tendency from his mother; the climate of his birth-place was unhealthy; in youth he had to experience the insufficiency and unsuitability of food and clothing, privation, and overtaxing of strength, incident to exacting poverty; and not until too late to undo the mischief which neglect of taking sufficient sleep, exercise, recreation, rest, and food, had wrought, did he become aware of its damaging effects upon the health of body and mind.

Early in his ministerial career, symptoms of serious derangements in his health began to appear. We learn this from frequent references

thereto which he makes in the journal, the following being an example:—"The other morning I arose, and one side was numb; both hands were so, the left mainly. The right soon recovered, and I shaved, but the left kept mainly numb all the morning, with pricking pains from time to time." In other entries he complains of ill-health preventing him from working for days, or weeks, as the case may have been. He began to have a pain in his head, which he accustomed himself to call his "enemy," and sometimes one in his side.

Soon after settling in Boston, he wrote a letter to Miss Stevenson which shows his state of health at that time. "I was sorry," says he, in the letter, "the moment that I mentioned my complaint to you the other day, for I saw that it gave you more trouble than me. I don't often tell my friends that I am ill: then, I know not how, I felt it would be wrong not to tell *you*. I have done no work that I could avoid. I have been idle this winter, till my conscience rebuked me sternly and does now. I am passing my best days, and doing but very little. My troubles are not the result of any *immediate* overdoing, but of causes that go back to my childhood. I have often done two days' work in one; for I was *obliged* to do it. It cost me a struggle, alone and single-handed, to gain an education. The foundation of my present troubles, I have no doubt, was laid more than fifteen years ago—before I came to Boston as a teacher. Since that, my life has been one of care and anxiety; not diminished since my marriage. You know the cause. I don't know what to do. So long as I can stand upright, I do well: the moment I resolve to lean *a little*, I go plumb down; for there is nothing for me to lean upon: therefore I never fall till the last minute. I will be as careful as I can be, con-

sidering the circumstances of the case. I can't go off a fortnight, though I gladly would. We are just putting the social meeting into action, and I feel that I had better be here, though, perhaps, I had better not. Then, too, whom can I get to bend my own bow?—not a long one, not a tough one, perhaps, but one that others don't like to handle. I don't know whether I am destined to a long life or not. Of my seven father Parkers this side the ocean, all but one have lived to be nearly eighty. My candle stands in a current of air, and so, I suppose, will burn away faster than if all about it was still. I don't know that I need *rest*, I think I need *fun*, which I can't easily get. I should like to spend one evening in the week for three months with 'good fellows' who sang—'We won't go home till morning!' However, give yourself no more concern about me, for this week I am a good deal better. Last week I did nothing at all, not even write a sermon; for an old one took its place the *stormy* Sunday: and so, the ill-wind actually blew me a sermon. Ah, Hannah! a great many ill winds have blown me good. Now, you child, I might turn round and caution *you*, who need the advice more than I do, but won't follow it half so much, you good-for-nothing! 'Physician, heal thyself;' take thine own doses. There is no preaching like practice. Cure up as fast as you can, and I'll take care of my head; and it will last a good while yet and bear some hard knocks. The spring will soon come; and its freshness of leaves and blossoms will do as much good to all of us as to the bluebird and thrasher. Be a good girl and don't trouble yourself about, YOUR GRANDFATHER."

Three years later, his health had again broken down, and he wrote:—"If I had one of the usual *hum-drum* parishes, I would leave it for a year, and go off to Europe; but this

is a parish which I cannot leave. I feel as if I had squandered a fortune; for at the age of thirty-nine I am ill, and lose more than half my time. For the next six months I will take especial care of my health, making all else bend to that, and that to nothing." On his birthday, August 24, 1853, he made this record in the journal:—"I am this day forty-three years old. I used to think I should live as long as my fathers; but certain admonitions of late warn me that I am not to be an old man. The last three years have made great aberrations in my health and vigour. I walk and work now, *with a will*; then, by the spontaneous impulse which once required the will to check it. I neither grieve nor rejoice at the thought of departure; but I will try to set my affairs in such a condition that I can at any time go over to the other side when summoned, and leave affairs in no perplexity."

He was now entering on what he felt to be the critical period of his life—the few years which were to decide whether or not he had to be carried off, or be allowed to live to be an old man; for he could not shut his eyes to the fate of his ten brothers and sisters, all of whom, save one, attained mature years, and all of whom, save one, died from forty-four to forty-seven. After passing nearly three years of this period, matters began to look ominous; for we then find in the journal this entry:—"Ap. 19, 1856.—Last night I was to lecture at New Bedford, and tried to speak, but was so ill that I could not see, or hear, or speak well. I left the room, and went out with Mr. Robeson, and walked a few minutes. Went to an apothecary's and drank about a spoonful and a half of sherry wine, which helped me. Spoke, but with great difficulty. Am better to-day, but slenderly and meanly. *I take this as a warning*—not the first." Six months later, when out lecturing, he

strained the muscle of his right thigh in getting into a railway carriage, came home in a bad condition, and had to be confined to his room for some time. He thought his general health good at the time ; but he could not walk much, and had a cough—which he thought not pulmonic, and going away.

But his anxiety to be of service to men would not allow him to give his constitution an opportunity of recovering itself ; for, in addition to all his other labour, he had now undertaken to preach on Sunday afternoons at Watertown to an independent society there that had no minister ; and he did this for a year, performing the services honorarily, with a desire to support a movement for which his influence was partly responsible. It is true he prepared no new sermon, preaching the one he gave at Music Hall in the morning ; but the journey to and fro in all weathers, to a man in his state of health, was more than ought to have been undertaken or allowed. The difficulty, however, was to prevent him from sacrificing himself. His friends remonstrated with him, as was to be expected ; he would reply :—“Look at the condition of the country to-day !—the slaveholders clamouring for more and more power ; the government disposed to yield all they ask ; the South united and arrogant ; while the North is divided, and disposed to be submissive. I CANNOT stand idly by, a silent witness of this deadly demoralisation. I must exert every power I possess to avert the awful evils that slavery threatens, to the slaves first, but also to the whole people ; and if my life must be sacrificed, it cannot be sacrificed in a better cause than that of opposition to this dreadful sin.” No doubt the hopelessness of remonstrance would after a time deter his friends from offering it. To one who had all through stood faithfully by

him, who came to see him not long before he broke down, he said with deep feeling :—“I am glad *you* have come ; for I know *you* won't scold at me. People come here and scold at me for doing what I can't help doing. I feel that the fate is upon me. God has entrusted me with certain powers, and I must use them in the service of my fellow-men. Here are four millions of my brothers and sisters who are literally dumb. They are not allowed to speak ; and they hold up their hands to me in earnest entreaty, saying, ‘Speak for us !’ and I must do for them all I can. I have looked the matter carefully over, and think I can go through the winter safely and do my work. I come of a long-lived stock, and hope with care to survive ; but it matters little whether I go through or go under, if I do my duty as I ought.” The friend adds, “Never did I see anyone so thoroughly aware of the fact that he was laying his life on God's altar.” Still, this allowed for, he did the best he could to recover health. He spent that summer vacation in the society of his dearest friends, read as little as he could help doing, and made a recreation of translating from the German poets.

In the following February he went on a lecturing tour through Central New York, in which he had to go through severities which ultimately proved fatal. He himself thus told the occurrences in a letter :—“Last February I went to Central New York. Feb. 9th I was to lecture at Watertown, 10th at Syracuse, 11th at Utica, 12th at Rochester, and then return and reach Boston at midnight of 14th–15th. I should pass every night in my bed except that of the 12th. But, on the contrary, things turned out quite otherwise. The railroad conductor left us in the cars all night at East Albany, in the midst of the inundation. Common New England *prudence* and *energy*

would have taken us all over the river. I had no dinner; no supper, except what I had in my wallet [dried fruit and biscuit]; no breakfast the next morning, save a bit of tough beef in an Irish boarding-house. When I awoke on the morning of the 10th, I felt a sharp pain in my right side, not known before. I got to Syracuse that night, 10th, *viâ* Troy; lectured at Utica the 11th, and at 11 P.M. took the cars for Rochester and rode all night, till 5 or 6 in the next morning, when I got into damp sheets at Rochester and slept an hour. I was ill all that day, and at night had all the *chills of an incipient fever*. But I lectured, took the cars at 2 or 3 A.M., having waited for them three or four hours in the dépôt, and reached Albany in time for the 4 P.M. train, Friday, and got to Boston about 2 A.M. on Saturday, having had no reasonable meal since noon, Thursday. Sunday I preached at Boston and Watertown, as my custom was. The next week I was ill, but lectured *four* times; so the next, and the next, until, in March, I broke down utterly and could do no more. Then I had a regular fever, which kept me long in the house; but soon as I could stand on my feet *an hour*, I began to preach. This was a means of cure, and it helped me much *to look into the faces of the people again!*"

This attempt to accelerate cure by preaching was a most serious experiment. In another letter, Parker gave the details thereof; from which we learn that after he had fairly broken down, for a while he lay horizontally twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, and gradually less each day, though still confined to his room. He then made up his mind that one of the best medicines would be the usual service of Sunday. The doctors, all of them, said "No!" all the laical and clerical friends said "No!" and with still more emphasis, all the women. He thought

that, out of ten chances, there were seven that it would do him good, and only three for harm. So he made ready an old sermon "Of Integrity," adding a deal of new matter thereto. A carriage took the sick minister and his wife to the door of the Music Hall, and with her help and a stick he crawled into the house and walked as bravely as he could to the pulpit. He felt a little sinking at the heart as he looked at the congregation—about two thousand. But all the preliminary services went off without difficulty. He apologised for being sick and showed that it was not wholly his fault, but the result of his great exposure on the last lecturing expedition. Then came the sermon. He spread out his feet as wide as he could to make a wide basis, and kept his hand always on the desk, so that he should not fall over. Only two or three times did he venture to lift both hands at once. The service over, his friends put on his coat, and his wife and Dr. Geist helped him out and into the cab, and he rode home. He then found that his pulse, commonly at sixty-four, stood at from seventy-six to eighty-four till three o'clock, and then went down. He felt a little doubtful of the experiment for a while; but at five the tide had begun to turn. At six he said he "would not *crow* till he was out of the woods;" and at nine he felt clear that the experiment had prospered. The next day, spite of unfavourable weather, it was plain that he had been saved by the "foolishness of preaching."

In the letter from which we take the foregoing particulars he adds:—"The parish-meeting was last Sunday, at twelve. They raised my salary from sixteen hundred to two thousand five hundred dollars; and offered me six months' vacation to go to Europe, they supplying the pulpit. I shall not take two thousand five hundred, only two thousand dollars;

and shall decline the generous offer of a vacation. The kindly offer effects a cure; and so I need not take all the medicine. The recent illness is a warning which I shall carefully heed. I never came quite so near the edge of the precipice before. I might have had either a brain fever or a lung fever: I am let off with this trifle of a slow *typhoidal*. Men seldom have the *typhoid* twice. I had mine at twelve and lay at Death's door a good while, but was not taken in."

In the years 1857-8, when ill-health was thus assailing him, a great commercial panic came over America, and in consequence thereof there was a great "revival of religion." We suppose it largely came on the principle enforced by the Italian proverb, that "all criminals turn preachers when they are under the gallows." The misfortune is that those who make such good revival saints in adversity, make very indifferent ones in times of prosperity.

The devil grew sick, the devil a saint would be;

The devil grew well, the devil a saint was he."

Anyhow, as Mr. Frothingham keenly describes the state of things, at this time "New England was in a convulsion of religious emotion, torn between ecstasies of devotion and agonies of penitence. Pious whippers-in plied all their arts on the weak, the nervous, the superstitious. Praying bands went from town to town, galvanizing the moribund into spasms of supplication. Churches were open all day, and relays of ministers kept the evangelical car in swift motion towards the kingdom. Posters in the streets announced the time and place for intercession. The drama of redemption was exhibited with new scenery and more imposing stage effects. The good people who had persuaded themselves that the reign of vulgar superstition was at an end, at all events in Boston, were con-

founded when they saw the well-worn imagery of the Apocalypse start into life, and the faded pictures of damnation glow once more on the walls of modern meeting houses. The fetishism they thought obsolete was rampant still in high places. Men in black coats and white neckties beat the tom-tom as vigorously as New Zealanders, and called on their idol as lustily as the priests of Baal." In short, there appears to have been all the outrageous means and appliances set to work at that time which Yankee Revivalists like Caughey, Moody and Sankey, and others, have subsequently familiarised Englishmen with as well as Americans—Sankey's solo performances, perhaps, excepted.

Of course, to these "spiritual dram-drinkers," Theodore Parker and his natural religion were most loathsome. They termed him an emissary of Satan, and said that all he did was accomplished by means of hellish influence. One man, who, though feeling much of this, was yet so charmed with his preaching that he could not keep away from hearing him when he had an opportunity, asked himself how it was Parker had such an influence over him. "And," said he to a friend of ours, "I came to the conclusion that he was the Devil himself incarnated in a human body!" A revivalist, Elder Burnham, declared at the close of a sermon:—"Hell never vomited forth a more wicked and blasphemous monster than Theodore Parker; and it is only the mercy of Jesus Christ which has kept him from damnation already." But there was no mistaking the growing influence of this man and his views in America. He had attained to a national reputation; lectured and preached all over the Northern States; had thousands upon thousands of readers of his printed sermons; his ideas were carried all over the land by visitors to Boston attracted to hear him through his fame; men



in high places spoke his name as that of one who was a political and social, no less than a religious, power; he was followed or acknowledged by reformers and philanthropists. Clearly, in looking out the sources of "God's displeasure with America," as the revivalists would phrase it, and look for it, Theodore Parker must be included. Souls were being "lost" through his influence; he was a wolf in the folds, and it was high time the shepherds conspired to either "end him or mend him." Of course, to assassinate him would have accomplished all that they desired, but that was a course not permissible to them. But might not "the prayers of the righteous" move *the Lord* to "remove him" by "the workings of His Providence!" What was not permissible to them was permissible to the Lord! So, put plainer than they would like to have it put, but, nevertheless, put truthfully, they resolved to pray the Lord to assassinate Theodore Parker! This was at least the object sought by some of the revivalists, as one of the prayers quoted below will show.

In addition to allusions frequently being made to Parker and his work at other prayer-meetings, it was decided to devote one exclusively to him. This took place on Saturday afternoon, March 6th, 1858, in Park Street Church, the head-quarters of the Boston revivalists. A friend of Parker's attended and took shorthand notes of the prayers; and a few extracts from these petitions to the throne of grace will abundantly show the disgraceful method and spirit of these "followers of the meek and lowly Jesus." The meeting was called for, "Prayer for the Conversion of the Notorious Infidel, Theodore Parker." Parker preserved the extracts we now give, as "samples of the superstition of the nineteenth century:"—

"O Lord, if this man is a subject of grace, convert him, and bring him

into the kingdom of Thy dear Son! But if he is beyond the reach of the saving influence of the Gospel, remove him out of the way, and let his influence die with him." [This was Elder Burnham's prayer.]

"O Lord, send confusion and distraction into his study this afternoon, and prevent his finishing his preparation for his labours to-morrow; or, if he shall attempt to desecrate Thy holy day by attempting to speak to the people, meet him there, Lord, and confound him, so that he shall not be able to speak!"

"Lord, we know that we cannot argue him down; and the more we say against him, the more will the people flock after him, and the more will they love and revere him! O Lord, what shall be done for Boston, if Thou dost not take this and some other matters in hand?"

"O Lord, if this man will still persist in speaking in public, induce the people to leave him and to come up and fill this house instead of that?"

One brother exhorted the rest to pray that God would "put a hook in this man's jaws, so that he may not be able to speak."

"O Lord, meet this infidel on his way, who, like another Saul of Tarsus, is persecuting the Church of God, and cause a light to shine around him, which shall bring him trembling to the earth, and make him an able defender of the faith which he has so long laboured to destroy!"

Another brother requested his brethren, whether in their places of business or walking in the street, or wherever they might be, to pray for Mr. Parker every day when the clock should strike one! One does not expect military men to be largely represented in prayer meetings; but it almost looks as if one had got into this, and was applying the principle of concentric firing to prayer. A little more intelligence would have

shown him that to a God omnipresent in time and space there can be no one o'clock.

Hardly more surprising are such prayers than is the credulity which sees answers thereto in occurrences the most natural imaginable. Occurrences which are accepted as having no spiritual significance when they come to "believers"—*e.g.*, sudden affliction or death, and the like—are "judgments" when they come to heretics, and much the same with answers to irrational prayer. Parker's failing health and the breaking down of his constitution, in the thoughts of the revivalists, were not to be accounted for by natural laws, they were an answer given by God to their prayers! Nay, actually a paragraph appeared in an American "religious" newspaper attributing Parker's consumption to the fervent prayers of the elect!

Lately there has been a book issued from Evangelical sources, detailing many incidents in the life of "Finney the Revivalist," from which we make the following extraordinary extract: "It was the late President Finney who caused the death of Theodore Parker—who caused the immediate causes of that death, and which promptly put a stop to the Music Hall abominations. It appears from the recent published life of President Finney, that, while conducting a revival in Boston, he was hindered by the heretical and non-Evangelical preaching of the Cromwell of radicalism. He therefore called upon Mr. Parker to persuade him to a cessation of his labours. But Mr. Parker refused even to see the Revivalist. It then occurred to Mr. Finney that Parker should be prayed down and out, and his mouth closed. Prayer-meetings of the Evangelical clergy were held for a purpose that *would have been inhuman had it not been divine* (!) The prayers were successful. Parker became hopelessly

ill [he was so before the revival broke out], was unable longer to speak in public, or even to write in private. He was forced to leave Boston; and dying, his work perished with him. This, we take it, is chief among the laurels of the great Revivalist" (!)

After this, who can say that anything Parker ever said against the popular theology was half strong enough. This kind of ghoulishness is, after all, essential to that theology wherever it is consistently maintained. It was precisely because Parker saw so much of its terrible logical outcomes that he felt and fought so strongly against it. As to what the revivalist did towards him, he made fun of it. When relating it in a letter to a friend in Rome, he begs her not to tell the Pope about it, or "I fear I shall miss my cardinalship, and my black hat is almost worn out. I think the robes will come over in 'The Leviathan.'" But he was deeply sorrowful to find what an amount of latent superstition the revival brought out. It roused up the old intense hatred he felt towards the monstrous tenets of the popular theology, which latterly he had allowed to remain in abeyance while he dealt with less controversial matters; and he disburdened his soul by giving two discourses in Boston, "A False and True Revival of Religion," and "The Revival of Religion which we Need," and four characteristic discourses before the Progressive Friends, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in June, 1858:—1. "Of the Progressive Development of the Conception of God in the Bible." 2. "Of the Ecclesiastical Conception of God, and its Inadequacy to meet the Wants of Science and Religion." 3. "Of the Philosophical or Natural Idea of God, and its Fitness for all the Wants of Science and Religion." 4. "Of the Soul's Normal Delight in the Infinite God."

In the sermon, "The Revival of Religion which we Need," there is this fine passage, which may be taken as Parker's answer to the blasphemies of the revivalists:—"Ministers talk of a 'revival of religion in answer to prayer!' It will no more so come than the submarine telegraph from Europe to America. It is the effectual fervent *work* of a righteous man that availeth much—his head-work and hand-work; gossiping before God, tattling mere words, asking Him to do my duty—that is not prayer. I also believe in prayer from the innermost of my heart, else must I renounce my manhood and the Godhead above and about me. I also believe in prayer. It is the upspringing of my soul to meet the Eternal, and thereby I seek to alter and improve myself, not Thee, O Thou Unchangeable, who art perfect from the beginning! Then I mingle my soul with the Infinite Presence. I am ashamed of my wickedness, my cowardice, sloth, fear. New strength comes into me of its own accord, as the sunlight to these flowers which open their little cups. Then I find that he that goeth forth even weeping, bearing this precious aid of prayer, shall, doubtless, come again rejoicing, and bring his sheaves with him."

Many of the Evangelicals called upon him personally to try to "convert" him; others—clergymen, laymen, and laywomen visitors—wrote letters threatening him with eternal damnation. He patiently took note of all that was said, and remarked that none of them were anxious to make him a better man—only to get him to believe theologically as they did. Here is a letter he sent to one such person.

"DEAR MADAM,—I am much obliged to you for the interest you take in my spiritual welfare, and obliged to you for the letter which has just come to hand. I gather from it

that you wish me to believe the theological opinions which you entertain and refer to. I don't find that you desire anything more. I make no doubt the persons who pray for my conversion to the common ecclesiastical theology, and those who pray for my death, are equally sincere and honest. I don't envy them their idea of God when they ask Him to come into my study and confound me, or to put a hook into my jaws so that I cannot speak. Several persons have come to 'labour with me,' or have written me letters to convert me. They were commonly persons quite ignorant of the very things they tried to teach me; they claimed a divine illumination, which I saw no proofs of, in them, in their lives, or their doctrines. But I soon found it was with them as it is with you: they did not seek to teach me either piety, which is the love of God, or morality, which is the keeping of the natural laws He has written in the constitution of man; but only to induce me to believe their catechism and join their Church. I see no reason for doing either. I try to use what talents and opportunities God has given me in the best way I can. I don't think it is my fault that I regret the absurd doctrines which I find in the creed of these people who wish to instruct me on matters of which they are profoundly ignorant. But the Catholics treated the Protestants in the same way, and the Jews and the Heathens thus treated the Christians. I find good and religious men amongst all classes of men, Trinitarians, Unitarians, Salvationists, and Damnationists, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Mahomedans, Heathens. There is one God for us all, and I have such perfect love of Him that it long since cast out all fear. Believe me, yours truly, THEODORE PARKER."

Parker's health continuing to fail, and he showing himself so determined

to go on with his work notwithstanding, a member of his congregation determined to decoy him away, for two or three weeks, with a carriage tour through the most picturesque districts of North America. Altogether he was taken seven hundred miles, riding about thirty miles a day, and remaining ten or twelve hours a day in the open air. All this pleasant journey brought him into contact with—trees, flowers, landscapes, the conformation of the earth's surface, geological strata, mowing of hay, wheat cradling, discussions at the country taverns—all had an interest for the man who knew so much about the matters involved, and all attracted his attention or participation as he passed leisurely over the country. But, the pleasant journey over, hereditary disease remained, and excessive toil again began. Scores of letters had to be answered, other work had accumulated, preaching, lecturing, parish-work, fugitive-slave work, Kansas work, and new work of various kinds; and Parker would not allow himself to shirk any portion of it. This, too, notwithstanding a resolution of his congregation, begging him to extend his vacation until, in the judgment of reliable medical advisers, it would be warrantable for him to resume his pastoral functions; and telling him that this was a duty which he owed to himself, his family, his friends, and the cause of religion, humanity, and reform. It was now, too, that the Fraternity Course of Lectures at Music Hall began; and, for the course of this year, he wrote out and delivered the lecture on "Franklin," gave the one on "Adams," though not fully written out, and those on "Jefferson" and "Washington"—which he was not spared to deliver—were partially prepared.

The consequence of all was further disease and weakness. After an effusion of water on the chest, which had lasted eight months, had been

subdued, he had to undergo an operation for the removal of a painful fistula which had been developing in the meantime. He lost twenty pounds of flesh; had cough, night-sweats, and other dangerous symptoms.

In portions of two letters written to Miss F. P. Cobbe, Parker thus continues the story of his health, and states his own feelings about it:—"I have had a hospital operation performed lately, which laid me on my bed for three or four weeks. I have just recovered now, and can walk about a little, say half an hour at a time, or ride an hour or two, and sit up most of the day. For several Sundays others filled my pulpit; next Sunday I hope to speak for myself, and the half-written sermon lies already before me. I think I have conquered the last of my (corporeal) enemies, and trust a long life of serious work is before me. I have much left to do, much half done, and yet more projected and prepared for, but not yet adventured on. Twenty years more of healthy solid toil will finish it all, and leave me but sixty-eight, an age not unreasonable for me to desire or expect."

"I am a deal better than when Mr. Channing saw me on the day of his sailing. I don't wonder he thought it would soon be all over with me. Yet I knew better, even then feeling an interior spring of life he could not see. I went on improving until, the very day of your letter, November 24, I attended a funeral thirty miles off in the country. The circumstances were so sad and peculiar [a little boy drowned by accident] that I could not leave the afflicted ones to the poor consolations of a stranger, who did not believe, much less know, the infinite goodness of God. I met with an accident, through treading on a piece of ice, in getting into the railroad cars, which injured me badly in delicate parts of the body, and I have not walked since—three weeks. But

I ride out every day, and, contrary to the advice of all the doctors, I preach every Sunday, which does me *good and not harm*. Otherwise, I live in my library, and have my meals brought up to me. An ugly cough I had is nearly gone; only the lameness continues. The surgeon fears an abscess, which, after all, is perhaps the most genial way of ending the mischief. I suffer but little pain except from the lack of tone and vigour that comes of such long confinement. Do not fear; I have the best medical and surgical advice, though I take no medicine but cod-liver oil, which is diet and not drugs. I shall be very cautious, and take special pains to live, for I have a great deal of work begun and not half done, which another cannot finish. Besides, the world is so interesting, and friends so dear, that I find the love of life much more than twenty or thirty years ago."

His sanguine hopes were again crushed as the end of the year drew near. All but the preaching had to be dropped, that too on some of the Sundays, and on others it could only be done by his grasping the desk with both hands to enable him to stand. On January 1, 1859, he made an entry in his journal which shows that he, too, was beginning to abandon hope:—"It is Saturday night—the eve of the first day of the new year. I have finished my sermon for to-morrow, and I have nothing to do but indulge my feelings for a minute, and gather up my soul. This is the first new year's day that I was ever sick. Now I have been a prisoner almost three months, living in my chamber or my study. I have been out of doors but thrice since Sunday last. The doctor says I mend, and I quote him to my friends; but I have great doubts as to the result. It looks as if this was the last of my new year's days upon earth. I felt so when I gave each gift to-day; yet few men have

more to live for than I. It seems as if I had just begun a great work; yet if I must abandon it I will not complain. Some abler and better man will take my place, and do more successfully what I have entered on. The Twenty-eighth will soon forget me—a few Sundays will satisfy their tears. Some friends may linger long about my grave, and be inly sad for many a day." The next day he preached on "What Religion may do for a Man: a Sermon for the New Year." It was the last time. He himself subsequently said that as he watched the people retiring from the Hall, and he turned to leave the desk, something within him said, "It is the last time, O Parkie!" He looked forward, however, to occupying the pulpit again the following Sunday, and continued in this mind up to the previous night. The congregation assembled as usual, but instead of the preacher there was the following note, in pencil, sent them from his bed:—

"Sunday Morning, Jan. 9, 1859.

"WELL-BELOVED AND LONG-TRIED FRIENDS,—I shall not speak to you to-day, for this morning, a little after four o'clock, I had a slight attack of bleeding in the lungs or throat. I intended to preach on 'The Religion of Jesus and the Christianity of the Church; or the Superiority of Good-will to Man over Theological Fancies.'

"I hope you will not forget the contribution for the poor, whom we have with us always. I don't know when I shall again look upon your welcome faces, which have so often cheered my spirit when my flesh was weak.

"May we do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God, and his blessing will be upon us here and hereafter; for his infinite love is with us for ever and ever!

"Faithfully, your friend,  
"THEODORE PARKER."

The reader may imagine the pro-



found distress which the reading of this short note from the beloved pastor gave to his congregation. Instead of a service they held a meeting, at which some of the leading members gave expression to the exceeding grief which filled the hearts of all. It was decided that a year's salary should be voted to him—more, if necessary—to enable him to seek complete repose and any change of climate which his medical advisers might direct.

As usual, Parker himself had taken the most hopeful view of his case. He had called that "a slight attack of bleeding," which was in reality a serious hemorrhage of the lungs. The physicians were of opinion that tubercles were already formed and increasing, and that his inherited consumption had now advanced far upon him. They declared the case almost hopeless—the chances of recovery not more than one in ten. But even this did not daunt Parker's helpfulness. "If that be all," he said, "I'll conquer. I have fought ninety-nine against one—yes, nine hundred and ninety-nine against one—and conquered. Please God, I'll win again; *sursum corda*." His physicians decided that he must go to the West Indies at once, thence to Europe, thence to Egypt, or wherever should appear most likely.

Before leaving Boston, his congregation drew up a letter to him, but, from prudential motives, it was not handed to him till he was in the West Indies. It was at once a token of their deep affection for him and their sense of the faithfulness with which he had used his great abilities on their behalf. They said in it:—"From Sunday to Sunday, year after year, with rare exceptions, when other duties or necessities compelled your absence, you have been at your post, and have always discharged the great functions of your office in a manner which has left nothing to be desired on your part; avoiding no responsi-

bility, neglecting no trust, leaving no duty undone, but working with an ability, energy, perseverance, and self-sacrifice of which it is not, perhaps, becoming in us to speak at length in this place, but which we cannot the less admire and approve. Outside of the pulpit, we have always found you equally faithful to your responsibilities and duties in all the various relations of life. Nor have your labours and your example been in vain. You have taught us to discern between the traditions of men and the living realities of religion; you have brought home to our consciousness great truths of the intellect, the conscience, the heart, and the soul; you have shown us the infinite perfection of God, and the greatness of human nature, inspired us with a higher reverence for Him, a deeper trust in His universal providence, with a larger faith also in man and his capabilities. You have encouraged us to oppose all manner of wickedness and oppression, to welcome every virtue and humanity, to engage in all good works and noble reforms. From the experience of mankind, of nations, and of individuals, you have drawn great lessons of truth and wisdom for our warning or guidance. Above all, your own noble and manly and Christian life has been to us a perpetual sermon, fuller of wisdom and beauty, more eloquent and instructive even, than the lessons which have fallen from your lips. In all our intercourse with you, you have ever been to us as a teacher, a friend and brother, and have never assumed to be our master. You have respected and encouraged in us that free individuality of thought in matters of religion, and all other matters, which you have claimed for yourself; you have never imposed on us your opinions, asking us to accept them because they were yours; but you have always warned us to use a wise discretion, and decide according to our own judgment and conscience,



not according to yours. You have not sought to build up a sect, but a free Christian community. You have, indeed, been a minister to us, and we feel that your ministry has been for our good; that through it we are better prepared to successfully resist those temptations and to overcome those evils by which we are surrounded in life, to discharge those obligations which devolve upon us as men aiming to be Christians, and to acquit ourselves as we ought. As we have gathered together from Sunday to Sunday, as we have looked into your face, and your words have touched our sympathies, and stirred within us our deepest and best emotions, as we have come to know you better year by year, and to appreciate more fully the service which you have been doing for us and for other men, and the faithfulness with which you have laboured in it, we have felt that ours was indeed a blessed privilege; and we have indulged a hope that our lives might testify to the good influence of your teachings—a hope which we humbly trust has, to some extent at least, been realised. If we have failed to approximate that high ideal of excellence which you have always set before us, the blame is our own, and not yours. We cannot but feel a just pride in the success of this Church; that in spite of all obstacles it has strengthened and increased from year to year, and that the circle of its influence has continually widened. Thousands of earnest men and women in this and other lands, who do not gather with us from week to week, look to this Church as their 'city of refuge;' their sympathies, their convictions, and their hopes coincide with our own; they are of us, though not with us. Most of them have never listened to your voice, nor looked upon your face, but the noble words which you have uttered are dear to their hearts, and they also bless God

for the service which you have done for them. In all your labours for us and for others, we have only one thing to regret, and that is, that you have not spared yourself, but have sacrificed your health and strength to an extent which, of late, has excited our deepest solicitude and apprehension. We thank God that He furnished you with a vigorous constitution, which has stood the test of so many years of incessant and unwearied toil, in so many departments of usefulness, and which has enabled you to accomplish so much as you have already done; but there is a limit to the endurance of even the strongest man, and the frequent warnings which you have received within the past year or two would seem to indicate that Nature will not suffer even the best of her children to transgress the great laws which she has established for their observance, without inflicting the penalty of disobedience, even though they are engaged in the highest and holiest service which man can render unto man. We would not presume to instruct you in this matter; we only repeat what you have yourself often taught us."

There was much more in the letter in the same cordial and appreciative strain. It is valuable as showing the beautiful relationship existing between the pastor and his great congregation.

It was now that, notwithstanding the hatred and persecution he had formerly had, he found out how deeply and extensively he was loved. In addition to the letter from his congregation, private letters of sympathy and manly or womanly affection reached him in such numbers that the sick man had to insert an advertisement in *The New York Tribune*, acknowledging them and excusing himself from replying to them all. As this assured other friends that he would not be led to injure himself by

replying, they too now wrote. Among them was one from a slaveholder, who, notwithstanding, was constrained to write to Parker: "In any event you have, in common with the good and great of all times, the high and rare consolation to know that the light you have shed is imperishable, and will continue to shine after the luminary has been removed. Among the millions who gratefully participate in that light, without having the honour to know you personally, I would humbly enrol myself; trusting that you will pardon me if I assume an improper liberty in thus expressing my sense of obligation, and the profound respect which I sincerely entertain for your goodness and worth." "These heart-roses," says Mr. Frothingham, "covered his sick-bed, and filled him with their fragrance. So much of the odour as he could he wafted back. As he lay in his pain, tender thoughts came to him of all he loved, of many who had not loved him; and in all directions the white doves flew from his window with messages of good will, thanks for old kindnesses, gratitude for confidence and sympathy, generous acknowledgment of smallest services rendered and long forgotten by the doer, sweet reminiscences of past joy, praise for good deeds done and good words spoken for freedom, apologies for imaginary troubles or

offences—all in manly, simple language, without a weak expression of complaint, with the natural submission that belonged to his faith." In one of these, which is in the spirit of them all, he wrote: "If I recover—and the doctors tell me I have one chance in ten—only nine chances against me to one in my favour—I shall be thankful for the experience of affection and friendship which my illness has brought from all parts of the land; if I do not recover, I shall pass off joyfully, with an entire trust in the Infinite Love which cares more for me than I care for myself." To another friend he wrote—"I am ready for either alternative [*i.e.*, death or recovery], but am still full of hope that the human mortal life will hold out long enough for me to hammer over again some of the many irons I have laid in the fire and got ready for the anvil. It does seem to me I shall have time left to finish certain pieces of work. But I will not complain of the dear Mother (who long ago admonished me that I must not cherish long hopes in a short world) if the Kind Hand which brought me here shall also take me away to that world which eye hath not seen, &c." "But I hope," he wrote to another friend, "to return from the *Isles of Blessing*, and do a deal of work before I go to the *Isles of the Blessed*."



## CHAPTER XXII.

## THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

"The Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not want.  
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :  
 He leadeth me unto the still waters.  
 He restoreth my soul ; He guideth me  
 In the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.  
 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
 I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me ;  
 Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

*The Twenty-third Psalm.*

THE foregoing was the Psalm selected by Parker for reading, the morning he was leaving Boston for Santa Cruz and Europe. But he had hardly read as much of it as we have transcribed before tears and emotion prevented further reading, and all present bowed their heads with him in uncontrollable but trustful sorrow, and laid them upon the bosom of the dear Infinite Mother. They—

"Prayed in heaviness  
 That looked not for relief ;  
 But slowly did their succour come,  
 And a patience to their grief.  
 Oh ! there's never sorrow of heart,  
 That shall lack a timely end,  
 If but we turn to God, and ask  
 Of Him to be our friend."

Thus divinely soothed and strengthened, our invalid traveller, accompanied by his wife, Miss Stevenson, and Mr. George Cabot, resolutely went forth on his search for health.

The date was the 3rd of February, 1859. They first went to New York, from whence, it had been arranged, they were to sail on the 8th. Here they were joined by Dr. and Mrs. Howe, who were also to accompany them on their voyage, and visited by a few of the invalid's warm friends and admirers. To the latter he said little, responded gratefully to their expressions of affection, but faintly to their words of hope ; was silent and thoughtful, though not unduly depressed. A dear friend from afar

placed flowers in his state-room—violets for him, carnations for his wife ; and he himself was noticed to put one of the violets between the leaves of his Bible to mark the text, "I will be with thee in great waters."

It soon became manifest that he was determined in his quest—too determined. He increased his illness by striving too hard to get well. Instead of allowing others to take care of him, he would take care of others, and of the whole of the affairs of the journey. Instead of treating himself as weakly, he would try how strong and enduring he could be. After the unpleasantness which came from the rough weather of the first few days, his natural surroundings as he lay or sat on deck were highly favourable to restoration ; but his restless mind impeded their beneficent operations. It went on like a locomotive which had been started but could not be stopped. Sick as he was, he kept his pencil at work making notes on all kinds of subjects. "All my life schemes lie prostrate," "I stand up to the chin in my grave, yet hoping to scramble out this side. Give to the winds thy fears." "Fourteen years to-day since I rode into Boston to preach at the Melodeon. I enlisted for a thirty-years' war ; but am wounded, and driven off the field before half the time is over." "R. W. Emerson is preaching at the Music Hall to-day." "I

wonder if they remember the anniversary." "Those precious guns in my study—what will become of them? They must be kept in a safe place. They will belong to the commonwealth when I die." "Mr. Shackford would be a good man to preach." Even plans of work yet to be done get entered. "I must write out and finish my *last sermon*. I must write my autobiography." He also projected and began the letter to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society. Whenever the boat stopped he went on shore, note-book in hand, and came back with many added observations and reflections. All the time he had the parochial work of his congregation on his mind, asking himself, as his letters show, such questions as—"Who preaches at the Music Hall? What was done at the annual meeting? Who is sick? Who is sick *no more*? How is poor old Mr. Cass, the grape-pruner in Chambers Court. I must order him a box of strawberries in their season." As he well says, he "can't keep the Twenty-eighth out of 'his' head."

The day after his arrival at Santa Cruz, though only barely able to crawl about, he went to work as if he had been sent out by a learned society on a voyage of exploration. He noted the climate, the rainfall, the birds, fishes, animals, the women and children, every tree, shrub, plant, flower, classified the products and minerals, collected the statistics—number of soldiers, the duties on various articles, exports, increase of population, &c.; attended marriages, visited a sugar estate and learned the process of sugar-preparing, found out the clergyman and took counsel with him as to what he was doing, and made extracts from native books and Creole poetry.

Not only did he work like this at research and noting, but he wrote long letters to his friends, relating, in

an instructive and delightful manner, his various discoveries and reflections. He indulged in both extremes of emotion; at one time visiting the cemeteries and writing down his impressions of them, and where he would like to be buried if he died there; at others, writing letters to his friends brimful of the raciest wit and fun. The pigs of the island for instance are described as "long-nosed and grave-looking animals, most of them coal-black, and, like Zaccheus, small of stature, looking as if they had been through a revival, and were preparing for the ministry." The letters he thus wrote to friends during the nine weeks he was at Santa Cruz would in themselves make a goodly-sized pamphlet, but there is to be added to these *Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister*, which he wrote while here, and which took his wife and Miss Stevenson nine or ten days to copy for the printers. Of the latter he wrote:—"It is a sick man's book, written under many difficulties, amid continual interruptions besides what his own weakness occasions. Yet I wrote this with bloody tears—no work of mine, perhaps, cost me such birth pangs—for I was too sick to write, and yet must be delivered of my work, and that, too, in such a place!"

The reader will not be surprised, after reading all this of the doings of the invalid, that his visit to Santa Cruz produced little improvement upon him. Upon leaving, he had to write:—"I leave the tropics with more cough than I brought in. The critical symptoms are worse, but others are better. In no essential symptom is my disease better, in several it is worse—much worse. I have no longer much hope in my bodily power of recuperation; no physical instinct assures me of recovery. I have some faith in the revivifying influence of civilisation, which I have been exiled from for four months; some also in

this, that my affairs are not ready for my departure—that I have not done my work. But these are feeble arguments against a consumption, with a cough which tells of the destruction of my lungs. I must let myself slide out of this life into the immortal.” He was too anxious about work already begun, too greedy of new work which on all sides he made for himself; and too much of his own physician—diagnosing, and prescribing for himself all the day over—to allow himself any chance of recovery. Indeed, it would appear that, paradoxically, his very excess of life prevented him from securing length of life. He had a most trying voyage from the West Indies to England, losing seven pounds of flesh in the time, and the cough and expectoration increasing. Even the misery of sea-sickness was triumphed over by his more terrible malady; which consequence, strange to say, he described as “a great comfort, which I am grateful for.” No doubt he meant that his consumption gave him less distress for the time being.

He and his party reached Southampton on the 1st of June, 1859, and though in such feeble condition he would proceed on to London the same day. “We reached Southampton June 1st, at 10 A.M., and rode, in the P.M., seventy miles to London. You never saw such greenness as exists everywhere in England. It rains almost every day, and so the ground is always moist and the air damp. The crops in the fields were of wheat, rye, clover, beans (a horse-bean which I never saw cultivated at home), potatoes, cabbages, and all sorts of kitchen vegetables. England looks like a garden, all is so nicely cultivated; the apple-trees were just getting out of blossom, and the horse-chestnuts were in full bloom; roses abundant; of course there were pinks, gilliflowers, marigolds, &c. &c., everywhere. Lilacs had passed their

bloom, but the prim and the white-thorn were in full feather.”

In London he made his home, for eleven days, at Radley’s Hotel, Blackfriars, a house which has since been pulled down for the short new street opposite Ludgate Hill Station. Than to the great Modern Babylon he could not have come to a worse place for rest and recovery. He wrote of it:—“Here I am as busy as a nail-machine all day, and get little rest, there are so many friends. But I refuse all invitations to breakfast, dine, &c., and keep as quiet as I can, doing nothing rash.” But he was much too rash. It was the time of the London “season,” and he did all the sight-seeing, visiting, letter-writing, &c., his strength would allow. Indeed he did more of these than most well-persons could have done. The first morning he was in London he wrote the following letter to two well-known English ladies, both at that time engaged in the same work of philanthropy at Bristol:—

“Radley’s Hotel, London, June 2, 1859.

“TO MISS COBBE AND MISS CARPENTER, BOTH MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,—Let me unite you both in one letter, the first I write on English soil, while the tossings of the sea still keep my head and hand unsteady. Many thanks for your kind letters which reached me at Santa Cruz, and the two which greeted me yesterday on board the ship at Southampton. A boat came alongside, and the boatman called out, ‘Letter for Theodore Parker!’ Judge of the trembling joy with which a sick man read your words of kindly greeting! Thanks, many thanks, for your words of welcome!

“I know you will wish to know what effect the residence in the West Indies has had. I cannot yet quite say; for the critical symptoms have changed but little, if at all. But I am a deal stronger, with a good appetite, and reasonable strength and

spirits that, if not hilarious as when well, are never sad. Indeed, I am cheerful by temperament, as well as by philosophy, and from principle. In all my illness, and it is now in its third year, I have not had a single sad hour. I have not the average love of life by instinct, and, besides, have such absolute confidence in the INFINITE LOVE, which creates and provides for the world and each individual in it, that I am sure death is always a blessing, a step forward and upward, to the person who dies. My place in the world will soon be filled by wiser and better men, who *may* be guided by any wise word of mine, and certainly will be *warned* by my *errors*. So my departure may be the best thing for the great cause of humanity we all have so much at heart. The burden of sorrow in that case will fall on my intimates, and heaviest of all on my wife; for to her I am all in all! But even such sorrows are blessed in the end they serve.

"However, I shall still hope for returning health, and leave no stone unturned to prolong life. I have many things half ready for the press which none beside me could print. In special, I have a short volume of sermons on the 'Evidence of God found in the World of Matter and of Mind;' they were preached in 1858. I like them better than anything I have done before. Each was about an hour and a quarter in the delivery, and what was spoken could be recalled from the notes of the phonographer who daguerretyped all my words. But I did not preach more than half of what my *brief* contained: the unpreached matter will be lost without me; hard to write it out. Besides, I have volumes more in that state.

"Dear friends, do not think me rash to have wasted my strength in this way, for I must preach every week, and I had not time to write

out fully all that related to the matter I preached upon. Besides, I must labour in some other way to obtain the means to publish and circulate my new works—for I have been my own Tract Society. Had I lived in England I should have printed more and lectured less: in America I must do as I did.

"My American friend Lyman has not arrived, so we are all alone in this great Babel of modern civilisation. I have seen nobody but the bankers, Bates and Sturgis (Baring Brothers, and Co.), old acquaintances, and genial, kindly men. I hope to see Martineau, Newman, and others of the nobler sort, but must be prudent and not talk much with thoughtful men.

"When I reached Santa Cruz I went, or rather crawled, for I could hardly walk, to the graveyard, and selected my place of rest if the angel of death should say, 'Thus far, O body, but no farther!' It seemed odious to lay my bones in ground where the bottom of the grave was dry as the top, and where no grass can grow, but only abominable sedges six or eight feet high. Yet I found a sufficient place under a tamarind and a silk cotton tree (*Bombex ceiba*) though unlovely. But when I trod on English ground I felt that the clods of the valley would be sweet to the crumbling flesh. I would not object to laying my bones where, save six generations, my fathers have left their ashes for eight hundred years. Yet I shall prefer to take home a sound body.

"Yours faithfully,

"THEODORE PARKER."

The next day his "American friend, Lyman," arrived in London from America, whence he had come to take charge of, and devote himself to, his beloved pastor.

Among those who visited him at Radley's were, Mr. Brabant, father-in-law of Mr. Hennell, the author of



"Christian Theism," &c., Miss Winkworth and her sister ["Mrs. William Shaen and Miss Winkworth came to see us, and sat an hour or so; they are sisters, intelligent, cultivated, and thoughtful women, full of literature, ideas, and humanity. You know the Book of Hymns one of these talented sisters has translated from the German."], Mr. and Mrs. James Martineau, Professor H. D. Rogers and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Mark E. Marsden (who called to see if there was any chance of getting him to preach at South Place Chapel; which, of course, there was not, but he was thanked for the cordial invitation, and a promise given that it would be accepted if spared, and sufficiently restored, when returning from the Continent), Mr. Seward, the American Statesman (who was then in London), Mr. Cholmondeley, Mrs. Ellen Craft, and several others.

The peculiar circumstances surrounding the visits of the two persons last named, made them especially touching and delightful to Parker. Mr. Thomas Cholmondeley, a nephew of Bishop Heber, once a pupil of Arthur Hugh Clough, and afterwards a student in Germany, had been in America five years before; had heard Parker preach; had called on him at his house; and had been impressed by his power, and interested in his character. No sooner did he hear of his being in London, than he found his way to Radley's, and deeply touched the invalid by the demonstration he gave of respect and grateful feelings. On leaving, Mr. Cholmondeley said, with much hesitation, and modest embarrassment:—"This travelling is a matter of great expense—perhaps, in consequence, you might not be willing always to do something that you would prefer, or to go where motives of pleasure and comfort would otherwise carry you. That ought not to be. Pardon me, if I say, I know one deeply indebted to you, who de-

sires to show it, who would be proud to increase the chances for your recovery; in fact, he stands before you." Thanks to his own industry, and the generosity of his American supporters, Parker was able to decline the generous offer; but he accepted the precious love it indicated—that fell on a tender heart and made a deep impression. This noble scion of the English nobility came into considerable family possessions soon after, but in 1864 he died at Florence—the same city in which Parker breathed his last—and is probably buried in the same Campo Santo.

But, perhaps, most delightful of all was the visit he received from Ellen Craft. He thus spoke of it in a letter to a friend:—"One of the last persons who came to visit us, the night before we went away, was Ellen Craft! I count that an honour. The last time I saw them before was the day of their flight from Boston. You remember George T. Curtis and his pack (of fellow-creatures) had been barking at them for several weeks—seeking to rend them to pieces. I married William and Ellen in solemn sort in a house on 'Nigger Hill,' and put a Bible and a sword into his hands, and bade him use both with all his might! I had given him a pistol before. It did me good to meet her again in Blackfriars, London, where the kidnapper would not be held in very high honour. I thought of the time when Hannah and John Parkman and I rode out to Brookline to bring Ellen into my house, where I might keep her in safety. I took a hatchet along with me for defence; I afterwards had better fighting-tools, and borrowed a pistol of Dr. Bowditch as I returned. Poor thing! she feels better now than when she lived in my upper chamber, and we did not let the girls go to the street-door to let any visitors in. I hope these times will not come again to Boston."

In the few visits he made while in London, he was disappointed at finding Henry Thomas Buckle, the gifted author of "The History of Civilization in England," not at home. He ranked high in Parker's estimation, the latter thinking his book one of the greatest productions of the century; and the following letter will show what a high opinion Buckle in return held of Parker:—

"Eltham Place, Eltham Road,

"near Blackheath, July 5, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been in town for a few days on business, and found your card on my table in Oxford Terrace. I cannot tell you how much I regret that we should not have met. The great respect which I feel for you as the most advanced leader of opinion in one of the two first nations of the world, would of itself suffice to make me eager for the pleasure of your personal acquaintance. And when I add to this the memory of your obliging and friendly letters to me, you will easily believe me when I say how much I have been disappointed at being unable to call upon you and make arrangements to see you. But the severest of all calamities has befallen me, and has so prostrated my nervous system that I am now enjoined the strictest quiet. Your conversation would arouse in me so many associations, and excite me to so many inquiries respecting your noble country, that I feel myself, alas, unequal to meeting you; and, as you might possibly hear from some of my friends in London, I have been compelled to give up all society. In such cases, the more I am interested the more I am hurt. I do not know how long you are likely to stay in England; but it would give me great pleasure to hear from you, and that you understand the cause of my apparent inattention.

"Believe me to be most truly yours,

"HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE."

In a letter which Buckle wrote to

Parker in 1858, in answer to inquiries from the latter, he gave the following interesting particulars of himself, which many readers will be glad to peruse:—"I do not like reading at public libraries, and I purchase nearly all the books which I use. I have at present about 20,000 volumes . . . I was born at Lee, in Kent, on the 24th of November, 1822. My father was a merchant. His name was Thomas Henry Buckle, and he was descended from a family, one of whom was well-known as Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He died in 1840. My mother, who still lives, was a Miss Middleton, of the Yorkshire Middletons. As a boy, my health was extremely delicate, and my parents were fortunately guided by the advice of that good and wise man, Dr. Birkbeck (whose name I believe is not unknown in America), who forbade my receiving any education that would tax the brain. This prevented me from being, in the common sense of the word, educated, and also prevented my going to college. When I was in my eighteenth year my father died (January, 1840), and left me in independent circumstances, in a pecuniary point of view. My health steadily improved, and to this moment I had read little except 'Shakespeare,' the 'Arabian Nights,' and 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,' three books on which I literally feasted. Between the ages of eighteen and nineteen I conceived the plan of my book—dimly indeed—but still the plan was there, and I set about its execution. From the age of nineteen I have worked on an average nine to ten hours daily. My method was this. In the morning I usually studied physical science, in the forenoon languages (of which, till the age of nineteen, I was deplorably ignorant), and the rest of the day history and jurisprudence. In the evening, general literature. I have always steadily

refused to write in reviews, being determined to give up my life to a larger purpose. I have, therefore, produced nothing except the first volume of my History, and the Lecture on the Influence of Women."

Another friend, whom Parker had not as yet seen, Frances Power Cobbe, was also not to be met with in London. It was a disappointment to him, as she was one whose spiritual life he had saved, who had corresponded with him for eleven years, and he thought of her books as amongst the greatest yet produced by a woman's pen. He had written of her "Intuitive Morals:"—"I admire the work throughout; the plan, the execution, and all the details. It is a noble work, in many points reminding me of some of the best things in Leibnitz, in others coming close upon Milton in its tone and language. The learning also surprises me." He had also procured its re-publication for her in America. Unable to meet with her in London, he directed to her the following note:—

"Radley's Hotel, June 11, 1859.

"MY VERY DEAR MISS COBBE,—Your kind note came duly to hand, and the flowers are fresh and blooming still on the table before me as I write. I have seen the Martineaus, Newman, Tayler, Ierson, and many others. Mr. Bright and many of his coadjutors I have also seen, and by his courtesy got a place under the gallery and heard the great debate on Thursday night." [In another letter he more fully says of this:—"Mr. Bright got us (Lyman and me) a place to attend the House of Commons, and we heard the *great debate* which led to the expulsion of the Derby Ministry. Bright made a fine speech—honest, sincere, manly, and sufficiently eloquent for the House of Commons, which laughs at sentiment."] "But I am losing daily here in the smoke and chill of London. To-morrow

we hasten to Paris, where we shall stay a few days, and then take our departure for the Rhine and Switzerland. It is a great luxury to see the Apthorps again and my dear Desor, with whom I shall pass some weeks. 'To be weak is to be miserable.' Here I am in the focus of civilisation and can do nothing; a little excitement is a little too much, and I must get into a quiet place. It has grieved us all that we could not see you; but, if I return next year and in any tolerable condition, I must have that pleasure. I hope I shall often hear from you on the Continent. The Barings will always have my address, and I will besides keep you advised of my whereabouts. Mrs. P. sends hearty thanks for the flowers, and I have put away the silken thread which bound them among other precious things. Both of the ladies send you their hearty regards. Let me add the best wishes and thanks of yours truly, T. P."

We ought to couple with the foregoing letter to Mary Somerville's "best and cleverest woman I ever met" (for so in her autobiography that gifted woman terms Miss Cobbe) the following letter to Miss Mary Carpenter, the philanthropic lady with whom Miss Cobbe was then residing and labouring:—

"Montreux (Pension Ketterer), Suisse,  
June 23, 1859.

"MY DEAR MISS CARPENTER,—It grieved me very much to find that I must leave London without seeing you or Miss Cobbe. Really it was too bad, after all your very generous intentions. But when I return to England we will make amends for it, and take our revenge. I need not tell you how much interest I take in your noble work at Bristol. Many things are called CHRISTIANITY, a name dear or hateful as you define it one way or the other; often it means repeating a liturgy and attending church or chapel; sometimes it meant

burning men alive; in half of the United States of America it means kidnapping, enslaving men and women! The Christianity which your admirable father loved, taught, and lived, was piety and morality, love to God, love to man, the keeping of the natural laws God writes on sense and soul. It is this which I honour and love in you, especially as it takes the form of humanity and loves the unlovely. The greatest heroism of our day spends itself in lanes and alleys, in the haunts of poverty and crime, seeking to bless such as the institutions of the age can only curse. If Jesus of Nazareth were to come back and be the Jesus of London, I think I know what (negative and positive) work he would set about. He would be a new revolution of institutions, applying his universal justice to the causes of ill; but also an angel of mercy, palliating the effects of those causes which could not be at once removed or made well. You are doing this work, the work of humanity; it seems to me you have a genius for it. Accept my hearty thanks for all your kind intentions, and believe me, faithfully yours,

“THEODORE PARKER.”

Of the many invitations he had to breakfast, dinner, lunch, tea, while in London, he only accepted one, and that was to lunch with the Rev. James Martineau, at his house in Gordon Street. Here he met with Professor F. W. Newman and Professor John James Tayler, also the Rev. H. Ierson, then successor of W. J. Fox, at South Place, now Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and others.

Of this meeting with Parker, the Rev. Dr. Martineau has kindly furnished us with the following note:—

“Of his last visit, sixteen years ago, I can even now hardly bear to think: so keen was the pang which his deep and hollow voice carried to my heart.

He spent a couple of hours with me and met a few friends, including my late colleague, Mr. J. J. Tayler, at lunch. He was bright and fresh as ever, except for an occasional drooping as of spent strength. But no one else could well be bright, in presence of those sunk cheeks and that fearful voice. We talked of many things and persons; but the one dominant impression—that here was the last meeting and parting with our dying friend—overwhelmed every other, and I have no distinct memory except of the signs of a terrible sorrow. He had not, however, entirely relinquished—though only faintly indulging—the hope of recovery; for I remember in the last grasp of his hand, how embarrassed I was to give suitable response to some conditional ‘au revoir’ which he uttered.”

Parker himself wrote of this luncheon afterwards:—“We lunched at the Martineaus’ one day—the only time I have taken a meal abroad since I left home (I wonder if some of my ancestors were not Hibernians, for this is the second Irishism in this letter!): there I saw Mrs. Martineau. She and her husband had called on us before, and her nice daughters, three of them; the married one is with her husband, growing hops in Kent. Pleasant people they all are, in whom the nice artifice of culture has not impaired or concealed the instincts of generous nature. I love such girls. Rev. Mr. Tayler and several younger men were at the lunch—interesting and instructive people, all of them.” Also in London he went to the Queen’s stables, to Chief Justice Campbell’s Court at Westminster Hall, along the Thames, to several new and second-hand book shops, to the residences of Charles Mackay and others, to the Guildhall, St. George’s Yard, Vulture Inn, Fish Street Hill, Billingsgate, the Tower of London, the Reform Club, the British Museum, the Museum in

Jermyn Street, where he heard Professor Huxley lecture on "Fishes," the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. But he notes of himself: "Too feeble to do much." He was evidently taken with the *physique* of the English women and children:—"How handsome the English women are! Fine large animals, they have good hair, good teeth, good eyes, and a noble complexion (Mrs. Bodichon, who offered us many attentions, is a good type). The children, I think, must be the finest in the world—what a show of them at Hyde Park, at Kensington Gardens, and many other places in London!"

On one of the days he went to St. Paul's Cathedral, thus noting what he found going on:—"At St. Paul's, yesterday, the wealth, beauty, and famous birth of England sat under the great dome of the Cathedral, while the servants and ignobly born stood without; eight thousand children sat alone, and fainted with hunger while they listened to a wretched sermon on human depravity or sung the litanies they had been made to commit to memory." In London, as at Santa Cruz—where he had had to run away from listening to an orthodox sermon—"the ecclesiastical theology is the greatest humbug in the world."

On the Sunday he went to Little Portland Street Chapel and heard James Martineau, then the minister there. His impressions are thus briefly recorded:—"June 5. — Heard Martineau. Sermon on self-surrender, full of rich religious feeling, and showing the fine culture of the man. But the costume and the printed service-book are a hindrance to progressive thought, and to all freedom."

The "costume" here referred to was the black gown, and "the printed service-book" the liturgical "Common-Prayer for Christian Wor-

ship in Ten Services" still in use in some few Unitarian Chapels, and which has long been a stumbling-block, and a rock of offence, to many conscientious Unitarian ministers and laymen.

In a letter written after leaving London, to his physician in Boston, Parker himself gave the following description of his time in the English metropolis:—"After I reached London, the dampness—they called it, 'uncommon fine weather it is, for June!'—the clouds, and the deadness of the air, full of coal smoke, irritated the cough still more, and of course increased the expectorations. I was very prudent. I accepted no invitations to *breakfast* or *dine*. I once lunched with Martineau. I made no visits, except one or two of necessity, and those but a few minutes in duration. Of course, I could not avoid seeing some hundred persons, perhaps, some of them most enlightened and interesting men and women. Many hospitalities were offered me, but I could accept none. 'To be weak is to be miserable!' I was out in the evening time, once till half-past eight, once till ten—it is hardly dark at nine, and dawns at half-past two a.m.!—but did myself no harm thereby. Judge of my forbearance. I left the House of Commons at half-past eight (when I had a most distinguished seat), though Sir James Graham and Lord Palmerston were to speak before midnight; besides, I went into none of the great churches, not even Westminster Abbey! I never went to the theatre, and took special pains not to get fatigued. Professor Rogers happened to be in London for three months, and was exceedingly attentive, kind, affectionate, and *wise*. He insisted on my staying with him, but I did not; nor even accept his invitations to meet famous *savans*, and talk with them."

He left London on Sunday



June 12th, at half-past five in the morning, and reached Paris at a quarter-past five P.M., travelling (*via* Folkestone and Boulogne) nearly three hundred miles. Charles Sumner, just recovering from the assault of the senator-scoundrel, Preston, was there, and on the Monday the two friends drove about for six hours, and, the drive over, Parker went about on foot for more exercise, while Sumner went home to rest. Parker worked as hard in Paris as he had done in London, all the time protesting how careful he was and how little he did. He had hardly an inactive hour while out of bed, yet he wrote to his Boston physician, "I became a mollusc—an oyster, at the West Indies, and exercised almost exclusively those *nerves of vegetation* which you discovered. But I had in me a letter to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, and I must bring it forth. After that, I dropped down into my molluscous condition, and when I saw one of the actual tenants of the mud at London (they grew on *trees* at St. Croix) I said, Am I not a clam and a brother? I never opened my mouth upon oyster or even *shrimp*, except to speak to them respectfully, lest I should commit the crime against nature, and devour my own kind. In Switzerland I will be as gentle as a child that is weaned of its mother, and behave myself like a sucking child."

While in Paris he consulted the most eminent physicians there as to his prospects of recovery and the best means to use. As usual, the result was most unsatisfactory; each differed from the other, and the patient drew up an amusing table giving the contradictions of each other which his American and Parisian physicians had presented. On the 19th of June he went to Dijon, then on to the Lake of Geneva and Montreux, reaching the latter place on the 22nd. Here he met with his dear friends

from America, Miss Hunt and Mr. and Mrs. Apthorp, who had been travelling in Europe for some time before. On the 25th of June he wrote a long letter to his congregation, to be read to them when assembled at their annual picnic on Wellington Hill. At Montreux, as elsewhere, he went to work like a busy *sagan*: hunted up the books giving the history of the neighbourhood, gathering all the information he could about it, made collections of odd Celtic names, put down subjects for sermons ("the habit of thinking sermons has become automatic, and acts like an instinct now"), wrote letters to friends, took excursions to Vevay, Chillon, Lausanne, Ferney, and other pleasant places of the neighbourhood (he could still walk as many as five miles without fatigue); and gathered all the news he could about the Franco-Austrian War, then going on in the North of Italy, within 150 miles of his place of sojourn.

From Montreux he went for a six weeks' sojourn at the Chalet of Professor Desor, the eminent Scientist, and afterwards Vice-President of the Swiss House of Representatives. This was at Combe Varin, Neuchâtel, in the midst of the loveliest scenery of Switzerland, and commanding glorious views of the high Alps, from the peaks of the Bernese Oberland to Mont Blanc. Parker had known Desor when the latter was in America, and for years a correspondence, on scientific and other learned matters, had been kept up between them. Here, breathing this pure atmosphere, three thousand feet above the valley, bathing himself in the sunshine of the hot summer, felling trees in the woods, experiencing the delightful *spirituelle* influences which came from the sublime scenery, and the society and conversation of high-souled and learned men, the invalid greatly improved, and it began to seem that, after all, an arrest of the



disease might be made. So much did he increase in weight, that he reached a hundred and fifty-eight and a third pounds—more than he had weighed for twenty-nine years. One day he carried more than seventy pounds from the boat to the railway carriage without straining.

As, to Parker, it was a painful thing to receive a salary for duties he was unable to discharge, he now sent in his resignation to his congregation. They, in answer, passed resolutions congratulating him upon his improved health, but “respectfully and affectionately” declining to accept the resignation.

It was at this time, too, that Parker wrote his last *brochure* :—“A Bumble Bee’s Thoughts on the Plan and Purpose of the Creation”—a very clever satire on the scientific method of the Bridgewater Treatises, pointing out the absurdity of men making finalities and committing intellectual suicide. It formed part of an album to which each of the *savans* (Moleschott, the chemist and physiologist was one) then visiting at Desor’s contributed an article—and which was afterwards published as a memorial of Parker and Kùchler—the latter being a Lutheran D.D. who, in the earlier part of the time was with the party, and died suddenly of apoplexy when returning to his home. Parker also wrote many letters from Desor’s, treating at great length of all manner of private and public matters, and showing that he was caring much more for the well-being of his friends and the world at large than for the recovery of his own health and the prolongation of his own existence. “I am only one little spurt of water running into the great ocean of humanity; and if I stop here (in Europe) I shall not be missed there (in America).”

After coming down from the mountains, back to Montreux for a time, and paying a farewell visit to Desor,

at his town house in Neuchâtel, during the vintage time, the invalid and his party made their way to Rome; that place, after much deliberation as to chances and prospects, having been selected as the best wherein to pass through the autumn and winter seasons. It was on the 19th October, 1859, that the “Eternal City” was reached. Quartered in private lodgings, and having the society of his wife, Miss Stevenson, Dr. Appleton,—his friend and physician—Mr. and Mrs. Aphorp, Miss Hunt, and others, he had all done for him by others that was possible, if his own restless mind would have allowed him to have done the best possible for himself. But it seemed as if, in spite of his own best intentions, he must go on working so long as power of mind and body remained. Hardly was he settled in Rome before he went down the street, and, happening to see, on a stall, a Dutch book on the existence of God, for which he had long been looking, he bought it, and very soon he had mastered its contents. By the end of the week he had made up his mind to devote the winter to a thorough study of Rome—its geology, its flora and fauna, its archæology, and its architecture. Accordingly he filled his shelves with learned works in different languages on Rome and Italy, read them closely, and daily went out to examine the places referred to in the legend or history he was studying. He perused all the newspapers he could lay his hands on, in order that he might be able to converse with those he met upon the passing events of the time. Now he had no longer to write sermons and lectures, he wrote letters to friends in Europe and America—letters which none but a scholar could have penned—longer and far more interesting than the generality of sermons, if not of lectures. To G. W. Ellis he wrote a summary of the epochs of Roman History, treating of the Rome of

Nature, of the pre-Romans, of the Roman kings, of the Roman Consuls, of the Emperors, of the Popes, in the dark ages, in the middle ages, and in modern times—a most powerful piece of comprehensive writing. To his brother Isaac, a farmer, he wrote an account of agriculture in the Papal States. To others he penned descriptions of the inner and outer workings of the Roman Church, and comments on the ecclesiastical matters of America and other countries; references to the household matters of the Romans; amusing observations of popular manners; well-arranged tables of statistics bearing on the trade, numerical strength of the different classes, &c., of the people around him. With keen swift perception he had soon found out what books were on sale at the stalls or in the shop windows, and he even stopped to find out all he could about any fruit or plant with which he had not previously been familiar.

Robert and Mrs. Browning, the poet and poetess, W. W. Story, the sculptor and *litterateur*, Harriet Beecher Stowe, the novelist, Bryant, the poet, Gibson, the sculptor, and others were in Rome at the time, and Parker occasionally met them in society, and whether the subject discussed was a new pamphlet like “*Le Pape et le Congrès*,” the best way of guarding against malarious soils, or the manufacture of lace, the invalid had full information to bestow, giving his listeners the impression of a living encyclopædia. “What a wonderful man,” one day, said Robert Browning to Mrs. Apthorp, “none of us knew the facts of which he told us.”

To know everything about everything was the insatiable craving of his mind, and this was never stronger than during the winter he spent in Rome. Never surely was there another man who so literally fulfilled the command—“Whatever thy hand finds to do, do it with all thy might.”

Even his attempts to carry out the best advice were over-done. The advice to spend as much time as possible in the open air led him to spend even wet days there, walking six or seven hours of the day, and exploring the sites of ancient squares, gardens, temples, theatres, &c., for miles around, with his umbrella in his hand. Though fast losing flesh, and becoming more nervous and desponding, his power of walking did not abate. Every day he must come down and up the hundred and twenty steps from his apartment, and within a month of his death he took a twenty-four miles ride on a donkey out among the mountains. He further injured himself with attending the churches; for, in the desire, no doubt, to forget himself and his illness, he could not keep away from the shows and services.

His own dark earth-prospects, however, did not lead him to forget others. Each death of a friend in America he heard of, called forth the writing of an affectionate and touching missive to the bereaved ones. His deep, large faith in God and immortality never deserted him, and he did not even so much as complain of his lot, except when his strong nature, in its unwillingness to break up, forced repining tones from the disordered instrument “of a thousand strings.”

Even when his body was well-nigh exhausted he continued to show astonishing mental power. Within three weeks of his death, when prostrate, one eye closed with feebleness, a friend who had been to Florence for two weeks came in, and in answer to his question—“What news?”—showed him two or three unpublished translations, by Owen Meredith, from the Romance dialect. He asked her to read them to him, and as she did so animation and speech became aroused in him. Taking the papers from her hand he read them aloud,

explained obscure points as he proceeded, and ended by giving a history of the dialect, and an account of the sources whence the poems were taken, as if his life had been devoted to a study of this particular kind of literature.

About a month before his death he had a great longing for the presence of his friend, Professor Desor—who had been prevented from coming (as he had promised) by his circumstances. "Let us see you here soon," Parker wrote to him, "for *you* are the medicine I need most of all, and may do me just the good thing I need to set me on my legs again." Desor came, but it was too late. The sight of him gave strength for a moment, but it was found that his presence, except for short periods, was too exhausting.

The faithful friend, however, continued residing near him to the end, and from his pen we have the following narrative of the latter days. Professor Desor writes:—"The miseries of the Papal *régime*, together with the damp climate and some annoyances, had affected his state to a singular degree, so that when I was able to rejoin him, I found him changed as if ten years older. He was no longer the Parker of Combe-Varin; he was an old man. Surrounded by the tenderest care on the part of his wife and his friends; treated with fraternal solicitude by his physician, Dr. Appleton, who was also his friend and confidant; he alone, of all, had not lost his courage. Neither had he entirely renounced the prospect of profiting by his sojourn in Italy to study its flora and geological structure. After having made a few excursions by carriage into the interior, it was evident to everyone that the projected tour was impossible; and he was not slow also to recognise it. In the meantime we were still waiting for the fair weather, which had long been due." The month of April, generally

so fine at Rome, was cold and rainy. To thwarted hopes succeeded uneasiness and a morbid desire to quit Rome and its frightful climate as soon as possible, in order to reach Florence. His condition was so much worse that we became anxious as to the issue of the journey. He, on the contrary, would not hear a word about postponing it. One day, when I found him reclining on his bed alone, I thought it my duty to apprise him of my apprehensions concerning the journey. 'Should you fail upon the route, to die in a tavern!' He smiled and asked me to sit down near him; he took my hand and said, 'Listen to me, my friend. You know that I have some command over myself, and that I have sometimes put my will to the test. Well: I will not die here; I will not leave my bones in this detested soil; I will go to Florence, and I will get there—that I promise you.' Then resuming, with a less emphatic tone, he added, 'Let me once get upon my couch at Madame Molini's, in Florence, there may happen what will. I don't promise beyond that.' It would have been imprudent and cruel to oppose this decided wish. We started the next day for Florence, by the way of Perugia, but not until Dr. Sarjent, the physician who was called in consultation, had approved our plan.

"The journey from Rome to Florence by *vetturino* lasted five days, during which our patient displayed admirable fortitude. He was too feeble to visit with us the celebrated sites and places which occurred along our route. Whenever we reached a hotel, his first and almost only want was to rest. But he insisted that we, his travelling companions, should visit everything accessible, and be careful to lose nothing out of regard for him. When we returned, he loved to hear in detail our impressions, and made us tell our observations upon the nature and accidents of the soil,

the peculiarities of the flora, the aspects of the country, and its inhabitants. He shared our indignation every time that we were victimised by some of the numerous stratagems which the police of His Holiness are so adroit in exploiting to the detriment of travellers. That only increased his impatience to get out of this country, doubly cursed, as he said, by political and ecclesiastical tyranny. So he enjoined us with warmth to apprise him when we crossed the frontier, and not to hesitate to wake him if he was asleep. This we did. After having left the last station of the Papal police, when I bade him notice at a distance by the side of the road a post, newly painted red, white, and green, he roused as if electrified, and his eyes threw upon me one of those piercing and eloquent glances which only come from a heart profoundly moved. One who has done so much for liberty loves to meet it on his way. At that point we crossed into the Kingdom of Italy; and he knew that if he died, his bones would at least repose in a land henceforth free.

"Having arrived at Florence, it happened as he had foreseen and predicted. Overcome by the fatigues of the journey, he had but one desire—to rest. He reached his bed, never more to quit it."

Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who, though she had so long corresponded with him, and had received such invaluable aid from his writings and friendship, had not hitherto met him, was now come to Florence and was anxiously waiting to see him. She thus describes how she found him when she first entered his chamber:—"He lies quite quietly on his bed, with his back to the light—his eyes are always trembling. I do not think he sees anything, except vaguely. They say he must have made a great effort, to be as collected as he was with me." She then goes on to de-

scribe their interview:—"He received me when I went to his bedside very tenderly, saying, 'After all our wishes to meet, how strange it should be thus at last! You are not to think or say you have seen me—this is only the *memory* of me. Those who love me most can only wish me a speedy passage to the other world. Of course I am not *afraid* to die' (he said this with what I could have supposed his old fire), 'but there was so much to do.' I said, 'You have given your life to God—to His truth and His work, as truly as any old martyr of them all.' 'I do not know,' he replied; 'I had great powers committed to me; I have but half used them.' I gave him a nosegay of tea-roses and lilies of the valley, and there came over his face the most beautiful smile I ever saw on a human countenance. I wonder how anyone can have spoken of his face as plain or Socratic. To me it seems the noblest, most loveable face in the world. He said afterwards, 'Do not speak of what you feel for me. It makes me too unhappy to leave you.' Then, suddenly, with wonderful effort and power, he began discussing Italian literature—then the flowers of America. I saw he had talked enough, and tried to go away. It seems my visit did him no harm. He spoke of me afterwards very tenderly, Mrs. Parker said, and told her she must see me every day. He could not see me often; it was a great pleasure, but it made his heart swell too high. He had a good night, and this morning again wished to see me. Alas! he wandered in mind nearly all the time, about what he would do in America, how he would lie still in his house and be very comfortable and happy, only his face lighted up as before at the sight of the lilies of the valley. (He had said he liked them best.) He asked what day it was. I said, 'It is Sunday—a blessed day!' 'True, it *is* a blessed day,' said he, suddenly, seriously, 'when one has

got over the superstition of it!’ He then seemed to fall off into vague, but not painful, dreams, and to doze; so I just kissed his hand gently, and left him without speaking.” At another interview he said earnestly to her, eagerly taking her by the hand: “I have something to tell you—there are two Theodore Parkers now. One is dying here in Italy, the other I have planted in America. He will live there, and finish my work.” He sent out and had purchased a bronze inkstand as a present to Miss Cobbe, which, when brought to him, he felt over—for he could no longer see, and with a solemn and tender “God bless you!” he handed it to her. Ever since, it has held the ink which has fed Miss Cobbe’s industrious pen, and is treasured and shown by her as one of her dearest possessions.

She has told us in another account that he lingered on for a few days, gently falling asleep, as it seemed, and dreaming, after the wont of the dying, that he was going on a journey, going home after his long wanderings, and only waking at intervals to give a few parting gifts to friends, and to comfort his wife, and to say tenderest words of thanks for the little offerings of flowers or aught else brought to him.

He had now completely overcome the temporary tendency to be petulant and exacting, which had come over him when his life began to tear itself from the body. The gentle consideration which had always distinguished him had more than returned: he asked humbly for the little services he needed, and gratefully thanked the friends who gave them. To the last—even in his ramblings—he was caring for others. “Lay down your head on the pillow, ‘Bearsie,’ and sleep; for you have not slept for a long time,” said he on one of the last nights; and in his fancyings that they were again back in America, he was bidding his wife and Miss Stevenson

to go round to the houses of members of his congregation upon kind errands, and with affectionate messages. To one or two American friends he sent dying messages, begging for care and protection for his wife after he was gone.

The last few days were passed in great weakness, but without the least suffering. The powerful mind had now so weak an instrument to play upon that the mental music altogether ceased; the faculties gradually faded, and physical sensibility became less and less.

On the 10th of May he lay motionless; his countenance wore the expression of a little child falling away into innocent slumber. Then it was that the great soul passed away from its earthly to its heavenly ministry.

The translation occurred so softly, that the most anxious of those watching around his bed knew not the precise time when the last breath was drawn. Even after death the semblance of infantile sleep remained on the face as his head lay on the pillow, garlanded with the rich pink and white roses of Tuscany. Never was the rapture of repose more legible on the face of death. It seemed as if God had taken up the last words of his last sermon, “Friend, come up higher,” and then benignantly said—“Well done, good and faithful servant! Well hast thou spent thy talents ten times ten!”

Immediately after his decease, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe arrived in Florence, and was sorry to find herself too late to pay the last token of respect to her great fellow-abolitionist which she had intended. At her request Miss Cobbe related to her all the details of his last hours, repeating the words already quoted about his unfinished labours, and adding, “To think that life is over—that work is stopped!”

But not so thought Mrs. Stowe—“And do you think: did he think



that Theodore Parker has no work to do for God *now*?" Thus appealed to, Miss Cobbe could not but fall in with the gifted American woman's view.

Parker himself had held it, for he had once declared, in a sermon, that, in the future life, the good could never remain satisfied until every soul had been brought to holiness and happiness—nay, even if the fabled devil existed, there would be a society formed in heaven for the reformation and salvation of the devil.

If, as Mr. Rathbone Greg most reasonably fore-feels, in heaven, "there will be missions of mercy to rescue the despairing; missions of aid to strengthen those who strive; missions of consolation to comfort those who weep; missions of instruction to guide the blind; missions of conflict to combat and conquer evil; worlds to be guided and redeemed; worlds to be 'brought out of darkness into His marvellous light;' loving souls needed to bind up the broken-hearted; serene souls to breathe peace to the cumbered, the harassed, and the way-worn; and fiery souls to do loyal battle with the powers of evil"—then indeed the work of Theodore Parker cannot have ended with his soul's departure from earth, but he is likely to be one of the noblest and best workers of the world-transcendental as he was of the worlds of matter and of man.

Three days later, on a Sunday afternoon, his wife and friends followed his corse to the grave which had been prepared for its reception in the beautiful Campo Santo—the Protestant cemetery—of Florence. An old friend then in the city—the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, read over the grave, in accordance with Parker's own wish, the Beatitudes of the Gospel. This and the solemn thoughts and feelings of the mourners formed the sole service. White lilies, fitting emblems! were laid upon the coffin, and the words, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God" seemed especially to have been spoken for such as he. The Sunday was a feast-day in Florence; the streets were filled with gay people; banners were hung out of the windows under which the mourners passed to the place where he was to sleep. At first it struck like a dissonance to their hearts, but friends of Theodore Parker could not sorrow "as those who have no hope." They remembered what he had been, and still must be in a higher life than ours, and they said one to another, "For us, too, this is a festal-day—the solemn Feast of an Ascension."

The grave is near the centre of the grounds, at the foot of a cypress tree. It is enclosed in a border of white marble, and at the head is a plain slab of the same material, with this simple inscription:—

THEODORE PARKER,  
BORN AT LEXINGTON, MASS.,  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

AUG. 24, 1810,

DIED AT FLORENCE, MAY 10, 1860.

It is a fitting resting-place for the earthly tenement of such a soul. Above, there is almost ever a sky as cloudless as his faith; on and about the grave, there grow in profusion the

flowers and shrubs he loved so well; while an American pine and the Italian cypress at its head tell, the one of the land he loved and served so devotedly, the other, by its tall,





PARKER'S GRAVE: FLORENCE.



up-pointing, spire-like form, of the celestial sphere to which the man has gone.

The European Continent possesses many attractions, natural, archæological, artistic ; but to us the greatest of them all is that modest grave in the little Campo Santo of Florence. If ever we make a pilgrimage, that will be our Mecca. We would fain

stand there, lay an immortelle upon that earthly bed, and relieve our bursting heart by thanking God for the liberty and light, the strength and solace, the joy and hope—the new and higher life we have had given unto us through the life and teachings of America's greatest and grandest Son.

“Yes, holy one, thou the Good Shepherd wert,  
Enduring hardest service for thy sheep,  
Hearing their bleatings with a human heart,  
Not losing such as thou wert put to keep ;  
But feeble wanderers from the field astray  
Thou on thy shoulders took, and did'st bear  
From hireling thieves and murdering wolves away,  
And watched o'er them with a guardian care.  
Thou wert the human Shepherd of the sheep,  
Leading them forth to pasture all the day ;  
At night to folds which did in safety keep.”



## APPENDIX.

## TRIBUTES TO PARKER'S WORK AND WORTH.

"It is the greatest possible Praise to be praised by men who are themselves deserving of Praise."—*From the Latin.*

## I. RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S TRIBUTE.

"**H**E whose voice will not be heard here [in the Music Hall] again could well afford to tell his experiences: they were all honourable to him, and were part of the history of the civil and religious liberty of his times. Theodore Parker was a son of the soil, charged with the energy of New England; strong, eager, inquisitive of knowledge; of a diligence that never tired; upright; of a haughty independence, yet the gentlest of companions; a man of study, fit for a man of the world; with decided opinions, and plenty of power to state them; rapidly pushing his studies so far as to leave few men qualified to sit as his critics. He elected his post of duty, or accepted nobly that assigned him in his rare constitution—wonderful acquisition of knowledge; a rapid wit that heard all, and welcomed all that came, by seeing its bearing. Such was the largeness of his reception of facts, and his skill to employ them, that it looked as if he were some president of council to whom a score of telegraphs were ever bringing in reports; and his information

would have been excessive, but for the noble use he made of it, ever in the interest of humanity. He had a strong understanding, a logical method, a love for facts, a rapid eye for their historical relations, and a skill in stripping them of traditional lustres. He had a sprightly fancy, and often amused himself with throwing his meaning into pretty epilogues; yet we can hardly ascribe to his mind a poetic element, though his scholarship had made him a reader and quoter of verses. A little more feeling of the poetic significance of his facts would have disqualified him for some of his severer offices to his generation. The old religions have a charm for most minds, which it is a little uncanny to disturb. It is sometimes a question, shall we not leave them to decay without rude shocks? I remember I found some harshness in his treatment both of Greek and Hebrew antiquity, and sympathised with the pain of many good people in his auditory; whilst I acquitted him, of course, of any wish to be flippant.

"He came at a time, when, to the

irresistible march of opinion, the form still retained by the most advanced sects showed loose and lifeless; and he, with something less of affectionate attachment to the old, or with more vigorous logic, rejected them. It is objected to him that he scattered too many illusions. Perhaps more tenderness would have been graceful; but it is vain to charge him with perverting the opinions of the new generation. The opinions of men are organic. Simply those came to him who found themselves expressed by him; and had they not met this enlightened mind, in which they beheld their own opinions combined with zeal in every cause of love and humanity, they would have suspected their own opinions, and suppressed them, and so sunk into melancholy or malignity of feeling, of loneliness, and of hostility to what was reckoned respectable. It is plain to me that he has achieved an historic immortality here; that he has so woven himself in those few years into the history of Boston that he can never be left out of your annals. It will not be in the acts of city councils, nor of obsequious mayors, nor in the State House; the proclamations of governors, with their failing virtue—failing them at critical moments—that the coming generations will study what really befell; but in the plain lessons of Theodore Parker in this Music Hall, in Faneuil Hall, or in Legislative Committee Rooms, the true temper and authentic record of these days will be read. The next generation will care little for the chances of elections that govern governors now; it will care little for fine gentlemen who behave shabbily; but will read very intelligently in his rough story, fortified with exact anecdotes, precise with names and dates, what part was taken by each actor; who threw himself into the cause of humanity; who came to the rescue of civilization at a hard pinch, and who blocked its course.

“The vice charged against America is the want of sincerity in leading men. It does not lie at his door. He never kept back the truth for fear to make an enemy. But, on the other hand, it was complained that he was bitter and harsh; that his zeal burned with too hot a flame. It is so difficult, in evil times, to escape this charge!—for the faithful preacher most of all. It was his merit—like Luther, Knox, Latimer, and John Baptist, to speak tart truth when that was peremptory, and when there were few to say it. But his sympathy with goodness was not less energetic. One fault he had: he over-estimated his friends, I may well say it, and sometimes vexed them with the importunity of his good opinion, whilst they knew better the ebb which follows exaggerated praise. He was capable, it must be said, of the most unmeasured eulogies on those he esteemed, especially if he had any jealousy that they did not stand with the Boston public as highly as they ought. His commanding merit as reformer is this, that he insisted, beyond all men in pulpits—I cannot think of one rival—that the essence of Christianity is its practical morals: it is there for use, or it is nothing; and if you combine it with sharp trading, or with ordinary city ambitions to gloss over municipal corruptions, or private intemperance, or successful fraud, or immoral politics, or unjust wars, or the cheating of Indians, or the robbery of frontier nations, or leaving your principles at home, to show on the high seas, or in Europe, a supple complaisance to tyrants, it is an hypocrisy, and the truth is not in you; and no love of religious music, or of dreams of Swedenborg, or praise of John Wesley, or of Jeremy Taylor, can save you from the Satan which you are.

“His ministry fell on a political crisis also: on the years when Southern slavery broke over its old banks, made new and vast pretensions, and

wrung from the weakness or treachery of Northern people, fatal concessions in the Fugitive Slave Bill, and the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Two days, bitter in the memory of Boston—the days of the rendition of Sims and of Burns—made the occasion of his most remarkable discourses. He kept nothing back. In terrible earnest he denounced the public crime, and meted out to every official, high or low, his due portion. By the incessant power of his statement, he made and held a party. It was his great service to freedom. He took away the reproach of silent consent, that would otherwise have laid against the indignant minority, by uttering, in the hour and place wherein these outrages were done, the stern protest. There were, of course, multitudes to defame and censure the truth-speaker. But the brave know the brave. Fops, whether in drawing-rooms or churches, will utter the fop's opinion, and faintly hope for the salvation of his soul: but his manly enemies, who despise the fops, honoured him; and it is well known that his great hospitable heart was the sanctuary to which every soul conscious of an earnest opinion came for sympathy—alike the brave slaveholder and the brave slave-rescuer. These met in the house of this honest man; for every sound heart loves a

responsible person—one who does not in generous company say generous things, and in mean company base things; but says one thing, now cheerfully, now indignantly, but always because he must, and because he sees that whether he speak or refrain from speech, this is said over him, and history, nature, and all souls testify to the same.

"Ah, my brave brother! it seems as if, in a frivolous age, our loss were immense, and your place cannot be supplied. But you will already be consoled in the transfer of your genius, knowing well that the nature of the world will affirm to all men, in all times, that which for twenty-five years you valiantly spoke; that the winds of Italy murmur the same truth over your grave, the winds of America over these bereaved streets; that the sea which bore your mourners home affirms it, the stars in their courses, and the inspirations of youth; whilst the polished and pleasant traitors to human rights, with perverted learning and disgraced graces, rot and are forgotten with their double tongue, saying all that is sordid for the corruption of man."—*Address delivered at the Service to Commemorate Parker's death, held at the Music Hall, Boston, June 17, 1860.*

## II. TRIBUTE OF JAMES MARTINEAU, D.D., LL.D.

"Gladly then do we gird up our hearts to follow the bold and noble steps of Theodore Parker over the ample province of thought which he traverses in his Discourse on Religion. However startling the positions to which he conducts us, and however breathless the impetuosity with which he hurries on, the region over which he flies is no dreamland, but a real one, which will be laid down truly or falsely in the minds of reflecting men: his survey of it is grand and

comprehensive, complete in its boundaries, if not always accurate in its contents; and the glass of clear and reverential faith through which he looks at all things, presents the most familiar objects in aspects beautiful and new. . . .

"So vast a mass of matter, requiring for its management a very various skill, cannot, it may be supposed, be dealt with by one man, otherwise than superficially. Yet there is a mastery shown over every



element of the great subject; and the slight treatment of it in parts no reader can help attributing to the plan of the work, rather than to the incapacity of the author. From the resources of a mind singularly exuberant by nature and laboriously enriched by culture, a system of results is here thrown up and spread out in luminous exposition: and though the processes are often imperfectly indicated by which they have been reached, they so evidently come from the deep and vital action of an understanding qualified to mature them that an opponent who might stigmatise the *book* as superficial would never venture to call the *author* so. There are few men living, we suspect, who would like to have a controversy with him on any one of his many heresies. The references in his notes, though often only general, are, when needful, sufficiently specific and various to show an extent of reading truly astonishing in so young a writer." [Parker was only thirty-two when he published the work Dr. Martineau was now reviewing]; "yet the glow and brilliancy of his page prove that the accumulative mass of other men's thought and learning has been but the fuel of his own genius. The copiousness of German erudition, systematised with a French precision, seems here to have been absorbed by a mind having the moral massiveness, the hidden tenderness, the strong enthusiasm of an English nature.

"The least perfect of his achievements appears to us to be the meta-physical; he is too ardent to preserve self-consistency throughout the parts of a large abstract scheme; too impetuous for the fine analysis of intricate and evanescent phenomena. His philosophical training, however, gives him great advantages in his treatment of concrete things and his views of human affairs; and in nothing would he, in our opinion, more

certainly excel than in history—whether the history of thought and knowledge or of society and institutions.

"As to the form in which our author presents his ideas, our readers must judge of that from the passages we may have occasion to quote. We have small patience at any time with the criticisms on style in which 'Belles' Lettres men' and rhetoricians delight; and where we speak to one another of the solemn mysteries of life and duty in God, such things affect us like a posture-master's discussions of Christ's sitting attitude in the Sermon on the Mount, or some prudish milliner's critique on the penitent wiping his feet with her hair. Men who neither think nor feel, but only learn, pretend, and imitate, may make an art out of the deepest utterances of the human soul; but from these histrionic beings, who would applaud the elocution of Isaiah, and study the delivery of a 'Father, forgive them!' such a man as Theodore Parker recalls us with a joyful shame. He reasons, he meditates, he loves, he scorns, he weeps, he worships, *aloud*. It may be thought very improper that a man should thus publish *himself*, instead of some choice, decorous excerpts, fit for the public eye. As, in prayer to God, it is deemed in these days no sin to utter, instead of our real desires, something else which we should hold it decent to desire; so, in addressing men, it is esteemed wise, not to say, or even to inquire, what we *do* think, but to put forth what it might be as well to think. Weary of all this, and finding nothing but a holy dulness and sickly unreality in the conventional theology of pulpit and the press, we delight in our author's irrepressible unreserve. No doubt there are rash judgments; there is extravagant expression; the colouring of his emotions is sometimes too vivid, the edge

of his indignation too sharp. But he believes, and *therefore* does he speak. You have his mind. These things are true to him. . . .

"Honour then to the manly simplicity of Theodore Parker. Perish who may among Scribes and Pharisees — 'orthodox liars for God' — *he* at least 'has delivered his soul.' . . .

"His vast reading, and his quick sympathy with what is great and generous of every kind has given an eclectic character to his philosophy. His mind refuses to let go anything that is true and excellent. . . .

"In the 'Discourse on Religion,' he has nowhere stated the principles of his *ethical* doctrine, or bridged over the chasm which separates it from his theology. But the purity and depth of his conceptions of character, his intense abhorrence of falsehood and evil, the moral loftiness of his devotion, and the generous severity of his rebuke, are in the strongest contradiction to the serene complacency of a mind suspended in metaphysic elevation *above* the point where truth and error, right and wrong, diverge, and looking down from a station whence all things look equally divine.

"If there is anyone who for his judgment on the historical evidence for the miracles, chooses to denounce him as 'no Christian;' who conceives that a literary verdict, referring the Gospels to the second century instead of the first, outlaws a man from 'the Kingdom of God;' who can read this book, and suppose in his heart that here is a man whom Jesus would have

driven from the company of his disciples; we can only wish that the accuser's title to the name was as obvious as the accused's. Alas for this poor wrangling! To hear the boastful anger of our stout believers, one would suppose that to take up our faith on too easy terms, and to be drawn into discipleship less by logic than by love were the very Sin against the Holy Ghost! Jesus thought it might not be too much to expect of his *enemies*, that, being eyewitnesses, they might 'believe *his works*;' but of his friends it was the mark, that they would 'believe *him*.' But now-a-days, who are our 'patient Christians,' ever busy with indictments against all counterfeits? Why, men who think it supremely ridiculous to accept anything or being as divine, unless visible certificates of character be written on earth, air, and water, and Heaven will pawn the laws of nature as personal securities.

"We part with Theodore Parker in hope to meet again. He has, we are persuaded, a task, severe perhaps, but assuredly noble, to achieve in this world. The work we have reviewed is the confession, at the threshold of a high career, of a great Reforming soul, that has thus cleared itself of hindrance, and girded up itself for a faithful future. The slowness of success awaiting those who stand apart from the multitude will not dismay him. He knows the ways of Providence too well." — *Review of Parker's Discourse of Religion in the Prospective Review for February, 1846.*

### III. TRIBUTES OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

#### *America's Greatest Orator.*

"When some Americans die, when most Americans die, their friends tire the public with excuses. They confess this spot; they explain that stain; they plead circumstances as the half justification of the mistake; and they beg of us to remember that nothing

but good is to be spoken of the dead. We need no such mantle for the green grave under the sky of Florence; no excuses, no explanations, no spot! Priestly malice has scanned every inch of his garment: it was seamless; it could find no stain. History, as in

the case of every other of her beloved children, gathers into her bosom the arrows which malice had shot at him, and says to posterity, 'Behold the title-deeds of your gratitude!' We ask no moment to excuse: there is nothing to explain. What the snarling journal thought bold, what the selfish politician feared as his ruin, it was God's seal set upon his apostleship. The little libel glanced across him like a rocket when it goes over the vault: it is passed, and the *royal* sun shines out as beneficent as ever.

"When I returned from New York on the 13th of this month, I was to have been honoured by standing in his desk; but illness prevented my fulfilling that appointment. It was eleven o'clock in the morning. As he sank away the same week under the fair sky of Italy, he said to the most loving of wives and of nurses, 'Let me be buried where I fall;' and tenderly, thoughtfully, she selected four o'clock of the same Sunday to mingle his dust with the kindred dust of brave, classic Italy.

"Four o'clock! The same sun that looked upon the half-dozen mourners that he permitted to follow him to the grave, the same moment of brightness lighted up the arches of his own temple as one whom he loved stepped into his own desk, and, with remarkable coincidence, for the only time during his absence, opened one of his own sermons to supply my place; and, as his friend read the Beatitudes over his grave on the banks of the Arno, his dearer friend here read from a manuscript, the text:— 'Have faith in God.'

"It is said that in his last hours, in the wandering of the masterly brain, he murmured, 'There are two Theodore Parkers; one rests here dying; but the other lives, and is at work at home.' How true! At that very moment he was speaking to his usual thousands; at that very instant his own words were sinking down

into the hearts of those that loved him best, and bidding them, in this the loneliest hours of their bereavement, 'have faith in God.' He!—ways came to this [the Anti-Slavery] platform: he is an old occupant of it. He never made an apology for coming to it. I remember, many years ago, going home from the very hall which formerly occupied this place. He had sat where you sit, in the seats, looking up at us. It had been a stormy, hard gathering, a close fight; the press calumniating us; every journal in Boston ridiculing the idea which we were endeavouring to spread. As I passed down the stairs homeward, he put his arm within mine, and said, 'You shall never need to ask me again to share that platform.' It was the instinct of his nature, true as the bravest heart. The spot for him was where the battle was hottest. He had come, as half the clergy came, a critic. He felt it was not his place; that it was to grapple with a tiger, and throttle him. And the pledge that he made he kept; for whether here or in New York, as his reputation grew, when that lordly mammoth of the press, *The Tribune*, overgrown in its independence and strength, would not condescend to record a word that Mr. Garrison or I could utter, but bent low before the most thorough scholarship of New England, and was glad to win its way to the confidence of the West by being his mouthpiece—with that weapon of influence in his right hand, he always placed himself at our side, and in the midst of us, in the capital state of the empire.

"You may not think this great praise: we do. Other men have brought us brave hearts; other men have brought us keen-sighted and vigilant intellects; but he brought us, as no one else could, the loftiest stature of New England culture. He brought us a disciplined intellect, whose statement was evidence, and

whose affirmation the most gifted student took long time before he ventured to doubt, or to contradict. When we had nothing but our characters, nothing but our reputation for accuracy, for our weapons, the man who could give to the cause of the slave that weapon was indeed one of its ablest and foremost champions.

"Lord Bacon said in his will, 'I leave my name and memory to foreign lands, and to my own countrymen after some time be passed.' No more fitting words could be chosen, if the modesty of the friend who has just gone before us would have permitted him to adopt them for himself. To-day, even within twenty-four hours, I have seen symptoms of that repentance which Johnson describes,—

"When nations, slowly wise and meanly  
just,  
To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

"The men who held their garments aside, and desired to have no contact with Music Hall, are beginning to show symptoms that they will be glad, when the world doubts whether they

have any life left, to say, 'Did not Theodore Parker spring from our bosom?' Yes, he takes his place, his serene place, among those few to whom Americans point as a proof that the national heart is still healthy and alive. Most of our statesmen, most of our politicians, go down into their graves, and we cover them up with apologies: we walk with reverent and filial love backward, and throw the mantle over their defects, and say, 'Remember the temptation and the time!' Now and then one, now and then one, goes up silently, and yet not unannounced, like the stars at their coming, and takes his place: while all eyes follow him, and say, 'Thank God that it is the promise and the herald: it is the nation alive at its heart. God has not left us without a witness; for His children have been among us, and one half have known them by love, and one-half have known them by hate—equal attestations to the divine life that has passed through our streets.'"—*Address at the Sessions of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society, May 31, 1860.*

#### WENDELL PHILLIPS' SECOND TRIBUTE.

"There is one thing every man may say of this pulpit: it was a live reality, and no sham. Whether tearing theological idols to pieces at West Roxbury, or here battling with the everyday evils of the streets, it was ever a live voice, and no mechanical or parrot tune: ever fresh from the heart of God, as these flowers, these lilies—the last flower over which, when eye-sight failed him, with his old gesture he passed his loving hand, and said, 'How sweet!' As in that story he loved so much to tell of Michel Angelo, when in the Roman palace Raphael was drawing his figures too small, Angelo sketched a colossal head of fit proportions, and taught Raphael his fault: so

Parker criticised these other pulpits, not so much by censure as by creation; by a pulpit proportioned to the hour, broad as humanity, frank as truth, stern as justice, and loving as Christ. Here is the place to judge him. In St. Paul's Cathedral the epitaph says, if you would know the genius of Christopher Wren, 'look around.' Do you ask proof, how full were the hands, how large the heart, how many-sided the brain, of your teacher; listen, and you will hear it in the glad, triumphant certainty of your enemies—that you must close these doors, since his place can never be filled. Do you ask proof of his efficient labour, and the good soil into which that seed

fell: gladden your eyes by looking back, and seeing for how many months the impulse his vigorous hand gave you has sufficed, spite of boding prophecy, to keep these doors open. Yes, he has left those accustomed to use weapons, and not merely to hold up his hands. And not only among yourselves: from another city I received a letter, full of deep feeling: and the writer, an orthodox church member, says:—

“‘I was a convert to Theodore Parker before I was a convert to——. If there is anything of value in the work I am doing to-day, it may, in an important sense, be said to have had its root in Parker’s heresy; I mean the habit—without which orthodoxy stands emasculated, and good for nothing—of independently passing on the empty and rotten pretensions of churches and churchmen, which I learned earliest, and, more than from any other, from Theodore Parker. He has my love, my respect, my admiration.’”

“‘Yes, his diocese is broader than Massachusetts. His influence extends very far outside these walls. Every pulpit in Boston is freer and more real to-day because of the existence of this. The fan of his example scattered the chaff of a hundred sapless years. One whole city is fresher to-day because of him. The most sickly and timid soul under yonder steeple, hide-bound in days and forms and beggarly Jewish elements, little dreams how ten times narrower and worse it was before this sun warmed the general atmosphere around. As was said of Burke’s unsuccessful impeachment of Warren Hastings, ‘never was the great object of punishment, the prevention of crime, more completely obtained. Hastings was acquitted; but tyranny and injustice were condemned wherever English was spoken.’ So we may say of Boston and Theodore Parker. Grant that few adopted his extreme theo-

logical views, that not many sympathise in his politics: still, that Boston is nobler, purer, braver, more loving, more Christian, to-day, is due more to him than to all the pulpits that vex her Sabbath air. He raised the level of sermons, intellectually and morally. Other preachers were compelled to grow in manly thought, and Christian morals in very self-defence. As Christ preached of the fall of the Tower of Siloam the week before, and what men said of it in the streets of Jerusalem; so Parker rang through our startled city the news of some fresh crime against humanity—some slave-hunt or wicked court, or prostituted official—till frightened audiences actually took bond of their new clergyman that they should not be tormented before their time.

Men say he erred on that great question of our age—the place due to the Bible. But William Craft, one of the bravest men who ever fled from our vulture to Victoria, writes to a friend, ‘When the slave-hunters were on our track, and no other minister except yourself came to direct our attention to the God of the oppressed, Parker came with his wise counsel, and told us where and how to go; gave us money. But that was not all: he gave me a weapon to protect our liberties, and a Bible to guide our souls. I have that Bible now, and shall ever prize it most highly.’

“‘How direct and frank his style! just level to the nation’s ear. No man ever needed to read any of his sentences twice to catch its meaning. None suspected that he thought other than he said, or more than he confessed.

“‘Like all such men, he grew daily; never too old to learn. Mark how close to actual life, how much bolder in reform, are all his later sermons, especially since he came to the city; every year his step

‘Forward persevering, to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpassed.’



"There are men whom we measure by their times, content and expecting to find them subdued to what they work in. They are the chameleons of circumstance; they are æolian harps, toned by the breeze that sweeps over them. There are others who serve as guide-posts and landmarks: we measure their times by them. Such was Theodore Parker. Hereafter the writer will use him as a mete-wand to measure the heart and civilisation of Boston. Like the Englishman, a year or two ago, who suspected our great historian could not move in the best circles of the city when it dropped out that he did not know Theodore Parker; distant men gauge us by our toleration and recognition of him. Such men are our nilometers: the harvest of the future is according to the height that the flood of our love rises round them. Who cares now that Harvard vouchsafed him no honours? But history will save the fact to measure the calculating and prudent bigotry of our times.

"Some speak of him only as a bitter critic and harsh prophet. Pulpits and journals shelter their plain speech in mentioning him under the example of what they call his 'unsparing candour.' Do they feel that the *strangeness* of their speech, their unusual frankness, needs apology and example? But he was far other than a bitter critic; though thank God for every drop of that bitterness, that came like a wholesome rebuke on the dead, saltless sea of American life! Thank God for every indignant protest, for every Christian admonition, that the Holy Spirit breathed through those manly lips! But, if he deserved any single word, it was 'generous.'

*Vir generosus* [magnanimous man] is the description that leaps to the lip of every scholar. He was generous of money. Born on a New England farm, in those days when small incomes made every dollar matter of importance, he no sooner had com-

mand of wealth than he lived with open hands. Not even the darling ambition of a great library ever tempted him to close his ear to need. Go to Venice or Vienna, to Frankfort or to Paris, and ask the refugees who have gone back—when here, friendless exiles but for him, under whose roof they felt most at home. One of our oldest and best teachers writes me that telling him once, in the cars, of a young lad of rare mathematical genius, who could read Laplace, but whom narrow means debarred from the university, 'Let him enter,' said Theodore Parker: 'I will pay his bills.'

"No sect, no special study, no one idea, bounded his sympathy; but he was generous in judgment where a common man would have found it hard to be so. Though he does not go 'down to dust without his fame,' though Oxford and Germany sent him messages of sympathy, still no word of approbation from the old grand names of our land, no honours from university or learned academy, greeted his brave, diligent, earnest life. Men confess that they voted against his admission to scientific bodies for his ideas, feeling all the while that his brain could furnish half the academy; and yet, thus ostracised, he was the most generous—more than just—interpreter of the motives of those about him, and looked on while others reaped where he sowed, with most generous joy in their success. Patiently analyzing character, and masterly in marshalling facts, he stamped with generous justice the world's final judgment of Webster; and, now that the soreness of the battle is over, friend and foe allow it.

"He was generous of labour. Books never served to excuse him from any of the homeliest work. Though 'living wisdom with each studious year,' and passionately devoted to his desk, as truly as was said of Milton, 'the lowliest duties on himself he



laid.' What drudgery of the street did that scholarly hand ever refuse? Who so often and constant as he in the trenches when a slave case made our city a camp? Loving books, he had no jot of a scholar's indolence or timidity but joined hands with labour everywhere. Erasmus would have found him good company, and Melancthon got brave help over a Greek manuscript: but the likeliest place to have found him in that age would have been at Zwingle's side on the battlefield, pierced with a score of fanatic spears; for, above all things, he was terribly in earnest. If I might paint him in one word, I should say he was always *in earnest*.

"Fortunate man! he lived long enough to see the eyes of the whole nation turned toward him as to a trusted teacher; fortunate, indeed, in a life so noble that even what was scorned from the pulpit will surely become oracular from the tomb; thrice fortunate, if he loved fame and future influence, that the leaves which bear his thoughts to posterity are not freighted with words penned by sickly ambition, or wrung from hunger, but with earnest thoughts on dangers that make the ground tremble under our feet, and the heavens black over our head—the only literature sure to live. Ambition says, 'I will write and be famous.' It is only a dainty tournament, a sham fight, forgotten when the smoke clears away. Real books are like Yorktown or Waterloo, whose cannon shook continents at the moment, an echo down the centuries. Through such channels Parker poured his thoughts.

"And true hearts leaped to his side. No man's brain ever made him warmer friends; no man's heart ever held them firmer. He loved to speak of how many hands he had in every city,

in every land, ready to work for him. With royal serenity he levied on all. Vassal hearts multiplied the great chief's powers; and at home the gentlest and deepest love, saintly, unequalled devotion, made every hour sunny, held off every care, and left him double liberty to work. God comfort that widowed heart!

"Judge him by his friends. No man suffered anywhere who did not feel sure of his sympathy. In sick chambers, and by the side of suffering humanity, he kept his heart soft and young. No man lifted a hand anywhere for truth and right who did not look on Theodore Parker as his fellow-labourer. When men hoped for the future, this desk was one stone on which they planted their feet. Where more frequent than around his board would you find men familiar with Europe's dungeons, and the mobs of our own streets? Wherever the fugitive slave might worship, here was his Gibraltar; over his mantel, however scantily furnished, in this city or elsewhere, you were sure to find a picture of Parker.

"The blessings of the poor are his laurels. Say that his words won doubt and murmur to trust in a loving God: let that be his record. Say that to the hated and friendless he was shield and buckler: let that be his epitaph. The glory of children is the fathers'. When you voted 'That Theodore Parker should be heard in Boston,' God honoured you. Well have you kept that pledge. In much labour and with many sacrifices he has laid the corner-stone: his work is ended here. God calls you to put on the top stone. Let fearless lips and Christian lives be his monument.'

—*Address delivered at the Service to Commemorate Parker's Death, held in the Music Hall, Boston, June 17, 1860.*

#### IV. TRIBUTE OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, (*The Pioneer of the American Anti-Slavery Movement*).

"Mental independence and moral courage characterised Theodore Parker in respect to all his convictions and acts. He was not technically 'a Garrisonian abolitionist,' though often upon that platform, but voted with the Republican party, though faithfully rebuking it for its timidity and growing spirit of compromise. He was no man's man, and no man's follower, but acted for himself, bravely, conscientiously, and according to his best judgment.

"But what of his theology? I do not know that I can state the whole of Parker's creed, but I remember a part of it:—'There is one God and Father over all, absolute and immutable, whose love is infinite, and therefore inexhaustible, and whose tender mercies are over all the works of His hand; and, whether in the body or out of the body, the farthest wanderer from the fold might yet have hope.' He believed in the continual progress and final redemption of the human race; that every child of God, however erring, would ultimately be brought back. You may quarrel with that theology, if you please: I shall not. I like it; I have great faith in it; I accept it. But this I say in respect to mere abstract theological opinions—the longer I live the less do I care about them, the less do I make them a test of character. It is nothing to me that any man calls himself a Methodist, or Baptist, or Unitarian, or Universalist. These sectarian shibboleths are easily taken upon the lip, especially when the offence of the cross has ceased. Whoever will, with his theology, grind out the best grist for our common humanity, is the best theologian for me.

"Many years ago, Thomas Jefferson uttered a sentiment which shocked our eminently Christian country, as

being thoroughly infidel:—"I do not care," said he, "whether my neighbour believes in one God, or in twenty gods, if he does not pick my pocket." Thus going to the root of absolute justice and morality, and obviously meaning this: if a man pick my pocket, it is in vain he tells me, in palliation of his crime, I am a believer in one true and living God. That may be; but you are a pick-pocket, nevertheless. Or he may say, I have not only one God, but twenty gods: therefore, I am not guilty. Nay, but you are a thief! And so we always throw ourselves back upon character; upon the fact whether a man is honest, just, long-suffering, merciful; and not whether he believes in a denominational creed, or is a strict observer of rites and ceremonies. This was the religion of Theodore Parker, always exciting his marvellous powers to promote the common good, to bless those who needed a blessing, and to seek and to save the lost; to bear testimony in favour of the right in the face of an ungodly age, and against a 'frowning world.' We are here to honour his memory. How can we best show our estimation of him? By trying to be like him in nobility of soul, in moral heroism, in fidelity to the truth, in disinterested regard for the welfare of others.

"Mr. Parker, though strong in his convictions, was no dogmatist, and assumed no robes of infallibility. No man was more docile in regard to being taught, even by the lowliest. Mr. Phillips has done him no more than justice, when he said that he was willing and eager to obtain instruction from any quarter. Hence he was always inquiring of those with whom he came in contact, so that he might learn, if possible, something from them that might aid

him in the great work in which he was engaged.

"When the question of 'Woman's Rights' first came up for discussion, like multitudes of others, Mr. Parker was inclined to treat it facetiously, and supposed it could be put aside with a smile. Still it was his disposition to hear and to learn; and as soon as he began to investigate, and to see the grandeur and world-wide importance of the 'Woman's Rights' movement, he gave to it his hearty support before the country and the world.

How he will be missed by those noble, but unfortunate, exiles who come to Boston from the old world

from time to time, driven out by the edicts of European despotism! What a home was Theodore Parker's for them! How they loved to gather round him in that home! And what a sympathising friend, and trusty adviser, and generous assistant, in their times of sore distress, they have found in him! There are many such in Boston and various parts of our country who have fled from foreign oppression, who will hear of his death with great sorrow of heart, and drop grateful tears to his memory."—*Address at the Sessions of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society, at Boston, May 31, 1860.*

#### V. TRIBUTE OF DR. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE,

(Author of "Ten Great Religions," "Steps of Belief," &c.)

"I remember meeting him on the cars on that fatal winter which laid the foundation of the disease which took him away. He had a carpet-bag with him filled with German, Greek, and Latin books—those old books in vellum of the seventeenth century—volumes which it is a pain merely to look at, so hard reading do they seem to be. On Monday morning he filled his carpet-bag, and went to the place where he was to lecture on the Monday night: all day long he studied his books, and at night delivered his lecture. Then, on Tuesday, he would go to the next place; studying his books all day, and lecturing at night. So he would go on through the week, until Friday; when he would be back again to Boston, with his carpet-bag exhausted, with every one of those books gutted of its contents, with the whole substance of them in his brain; so that he knew all about every one of them, and could give a perfect analysis of them all from beginning to end. On Saturday morning he would sit down to write his sermon for the next day;

on Saturday afternoon, go and visit the sick and bereaved of his Society; on Sunday morning, preach his sermon, and in the afternoon drive out to Watertown, and preach there; and, on Sunday evening, he would lie on the sofa, and talk to his friends. That was his way of working.

"I got a letter, only yesterday, from Wm. H. Channing, an old friend of his, who, speaking in the most tender and affectionate terms of his departure, said that he had, by over-working the intellectual part of his faculties, by too great fidelity in study, killed out, to some extent, another masterly faculty, which he had observed, but of which those who did not know him might be ignorant, namely, his gorgeous imagination. Mr. Channing said he was a man who had, with all his logical power, with all those reflective faculties, with all those immense powers of grasp and reception—the powers by which he held on to and retained what he had learned, and the powers by which he brought them into one great system in order to set

them before men—with all this he had the imagination of a poet, but did not let it work ; he was so busy studying all the time.

“Now, there were other students along with him when he was a boy ; and I have known a great many students, but their way of studying was very different from his. When Parker studied, it was not merely with the concentration of certain faculties, for the sake of working out a certain problem, and there put an end of it ; or merely to gather together certain things, and put them into his brain, and there an end of it. No : he had a great idea before him all the time ; and every word he uttered was a living word ; and all the thoughts that came from him came from him as fresh, glowing thoughts, full of love to God and love to man.

“Now, with regard to the second thing which goes to make a man great. What was Parker’s way of action? It was a grand way of action. His activity was as large, determined, persistent, complete, and thorough as his intellectual working was. What he did was on a plan reaching through years, on a plan arranged when he was a boy—the whole of his life mapped out before him, with all he meant to do each year previously arranged, and the reason for it fixed in his own mind : then he went to his work, and did it ; lived to accomplish it. But what sort of work was it? It was simply this : it was to lift man toward God. That was the work which Parker gave himself to do in the world ; that was the work for which he gathered together all this knowledge ; that the work for which he so trained his intellect to be acute, persistent, and comprehensive. It was to raise men to God. With his eye on God, he turned to man to lift him up ; and wherever he found a man who needed to be raised, or a class, a race, or a nation, that needed to be

lifted up, there he felt his work to be. On that point I say no more, because it is the least necessary to speak of his work, since that is patent and known to all.

“But there is one other element of greatness in man. Besides the head and the hand, there is the heart. What was the greatness of heart in Theodore Parker? His habit was, in speaking of the Almighty, not to call Him the Almighty. He spoke of the ‘Absolute Father’ in his philosophy and in his theology ; but when he came to speak of Him from the pulpit, as a Christian man speaking to Christian men, as a brother talking to brethren and sisters of what they needed, it was ‘Father’ and ‘Mother’—‘the great Father and Mother of us all.’ The tender, feminine heart of Theodore Parker was not satisfied with the name of ‘Father’ unless he united with it that of ‘Mother.’ So tender was he, so affectionate was he, that no one was ever near to Parker as a friend, as an intimate companion, without wondering how it was that men could ever think of him as hard, stern, severe, cold, and domineering ; because, in all the private relations of life, he was docile as a child to the touch of love ; and it was only necessary, if you had any fault to find with anything that he had said or done, to go to him, and tell him just what your complaint was, or what your difficulty was ; and, just as likely as not, he would at once admit, if there was the least reason in the complaint, that he was wrong. He was as ready to admit himself in the wrong as to maintain his stand for the everlasting right.

“I do not know how to describe—with what figure, borrowed from nature or art, or history, to describe—how Parker appears to me in all this varied and accumulated greatness of mind, of heart, and of hand, better than by telling you the inci-

dents of one day of my life. When I was passing out of Italy once by the St. Gothard route, we were in Italy in the morning, on the Italian side of the mountains, surrounded by Italian voices, and by the music of Italian nightingales, and within sight of the opening vineyards. Then we began the ascent of the mountains, and, as we ascended, we passed through the valley of pines, until at last, on that 15th of May, we came to the snow. Then we took the little sleds, and went on upon the snow, higher and higher, until we were surrounded with great fields of snow, dazzling white in the sun; and on one side we saw the fall of a terrible avalanche, with its roar of thunder. So we passed on until we reached the summit of the mountain; and then, descending on the other side, we came at last to where again the snow ceased; and there, taking the diligence, we went on our way down the side of the mountain, through gorges and ravines, and glaciers even, the country around growing more and more green, changing from spring to summer, until at last, when we came down toward the Lake of Lucerne, we passed through orchards full of apple-blossoms, and finally

crossed the beautiful Lake to the town of Lucerne, there to receive a whole bundle of letters from home—from father, mother, brother, sister, and child—to end the day. When I think of that day's journey—beginning in Italy, and ending in Germany; beginning under an Italian sun, at mid-day surrounded by snow-fields and glaciers, and at its close amid the apple-blossoms of Germany—it seems to me that that varied and wonderful day is a sort of type of the life of our friend Theodore Parker; its youth Italian, all fresh and gushing with ten thousand springs of early, boyish life, and hope and animation, and with all the varied study and activity of the child and youth; its early morning passed in the stern work of climbing up the mountain side; its mid-day with God's everlasting sun over his head, and the great broad fields all around, over which his eye looked; and all through its afternoon hours, passing on into an ever-increasing influence of spring and summer, and ending at last in the sweet bosom of affection, gratitude, and love."—*Speech at the Session of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society at Boston, May 31, 1860.*

# VI. TRIBUTE OF EMER. PROF. FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN,

(Author of "The Soul," "Theism, Doctrinal and Practical," &c.)

"What will be the judgment of mankind a century hence in biographical dictionaries? Something of this sort may appear:—

"THEODORE PARKER, the most eminent moral theologian whom the first half of the nineteenth century produced in the United States. When the churches were so besotted as to uphold the curse of slavery because they found it justified in the Bible—when the Statesmen, the Press, the Lawyers, and the Trading Commu-

nity threw their weight to the same fatal side—Parker stood up to preach the higher law of God against false religion, false statesmanship, crooked law, and cruel avarice. He enforced three great fundamental truths—God, Holiness, and Immortality. He often risked life and fortune to rescue the fugitive slave. After a short and very active life, full of good works, he died in blessed peace, prematurely worn out by his perpetual struggle for the true, the right, and

the good. His preaching is the crisis which marked the turn of the tide in America from the material to the moral, which began to enforce the eternal laws of God on trade, on law, on administration, and on the professors of religion itself."—*Phases of Faith*, p. 203.

#### VII. TRIBUTE OF THE LATE F. W. ROBERTSON, OF BRIGHTON.

"Theodore Parker he admired for the eloquence, earnestness, learning, and indignation against evil, and against forms without a spirit, which mark his writings." "Much that Theodore Parker says on the subject of inspiration is very valuable, though I am of opinion that Martineau has, with much sagacity and subtlety,

corrected in the review certain expressions which are too unguarded, and which, unless modified, are untrue." "Dissenters anathematise Unitarians, and Unitarians of the Old School condemn the more spiritual ones of the New."—*Life and Letters. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke, M.A.*

#### VIII. TRIBUTE OF DR. ALBERT REVILLE,

(*French Protestant Pasteur, Author of "A Manual of Religious Instruction," &c.*)

"Arrived at the end, we must ask ourselves what remains of that brilliant existence which we have sketched, and to what extent Parker's vision was prophetic when, on his death-bed, he saw himself doubled, and continuing his work in America, while his body dissolved in an Italian soil.

"Parker founded neither a church nor a school. His ministry, his words, his writings, his entire life, was a demonstration of spirit and power, rather than the construction of anything visible and organised; consequently it is difficult to indicate the positive results of his efforts, although the latent energy of the principles which he proclaimed, and the impressions which he left behind, are incontestable.

"What a fine comment have the last five years [the years including the American War] furnished on the social and religious teachings of the Boston preacher. Hardly had his ashes grown cold, when the Union arrived on the border of that Red Sea which he had so often foretold. It arrived there without suspecting the depth of the water, and imbued with

illusions and prejudices which could not but make the passage more difficult and painful than the most clear-sighted could have foreseen.

"If now we go back to days preceding this fearful duel, we may say without the least exaggeration that Parker shines in the first rank of those who cried to the North most energetically, *Be on your guard*; and who contributed most largely to arouse the mind of the people out of that torpor into which it had been thrown by material prosperity. The Massachusetts volunteers were the first in the hour of the greatest peril to make their bodies a rampart around the Federal capital, seriously menaced by the insurgent army. The silver and gold of New England never ceased to flow forth, even in the darkest hours, to sustain the good cause. At length the day came when the President of the United States saw himself able to proclaim the abolition of slavery; which he did amid the plaudits of that same crowd that selfish sophists had so long tried to blind, touching interests the most manifest. Parker's ashes may well have thrilled with



joy when touched by the news reverberating from the other side of the Atlantic. We have no wish to glorify our hero by letting persons little instructed in American affairs take the impression that the Boston pastor was the principal author of that patriotic revolution. But we must not underrate the glorious part which belongs to him; and if only you know the man, you will comprehend the influence which he exercised on those eminent citizens of the Union, Wendell Phillips, Chase, Seward, Sumner, Hale, Banks, Horace Mann, and others, his friends, his admirers, his fellow-combatants, with whom he ceaselessly conversed and corresponded, encouraging them, consoling them, commending them, sometimes frankly blaming them, always feeling a warm interest in their noble endeavours, always ready to enhance his public instructions by his generous and faithful example. Who, moreover, can measure the amount of liberal feeling which his numerous lectures poured into the different States of the Union? How often ears of corn, ripened before others under the rays of that frank and enlightened liberalism, foretold the hour of the coming harvest! All that cannot be calculated, but it has weight—immense weight—in the scales of the history of God's kingdom on earth.

“Theodore Parker undermined slavery by his bold criticism of the Bible more, perhaps, than by the discourses directly prompted by the horror the observance called forth in his mind. And as a theology, more liberal than that which prevailed around him, was in his hands a marvellous instrument of political liberalism, so the future will show us America profiting by its political liberalism to realise, sooner and better than any other nation, the religious liberalism after which the soul of our age is sighing. For all liberalisms, like all liberties, are

linked together. It is chiefly as a religious thinker and writer that Theodore Parker belongs to the future.

“What ought we in general to think of Parker's religious work? This question interests the old world not less than the new. We may describe Parker's religion as Christian Theism, and the characteristic of that mode of religion is this—that to one or two very simple, and, if I may so speak, very sober doctrines, it adds a great richness of applications to individual and social life. For ourselves there is not the slightest doubt that all the currents of our modern life lead us to that side of religion; and we are not shaken in that conviction by the cries of terror uttered by those who desire at any cost that we should remain immured in a past where we should be stifled, any more than by the frivolous predictions which fall from those who, disowning one of the most ineradicable instincts of human nature, go about declaring that we are hastening on to the end of all religion. There will arise in the near future a prolific synthesis of religion and liberty, under the ægis of spiritualism. Under what form and to what point has Theodore Parker contributed to prepare this magnificent future? We must not look for a professor of systematic theology in Theodore Parker: he is an originator, he is a singer inspired with the future. You may reject many of his ideas, but if you at all love religious liberty and social progress you cannot but warmly sympathise with the man. It is much less a system of doctrine he will give you than impressions, consolations, hopes, courage, faith. His religion is not an abstract theory, but a spontaneous fact of his nature. As he himself remarked, ‘his head is not more natural to his body than his religion to his soul.’ His science, his erudition, very great in reality, and of the best grain, are not the servants,

but the auxiliaries, the friends, of his unshaken faith in the living God, and aid him to put away everything in the dogmas and institutions of former days which hindered him from enjoying the Heavenly Father's immediate presence, and from bathing in the waters of infinite love. Truth in Parker is, you feel, a necessity, a passion of his nature, on account of which you pardon his outbursts; such is the courage and loyalty of his soul. Let us remember that the age is going forward, that modern society in its imperious exigencies calls henceforth for more radical and exact solutions than the compromises which up till now have been accounted satisfactory. For that, need is there of the generous audacity of Parker, going straight ahead, without troubling himself about the dust he raises in passing through so many ruins, his eyes ever fixed on the everlasting light. Moreover, it would be unjust to see in him only the severe and energetic wrestler. There is in his nature—and this constitutes its charm—by the side of and below his revolutionary ardour, a pure and rich mysticism, delightful to contemplate. His profound faith in the living God carries him beyond the poor world in which we live, and transports him before the time into the region of celestial harmonies. He is one of those thinkers who, to unsparing censure of the men and the things of their own times, have joined the most serene anticipations of the definite future of humanity. To the feverish agitations of his career as a reformer, his religion is that which the depths of the ocean are to the surface which the winds toss into confusion. After every tempest the inviolable calm of the abyss resumes its mastery over the entire mass, which, again peaceful and smiling, reflects the boundless azure of the sky.

“To sum up, Parker was essentially a prophet; and he is one of those contemporaneous appearances

which, better than laborious researches, enable us to understand certain phenomena which at first sight one would think belonged exclusively to the past. What were the prophets in the bosom of Israel? Not diviners, not utterers of supernatural oracles, as is too often fancied. They were the organs of a grand idea—a simple, austere, even abstract idea—hidden in the heart of the national tradition, the idea of pure monotheism. In order to disengage that idea from what disfigured it, from the people's sins, which caused it to be misapprehended, from the abuses of a priesthood and a throne interested, as they thought, in its remaining forgotten, the prophets persisted in their path of duty in spite of all opposition; and notwithstanding the ill-will of which they were the objects at every step, they came forth from the old soil of Israel always with a deeper faith and a stouter heart. For their force sprang from the fact that at the bottom the spirit of Israel conspired with their spirit, and the more hostility that spirit encountered the more did it become conscious of itself, and the more it asserted itself clearly and demonstratively. Kings, priests, people—all might find the prophets unendurable, but within a secret voice declared to them that nevertheless the prophets were in the right. In the same way the spirit of Protestantism and of the American constitution took possession of Theodore Parker near his father's workshop, as of old the spirit of monotheism seized the prophet by the side of his plough or under his wild fig-trees. This man, who might have lived at ease beneath the shadow of his pines, in the midst of the flowers of his parsonage, and who goes out to preach from city to city ‘against the people's sins’—this man, overruled by an idea simple, grand, implicitly contained in the religion of his childhood and the constitution of his native land—the idea

of the free development of the human personality—who consecrates his existence to the task of disembarassing that idea from all the shackles created by interests, by vices, by sacerdotalism, by official prerogatives; this man, who refuses every compromise, who has no kind of indulgence for political or commercial necessities; who, in spite of the many bitter cups he is forced to drink, joyously proclaims on the house-tops, and foretells with an assurance that is disconcerted by nothing, the final victory of truth and liberty—  
THIS MAN IS A PROPHET.

“Not only for the United States was Parker a prophet. His patriotism was not exclusive; he felt himself to be literally a citizen of the world, and if he loved America so well it is because in her he saw the predestined soil where some day the ideal, dreamt of in our Europe, would receive full realisation. For us also, at the moment when long-established edifices and traditions nod to their fall; when it is anxiously asked whether they will not, in their fall, crush both those who uphold and those who assail them, such a man as Parker is a prophet of consolation and hope. He is right; no cowardly fears! whatever happen, man will remain man. In his very nature, such as God has made it, there will ever be the revelations and the promises which produce

beautiful lives and beautiful deaths. And what more is needed? Happy the churches who shall find in their essential principles the right to open themselves without resolution to that imperishable Christianity of which Theodore Parker was the inspired preacher! The fundamental truth which he maintained, namely, that in the last analysis everything rests on conscience; that God reveals Himself to whosoever seeks after Him; that the salvation of man and society, on earth as well as in heaven, depends not on dogmas, not on rites, not on miracles, not on priesthoods, not on books, but on ‘Christ in us;’ on a pure and honest heart, on a loving soul, on a will devoted and active:—this truth will live and cause us to live with it. And the Church for which he prayed, which shall be spacious enough to contain all the sincere, all the disinterested, all the morally great, all the innocent, and all the repentant—that Church, truly universal, which in the past already unites so many noble souls separated by barriers now tottering—that Church will never perish. Even the death of the prophets would not for an hour retard the triumph of the truth which they preach, and the moment ever comes when humanity, confused and yet grateful, perceives that it was ignorantly stoning the organs of the Holy Spirit.”

#### IX. TRIBUTE OF O. B. FROTHINGHAM,

(Author of “*The History of Transcendentalism*,” &c.)

“With Parker the religious sentiment was supreme. It had roots in his being wholly distinct from its mental or sensible forms of expression, completely distinguished from theology, which claimed to give an account of it in words, and from ceremonies, which claimed to embody it in rites and symbols. Never evaporating in mystical dreams, nor entangled in the meshes of cunning speculation, it preserved its freshness and bloom

and fragrance in every passage of his life. His sense of the reality of divine things was as strong as was ever felt by a man of such clear intelligence. His feeling for divine things never lost its glow, never was damped by misgiving, dimmed by doubt, nor clouded by sorrow. The intensity of his faith in Providence, and of his assurance of personal immortality, seems almost fanatical to modern men who sympathise in

general with his philosophy. Yet to him it was native, instinctive (in the sense of spontaneous and irresistible), born of reverence, aspiration, trust, affection, which were ineradicable qualities of his being. So far from dreading to submit his faith to tests, he courted tests; was as eager to hear the arguments against his belief as for it; was as fair in weighing evidence on his opponents' side as on his own. He knew the writings of Moleschott, and talked with him personally. The books of Carl Vogt were not strange to him. The philosophy of Ludwig Buchner, if philosophy it can be called, was as familiar to him as to any of Buchner's disciples. He was intimate with the thoughts of Feurbach. He drew into discussion every atheist and materialist he met; talked with them closely, confidentially; and rose from the interview more confident in the strength of his own positions than ever. Darwin's first book 'On the Origin of Species,' which was brought to him in Rome, contained nothing that disturbed him. He thought it unsupported in many of its facts, and hasty in its generalisations; but the doctrine itself was not offensive to him. Science he counted his best friend; relied on it for confirmation of his faith, and was only impatient because it moved no faster. All the materialists in and out of Christendom had no power to shake his conviction of the infinite God and the immortal existence; nor would have had, had he lived till he was a century old: for, in his view, the convictions were planted deep in human nature, and were demanded by the exigencies of human life. The service they rendered to mankind would have been their sufficient justification had he found no other, and in this respect they interested him chiefly.

"Parker may merit the name of a founder—not of a sect, certainly; he never dreamed of that: nor of a

Church; for he believed more in ideas than in institutions: say, then, that he merits the name of *crystallizer*, for he supplied the statement about which many floating thoughts gathered. If he did not make a terminus, he laid a new track along which many will travel towards the one central terminus—the truth.

"The ethics of Theodore Parker grew from the same root as his religion, and were part of the same system. These, too, rested on the spiritual philosophy—the philosophy of intuition. Conscience for him was authority, divine, ultimate. What that voice commanded—and he did not go to Pennsylvania Avenue or Wall Street to learn what it commanded—he obeyed, even if it commanded the cutting off of the right hand, or the plucking out of the right eye. He would not compromise a principle, wrong a neighbour, injure a fellow-creature, take what was not fairly his, tell a falsehood, betray a trust, break a pledge, turn a deaf ear to the cry of human misery, for all the world could give him. No casuist he. The school of fidelity was for him the school of wisdom.

"Was he a philosopher? If by 'philosopher' be meant a man of *pure* reason, he was not one; for with him reason, affection, and conscience went inseparably together; but if by 'philosopher' be meant 'a rational man,' he deserves to be called one. He had the prime quality of mental integrity; he was a sincere lover of the truth; was no diplomatist of ideas—would neither deceive himself nor others, if it could be avoided; no politician of thoughts, no juggler with speech. He desired the ultimate fact. The charge of intellectual pretence or affectation cannot, without malignity, be brought against him. He was a devoted 'lover of wisdom,' and therefore, by definition, a philosopher.

"His mental endowments were extraordinary. What power of acquisition ! What power of retention ! He was a thorough workman ; he left no stone unturned beneath which might lie a fact. He had a better eye for form than for colour ; a better eye for moral expression than for either. The thing of most moment to say of Parker is that he was pre-eminently a man of uses. His gifts, natural and acquired, he held in trust for his fellow-men. The higher the gifts, the deeper the responsibility. The gifts, as he could not but be aware, were great : the sense of duty was, therefore, incessant ; in a less capable man it would have been excessive. But his keen enjoyment of life, and the ease with which he performed his task, deprived the burden of service of its apparent weight. 'Let him that is greatest amongst you be your minister, and him that is chief amongst you be the servant of all,' was perpetually in his heart, but not as it is with the ascetic or the self-immolator. His gifts were so rooted in the common earth, had such a strong savour of the ground, derived such fragrance and colour from the soul of humanity, it seemed so little to grow them, that their ceaseless consumption by pilgrims, wayfarers, and cattle even, caused no thought of waste, but rather suggested the inexhaustible resources of the nature from which they grow. Pure religion, noble institutions, just laws, humane customs, sweet morals, lovely manners, all slept in the common sods of humanity, and needed but gracious air and sunshine to ripen like flowers of paradise. To supply the air and sunshine he felt to be a privilege, not a toil ; and when the labour became more severe—the blasting of rocks, the felling of trees, the breaking up of fallow ground, the ploughing deep furrows across stubborn fields—he was cheered in it

by the vision of the fertility that was to follow.

"Faith in humanity—this was his secret ; love for humanity—this was his inspiration ; sympathy with humanity—this was his consoler. This faith was his key to literature, art, philosophy, society. Had he lived to be an old man, he would have illustrated his principle more amply ; he could not have more forcibly demonstrated it.

"He was a worker—he lived for uses ; a reformer, who spent his life in efforts to make society more shapely. Everything he had was turned instantly to service. No gift was folded in a napkin ; no pot of gold was buried in the cellar ; no fine accomplishment was hung up as ornament, or kept on the centre table for the entertainment of visitors. He was no *dilettante*. His conscience, if nothing else, would have made it impossible for him to be a mere scholar toying with books. The great work which was the dream of many years was conceived, not in the interest of literature, but in the interest of mankind.

"The highest genius is that which creates uses, and of this he possessed something. The world at large felt that he did ; and the testimony of the popular consciousness, though not finely discriminating, is sound. That he is destined to hold a nobler place in the regards of mankind may be anticipated.

"The influence of his thought has been very great, not more in the realm of opinion than in the realm of character ; and it is destined to be still greater. A gentleman of intelligence, who, in the days of the Unitarian controversy, had left his church and minister because he had exchanged with Theodore Parker, resumed his old connection some time during the war. It occurred one day to his minister to ask pleasantly the reason of his return. He replied, 'I went

away because I could not bear the smallest seeming of encouragement to Theodore Parker; but, when I saw the influence of his mind on our soldiers, I was forced to make a different estimate of the man.'

"The youth of America needs the

influence of that mind to-day, and will need it for many days to come. He was a true American if ever there was one; the best working-plan of an American yet produced."—*Theodore Parker, a Biography, published at Boston, U.S., 1874.*

#### X. TRIBUTE OF REV. H. W. BELLOWS, D.D.,

(*The New York Preacher and Philanthropist*).

"To a large minority of the younger Unitarians of the present day, both in England and America—not to mention Holland, Norway, and Sweden, where, we are assured, translations of his works are widely read and admired—Mr. Parker stands as the American representative and champion of the consistent Unitarian spirit in theology, that bold and free spirit which looks ever steadily, bravely, and hopefully onward, and reports faithfully whatever it sees, without regard to past judgments or fear of future consequences. The perception of his defects and idiosyncrasies had

not blinded impartial students of his life and times to the wide and marked influence of his laborious, heroic career, or to the importance of the part he was providentially called to play in the development and stimulation of liberal religious thought in America. We have heard Mr. Parker compared to the east wind, which is not apt to be very gentle in its purifying progress, but can as little be spared, in seasons of unwholesome natural calm, as men like Parker in times of theological and social torpor."—*The Liberal Christian.*

#### XI. TRIBUTE OF PROF. GERVINUS,

(*Of Heidelberg, the Eminent Writer on the Philosophy of History*).

"HONOURED SIR,—The lines from your own hand are so precious to me that I hasten thankfully to reply. The announcement in your letter that we already have the pleasure of personally knowing you—in fact, without being aware of it—took me not disagreeably by surprise. When we saw you at our house in 1844, it was, in fact, before we knew *who Parker was*; for it is only since the German translation of your writings that we have become acquainted with you—American books are so seldom sent to us. And, unfortunately, so many people pass through this little gathering-point of the great routes that the interesting visitors rejoice us less in the mass of indifferent ones; but that *you* should have been lost to us in

this manner disturbs us greatly. It must, however, humiliating as it is, be confessed. My wife, who is an enthusiastic admirer of yours, was in a sort of despair. We rejoice every day at the happy idea of Herr Ziethen to translate your works. I hope that, gradually, this will have wide and deep results. We possess your liberal standpoint in theory, in learning, in the schools; we have it in the broad circle of the world, among all people of common sense; but we repel it from the place whence it ought to be taught and planted, so that morality and religion might not disappear *with* obscurantism. Everybody among us knows how it stands with the religious convictions of the majority, only the pulpit does not dare to say it; that



is the domain of official hypocrisy. Consequently, the calling of the clergyman has been altogether corrupted; let sermons sound ever so high, the whole profession is one of the most despised in Germany. I hope that the impression of your discourses will be favourable to a practical theology

among us. I can remark how much they have improved the orthodox themselves. I do what I can to circulate them, in order to make propaganda of the theologians."—*From a Letter to Parker, written December, 1856.*

## XII. TRIBUTE OF THE INQUIRER (UNITARIAN) NEWSPAPER.

"The fame of Theodore Parker and his noble work is growing more brilliant with every receding year. That Fugitive Slave Law itself was the Act of a Northern statesman who was at least intimately connected with the Unitarian body, and was zealously upheld by statesmen and politicians and lawyers—especially of the Boston school—who were avowed Unitarians. That was a dark blot on the history of American Unitarians; and it would be better to leave it in obscurity than drag it again to the light of day. But there was one great man—

"Faithful found  
Among the faithless, faithful only he  
Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, untimid,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;  
Nor numbers nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant  
mind,  
Though single."

And of Parker, as of Abdiel, it might also be said that—

"he pass'd  
Long way through hostile scorn,  
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd."

When this man set himself to his life-work of withstanding and subverting to the foundation this gigantic in-

iquity; when he not only thundered in the pulpit against the national sin, but armed himself to resist the Fugitive Slave Law even unto the death, when all his acts and predictions are more than justified by that great result which was due chiefly to him and to reformers like him; when all brave thinkers and true workers everywhere—except in Boston—have learned to love and revere his name, and are erecting a monument to his memory in their hearts, what can we think of the petty backbiting criticism, both here and in America, which makes it a serious charge against him—a strong ground for refusing to republish his greatest book—that he once said, half in jest, half in earnest, of some Unitarian ministers, 'stuff them with good dinners, and freedom, theology, religion, may go to the devil for all them'? The real thing to be considered is, was it not true of some at least; and might not far worse things have been said of the Divines who practically exalted the laws of the Devil above the laws of freedom, conscience, and GOD?"—*Article on Theodore Parker and the Boston Unitarians, August, 1876.*

## XIII. VARIOUS TRIBUTES.

(Expressed at the Meeting in London of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, March 7, 1876, at which the action of the Association in issuing Parker's works was affirmed by one hundred votes to fifteen.)

THE REV. CHARLES CLARKE, F.L.S., Minister of the Old Meeting House, Birmingham:—He was surprised to hear Sir James Lawrence

say that Parker did not claim to be a Christian. It should not be forgotten that there were various sorts of Christianity. Parker had no doubt rejected

many of them ; he was not a Unitarian Christian ; he was not a Christian after the manner of Dr. Priestley or of Mr. Lindsey as to many of his theoretical conclusions ; but as to his Christlike spirit, he was of the same broad and the same noble type as those illustrious confessors ; the homage which he has paid to Christianity and its Founder was a homage far higher than could be rendered by the general run of human beings. His nature was exceedingly intense ; his genius entirely religious ; his devotion to mankind and their interests absolutely disinterested ; and the discriminating homage which such a man would pay to Christianity and its Founder ought to be spoken of in the highest terms, instead of being alluded to as a thing to be discredited and disparaged—(loud cheers). Looking over the list of names of those who had called the present meeting, he saw the names of some gentlemen who no doubt had to do with large centres of population ; but that class of persons was hardly represented so strongly on the list as it was in the council, some of whose members had spent their whole lives in connection with the industrial centres of the country, and who well knew the feelings and wishes of the people, and had known thousands of instances in which the book in question had proved a great blessing to working men—(hear). Many of them would admit that, after all, the Unitarianism of Parker's book was the Unitarianism which was in their own minds and sermons, and in the very atmosphere. His views were not strange ones, many of them being derived from Channing himself. There was nothing in his works, except in connection with the subject of miracles, which might not be logically traced to Channing, whom they all appreciated and admired so much. And not only were those principles contained in Channing's works, but

in the books of English authors ; as, for instance, the work recently published by Dr. Vance Smith : the minds were of different classes, but the principles were in reality similar. It had pained him more than he could express to hear Theodore Parker spoken of as a blasphemer. He considered that no man had more faithfully served God, and more earnestly and devotedly followed Christ than he—(hear). His desire in connection with that book would be, not to make it serve a literary interest, but to issue a book which would do vast good to the people of the country. Parker was no longer among us—if he were now among us, knowing as they did his character for noble disinterestedness, they would all give him a most cordial welcome—(loud cheers)—and they would deem it a privilege to help him to the means of going through the land to appeal to the minds and hearts of their fellow countrymen.

HARRY RAWSON, ESQ., *Publisher, Manchester*.—He wished to say a few words to justify his opinion that Parker's works should be included in the operations of the Association. He believed that those writings had saved many thousands of persons in this country, and perhaps in others, from the blankness of Atheism, and he knew as a fact that the book [*The Discourse of Religion*] especially objected to had enabled many once doubting souls to remain within the lines of Christian communion. There were useful and acceptable ministers labouring at the present time who ascribed it to Parker that they had been enabled to retain their positions. One of them writing to him (Mr. Rawson) said, "I owe it entirely to Theodore Parker's definition of religion that for the last seventeen years I have been a Christian minister," and he knew of others who had borne similar grateful testimony. He might also be permitted to make

a personal allusion, which he would not make in the present instance but that he believed it was typical of others. There was a time in his own mental history when it had become with him a grave and serious question whether he could hold connection with any of the existing Christian organisations. He acknowledged with deep gratitude that it was to Theodore Parker that he was indebted for being able to see his way more clearly in the matter, and to do a little for the good cause—(cheers). But he appealed with still more confidence to other considerations. He asked anyone who had read Theodore Parker's works and studied his life to say whether or not the following estimate of his views was truthful : the unity of God, His fatherhood, His immanence in the universe he had made ; that Christ was the highest representation of God that we know ; that this world is disciplinary ; that immortality awaits us. If that was not a form of Unitarian Christianity, he for one had strangely misunderstood it. But let them turn to the heroic life of that great American. If to instruct the ignorant, to protect the ragged child, to befriend the friendless youth cast into the vortex of a city's temptation, to pour the oil of sympathy into the bleeding heart of the outcast woman and open to her the door of reclamation to virtue ; if to purge from corruption the well-springs of a nation's morality ; if to strike off the manacles from the slave at the imminent peril of his own life, and bid the oppressed go free ; if these were not the works, if this was not the life of a Christian, he had utterly misread the New Testament. In a Church to which such a spirit belonged he should deem it an honour and a privilege to hold the lowest place. A Society which, were it possible, would repudiate such a man, would present no attractions to him, and it would

be with the greatest difficulty that he could take any part or lot in it whatever. It was, therefore, surprising to him that Parker was regarded with such active hostility by many of his excellent friends.

THE REV. R. A. ARMSTRONG, B. A., *Minister of High Pavement Church, Nottingham*.—Christianity was that profound consciousness of the abiding and immanent presence of God in nature, of the openness of the Father to the communion of man, which gave to Jesus all his power, and which to this day was the greatest power that could move men's minds. That spirit dwelt in the heart of Parker to a degree in which it dwelt in the hearts of few men, and he enforced it with a power and eloquence to which few men could pretend. Under these circumstances, were not those members of the Council who had asserted the principle that Parker's *Discourse* should be published bound to carry it to the issue? Not to do so was to put a slight upon the book and upon its author. If the real objection was that there was a cheap edition yet unsold, let those who so argued take it and advertise it loyally and truly. It mattered little through what printing press it was issued ; the forces of the Association should be put behind the book, in order to spread it amongst that enormous class of Englishmen who were seeking for some source of religious inspiration ; for to them he verily believed it would be a real salvation—(cheers). Those who wished for the spread of Theodore Parker's works were making no selfish demand for themselves, but were urging the publication for the good of others ; and believing that there were hundreds and thousands in this land hungering and thirsting for such a gospel as Theodore Parker could give them, how could they refuse to lift up the arm of the Association to help them?

THE REV. J. W. LAKE, *Minister of High Street Chapel, Warwick*.—He had been a Unitarian Minister for sixteen or seventeen years, and the only inspiration which he had to enter the ministry was that which he derived from Parker's "Discourse of Religion." Until he read that book he felt that he could not possibly retain connection with a Christian community. Since then, his deepest and devoutest inspirations had been gathered from the same volume, and therefore he could not consent to any withdrawal of it from the largest possible circulation that could be given to it.

JAMES HOPGOOD, ESQ., *Ex-President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association*.—He was almost in entire unison with every speaker but one or two, so far as his opinion of the doctrines contained in the "Discourse of Religion" was concerned. He regarded it as one of the grandest books that was ever written—(cheers).

DR. JAMES MARTINEAU, *Principal of Manchester New College*.—He was in the habit of distributing Theodore Parker's noble work [*The Discourse of Religion*] wherever he could, with a prayer that its penetrating power might reach the hearts of others as it had his own. The time had not yet come when Theodore Parker's book could be brought

forward with advantage to themselves; but it was very possible that in the course of a few years that which Mr. Shaen now said was no Christianity and no Unitarianism [Parker's Doctrines] might become the dominant Christianity and the dominant Unitarianism. He would yield to no one in his admiration for Parker's book.

THE REV. H. W. CROSSKEY, F.G.S., *Minister of the Church of the Messiah, Birmingham*.—By successive votes, the publication of Parker's *Discourse* had been determined on, and then the point arose whether Parker was a Unitarian and a Christian; and unless a settlement was taken on that they must be regarded as deciding against it. He believed that the Free Churches of England were ripe for this a thousand times over—(cheers). In a week or two he would have to speak at Cambridge, but he could not venture to face a Cambridge audience if the undergraduates had it in their power to say that the Association had tabooed the works of a great author because they objected to some of his expressions—(cheers). From their work among the people of this country, those who supported the Council knew that there was a spiritual power in Theodore Parker's works, and they were labouring in the spirit which led Luther to say, "God help me, Amen, I can no other."

#### NOTE ON THE ANCESTRY OF THEODORE PARKER.

MR. W. A. ABRAM, F.R.H.S., of Blackburn, author of *The History of the Hundred of Blackburn*, has kindly communicated to us the following note on the English families of Parker, from one of which the Parkers of New England descended:—

Since my attention was directed by my friend Mr. Dean to the subject of the English ancestry of Theodore Parker, I have searched accessible depositories of genealogical informa-

tion for evidence of the connection with one of two or three old families of Parker, seated at places on the Lancashire - Yorkshire border, of Theodore Parker's first American

progenitor, Thomas Parker. I have not yet discovered any positive evidence in this matter; and it could only be by a considerable expenditure of time and labour in the search of Parish Registers and other ancient records that such a question could be cleared up, if at all. One must, therefore, be content for the nonce with reasonable conjecture. American biographers of Theodore Parker speak of a tradition in his family of descent from an English stock of Parkers who possessed estate in East Lancashire or West Yorkshire. Thomas Parker, who migrated to New England in 1635, made the voyage in a ship equipped by Sir Richard Saltonstall, Knt. This Sir Richard Saltonstall was then living in London, it is stated; but he was the eldest son of Samuel Saltonstall, of Roots, in Hipperholme, parish of Halifax, in West Yorkshire, and grandson of Gilbert Saltonstall, of Halifax. He was also nephew of the Sir Richard Saltonstall who was Lord Mayor of London in 1597. A slight clue as to the point of our inquiry seems to be furnished in the fact that a grand-daughter of Sir Richard Saltonstall, Lord Mayor of London, married, in 1629, Edward Parker, Esq., of Browsholme, in the Forest of Bowland, Co. York. This Edward Parker had no brother. Thomas entered in the family pedigree; but younger sons too often drop out of sight in the early generations of families of landed gentry, as presented in genealogies drawn out chiefly with the object of glorifying the representatives-in-chief. Edward Parker, Esq., had a brother William, born in March, 1608, and a brother Nicholas, born in September, 1610. There is just room for an intermediate son, born in 1609, which was the year of birth of Thomas Parker, ancestor of Theodore, who was 74 years old at the date of his death, in 1683, at Reading, U.S. There are, however,

other families of the name in the same district as likely, perhaps, to have furnished a junior member to the great migration of Puritans from Old England to New England in the year 1635. Parkers of Browsholme were Royalist partisans in the Civil War of 1642-1651. But the branch of Parkers seated on an estate at Extwistle, near Burnley, in Lancashire, at the same period, were strong Puritans; and John Parker, gent., of Extwistle Hall, attended a rendezvous of Parliamentarians at Padiham, summoned by Cols. Shuttleworth and Starkie, in October, 1642, at the outbreak of hostilities in the Civil War. The same "John Parker, Esq.," was a lay member of the third classis of the Lancashire Presbytery, set up in 1646. It is, therefore, quite likely that he may have had a son among the Puritans who betook themselves to New England a few years earlier than these dates, out of the way of the oppression of Laud. Turning to the pedigree of Parker of Extwistle, I again find no Thomas Parker in this generation. But the record is obviously scanty here. Only two of John Parker's children are named—Robert, the eldest, born in 1604, and Nicholas, born in 1606. I have no doubt he had other issue; and perhaps a third son, Thomas, born in 1609, might be the founder of the New England branch. John Parker's wife was a Yorkshire lady, Elizabeth, daughter of Cuthbert Holdsworth, of Sowerby, a near neighbour of the Saltonstalls of Hipperholme; and when Sir Richard Saltonstall chartered his ship for New England, we can suppose that a portion, at least, of the batch of intending colonists would be mustered out of the families of friends of the Saltonstalls in the district about Halifax and westward on the borders of Yorkshire and Lancashire. I have tried to get some token of the relation of the New England Parkers to some respect-

able stock in the Old Country in the armorial bearings borne by the family of Theodore Parker. Weiss, in his "Life of Theodore Parker," alludes to "a coat of arms, profusely blazoning leopards' heads, stars, and a stag pierced by an arrow for a crest, that has the motto *semper antle*, which many of the descendants did their best to vindicate." This description is not heraldic in its terms, nor very precise; but the arms noted by Weiss seem more to resemble those borne by Parkers of Extwistle and Cuerden, Co. Lancaster, than those of Parkers of Browsholme, Co. York. The arms of Parker of Extwistle are:—"Gules, a chevron between three leopards' heads, or, in the mouth of each an arrow, fessways, argent;" and the crest is a buck, trippant, transpierced with an arrow. Here we have the "leopards' heads," and the "stag pierced by an arrow," of the coat seen by Weiss, which I assume him to imply was borne by the New England Parkers. The "stars" referred to may have been heraldic "mulletts," added for difference. The arms of the Browsholme Parkers are essentially different:—"Vert, a chevron between three stags' heads cabossed, or;" crest, a stag trippant. I may add that both these ancient English families of Parker still flourish, and are among the most considerable gentry whose estates border upon Ribblesdale. Browsholme Hall is a fine old mansion, situate on the hill slope overlooking the Hodder, about four miles west of Clitheroe. The hall was built in 1603. Extwistle Hall, situate among the moors, some two miles east of Burnley, is now deserted and in ruins; but the estate still belongs to the family, represented by Robert Towneley Parker, Esq., whose residential seat is Cuerden Hall, in the parish of Leyland,

near Preston. With respect to the origin of the surname of Parker, it is manifestly derived from the office of park-keeper, park-ranger, or, in brief, parker, fulfilled by some early member, of families bearing the name. There was a park in the King's Manor of Ightenhill, near Burnley; and the first personage among the traced ancestors of the Parkers of Extwistle was "Johannes Parcarius de Ightenhill" (John the Parker of Ightenhill Park), who gave in his accounts May 16, 1306; and was followed by his son, Adam *le* Parker of Burnley, and his grandson William *le* Parker, living in 1390. There were numerous descendants of the ancient Parkers of Ightenhill, besides the Parkers of Extwistle, living in the neighbourhood of Burnley three centuries ago. From any of these our Thomas Parker, the emigrant, may have sprung, if he was not, as I have supposed, a younger son of John Parker, of Extwistle Hall. Some of these Lancashire Parkers were of the rank of yeomen, copyholding tenant farmers, and traders. In Ightenhill Park itself I find from an old manuscript a "Lawrence Parkere" living as a tenant in the year 1569 (fifty years before the date of the birth of Thomas Parker). The children of this Lawrence Parker were, a son, Robert Parker, daughters, Margaret, Ellen, Janet, Anne, and Jane. Other local Parkers of that time were those of Loveley Hall, in Blackburn Parish; of Bradkirk, in Kirkham Parish, Co. Lancaster, &c.

Should my friend Mr. Dean publish later editions of his biography of Theodore Parker, I may hereafter be enabled to cast a little more light upon the still doubtful matter of the English ancestry of this distinguished thinker.



*Already Published.*

In crown 8vo, cloth, price 1s. 6d.; or fine toned paper, bevelled boards,  
with Photo of Parker's Bust, price 2s. 6d. post free.

# A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion.

By THEODORE PARKER.

May be had of J. OGDEN & Co., 172, St. John Street, London, E.C.

---

## *Contents:*

- Book I. Of Religion in General ; or, a Discourse of the Religious Element and its Manifestations.  
Book II. The Relation of the Religious Sentiment to God ; or, a Discourse of Inspiration.  
Book III. The Relation of the Religious Element to Jesus of Nazareth ; or, a Discourse of Christianity.  
Book IV. The Relation of the Religious Element to the Greatest of Books ; or, a Discourse of the Bible.  
Book V. The Relation of the Religious Element to the Greatest of Human Institutions ; or, a Discourse of the Church.
- 

"Parker writes like a Hebrew prophet, enriched by the ripest culture of the modern world. . . . He understands by sympathy more than by criticism ; and convinces by force of exposition, not by closeness of argument. His loftiest theories come thundering down into life with a rapidity and directness of aim which, while they alarm the timid and amaze the insincere, afford proof that he is less eager to be a reformer of men's thinking than a thinker for their reformation. Listening to the American reformer, you stand before a man of high and devout genius, who disposes of the wealth of erudition in the service of religion. Whatever judgment the reader may pronounce on the philosophy of the volume, he will close it, we venture to affirm, with the consciousness that he leaves the presence of a truly great mind ; of one who is not only unoppressed by his large store of learning, but seems absolutely to require a massive weight of knowledge to resist and regulate the native force of his thought, and occupy the grasp of his imagination."—*Westminster Review*, 1847.

"There is a mastery shown over every element of the Great Subject, and the slight treatment of it in parts no reader can help attributing to the plan of the work, rather than to the incapacity of the author. From the resources of a mind singularly exuberant by nature and laboriously enriched by culture, a system of results is here thrown up, and spread out in luminous exposition."—*Prospective Review*.

"Mr. Parker is no ephemeral teacher.

. . . . His aspirations for the future are not less glowing than his estimate of the past. He revels in warm anticipations of the orient splendours of which all past systems are but the precursors. . . . His language is neither narrow or unattractive ; there is a consistency and boldness about it which will strike upon chords which, when they do vibrate, will make the ears more than tingle. We are living in an age which deals in broad and exhaustive theories, which requires a system that will account for everything, and assigns to every fact a place, and that no forced one, in the vast economy of things. Whatever defects Mr. Parker's view may have, it meets these requisites. It is large enough, and promising enough ; it is not afraid of history. It puts forth claims ; it is an articulately speaking voice. It deals neither in compromise nor abatement. It demands a hearing ; it speaks with authority. It has a complete and determined aspect. It is deficient neither in candour nor promises ; and whatever comes forward in this way will certainly find hearers."—*Christian Remembrancer* (Ch. of England).

"It is impossible for anyone to read the writings of Theodore Parker without being strongly impressed by them. They abound in passages of fervid eloquence—eloquence as remarkable for the truth of feeling which directs it as for the genius by which it is inspired. They are distinguished by philosophical thought and learned investigation, no less than by the sensibility to beauty and goodness which they manifest."—*Christian Reformer*.

## THEODORE PARKER'S DISCOURSE OF RELIGION.

[In 1875-6, a gentleman of the Midland Counties gave a goodly sum of money to the Midland Christian Union for the purpose of presenting Parker's *Discourse*, and other liberal religious books, to such "orthodox" ministers and students as might, in response to advertisements conveying the offer, apply for them. Considerably over 1000 copies of the before-mentioned edition of Parker's *Discourse* were thus sought and sent, and it is from the letters of application and acknowledgment received by the Rev. D. Maginnis, of Stourbridge (who had the management of the distribution), that we cull the following extracts.]

### *From Ministers of the Church of England :*

"I have received the great intellectual production of Theodore Parker."

"I find from converse with other ministers of religion that these liberal views are making an amazing stir."

"I do not agree with the views of Theodore Parker; but the circulation of his works will lead men to think, and will do good in more ways than one."

"Though not actually in the Midland Counties, I hope you will be so good as to look over this, as I am very desirous of possessing Theodore Parker's book."

### *From Congregational Ministers :*

"I have read this book with very considerable interest."

"Please accept my cordial thanks for a volume so valuable to all earnest truth-seekers."

"Many years ago I read Parker, and was much captivated by the brilliancy and vivacity of his style, and by his great originality. I anticipate great delight and profit in reading him again."

### *From Ministers of other Orthodox Churches :*

"I have read and re-read Parker with pleasure and profit."

"I found these volumes a most valuable acquisition. . . . full of thought-breed-ing matter and soul-inspiring truths."

"Theodore Parker is a favourite author with me."

"I have long had a strong desire to possess the works of the Rev. Theodore Parker."

"I am especially pleased with the sublime simplicity of Theodore Parker's Prayers."

"It is really a treat to read a book which is the production of a devout, vigorous, and independent mind—able to think, and not afraid to express its thinkings."

"I prize Parker's 'Discourse of Religion' very highly."

"I have read Parker's 'Discourse' with considerable interest and profit."

"The Midland Christian Union is conferring a great favour upon ministers by the distribution of such really valuable works."

"I have a strong desire to peruse the Works of Theodore Parker," &c.

### *From Lay Preachers, Lay Students, &c. :*

"Parker's 'Discourse' appeals strongly to those who, like myself, when once they begin to look beneath the surface, are apt to suffer from the disease of over criticism. . . . There are very many in the University (Cambridge) who would gladly welcome and support the establishment of a 'creed-less church:' the number is daily increasing."

"Wishing you every success in your noble effort, and hoping that it will be the means of bringing many to think out the truth for themselves, instead of resting in the superstitions of bygone ages and leaving others to do all their thinking for them, as is too often the case, in that which concerns their highest welfare," &c.

"Many thanks for the books. I remained in the Communion of the Roman Catholic Church until eighteen months ago, when providentially Dr. Channing's Works were placed in my hands. I am now very anxious to study such books as teach the Unity of God and a rational Christianity."

"I will pass them (Parker, &c.) on, thus helping to circulate ideas which may ultimately bring forth fruit in the shape of more advanced and liberal ideas in the churches of the present day."

"I have read Mr. Parker's 'Discourse of Religion,' which is a very interesting and instructive work."

"Such books are useful in correcting the theories and dogmas of a dark past. They are needed to prepare the way for the Church of the Future."

*Persons desirous of aiding the circulation of this edition of Parker's "Life" will be supplied with a dozen copies, or more, on reduced terms by J. OGDEN & Co., 172, St. John Street, London, E.C.*





GTU Library



3 2400 00338 9263





